Liberty

WHY GIRLS GO WRONG

By Edith M. Stern

Book: THE BORDER LORD

The Rollicking Tale of a Lusty Outlaw

MAY 24, 1947
10 CENTS

e CIRCUS WITH A HEART)

HINGTON MURDER-GO-ROUND A New Serial by Oscar Schisgall

SHERRY MARTINI

1 part dry sherry
3 parts Kinsey Gin
stir in cracked ice; strain,
serve with pitted olive

4-TO-1 MARTINI

1 part dry vermouth
4 parts Kinsey Gin
stir in cracked ice; strain,
serve with orange peel

DRY MARTINI

1 part dry vermouth
2 parts Kinsey Gin
stir in cracked ice; strain,
serve with stuffed olive

Are you in the middle on the martini question?

Dry or regular...with olive or without...onion or lemon peel...how *do* you like your martinis? Best way to find your favorite is to try 'em all... and even create one of your own. But no matter how you make a martini, you'll like it better made with Kinsey Gin. Here's why:

Kinsey is the *genial* gin... superbly smooth. The *dry* gin...yes, dry as fine champagne. And *94.4 proof*...brimming over with extra flavor.

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Distilled Dry Gin

KINSEY GIN

IT'S 94.4 PROOF
It's GENIAL
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SPECIFICATIONS
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VOLATILITY
GUM CONTENT
VAPOR PRESSURE

if gasoline were sold in crates...

you would expect to see labels giving specifications, information about quality, and ingredients pasted right on the crates. However, since you take gasoline home in your own gas tank, there's no way to actually label each gallon you buy. That's why oil companies put "Ethyl" trade-marks on their pumps. The familiar yellow-and-black emblem means that they have improved their best gasoline with "Ethyl" antiknock compound —the famous ingredient made by the Ethyl Corporation to step up power and performance. *Ethyl Corporation, New York.*

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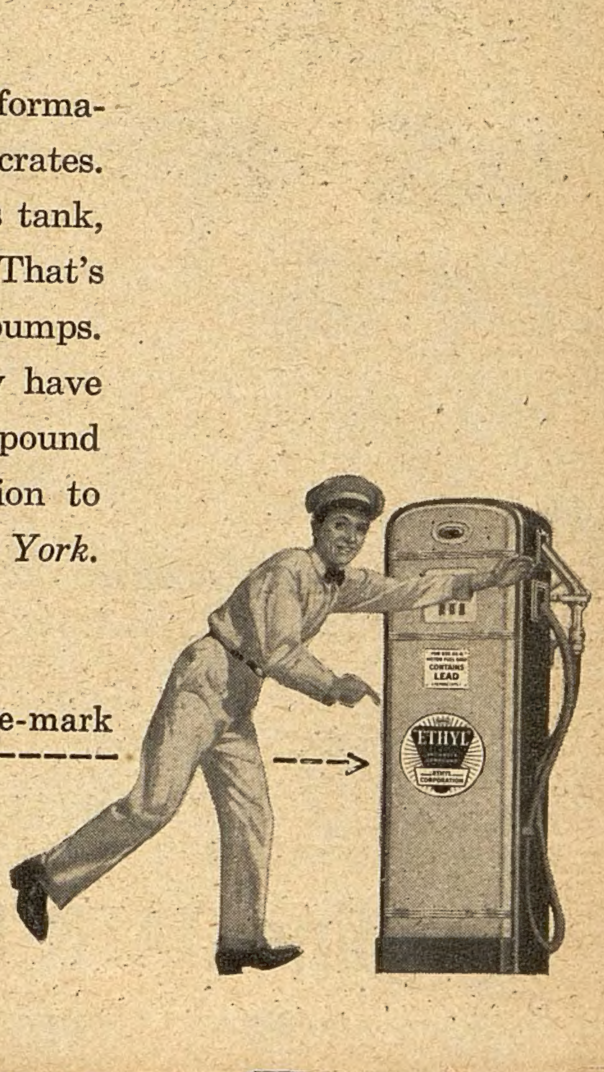
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ETHYL

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"... SUN AND WIND sure do wreck a man's hair! Look at that mop! It's all dried out . . . dull-looking . . . and full of loose dandruff, too. It's Dry Scalp, all right! Buddy, you'd better get wise d try 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

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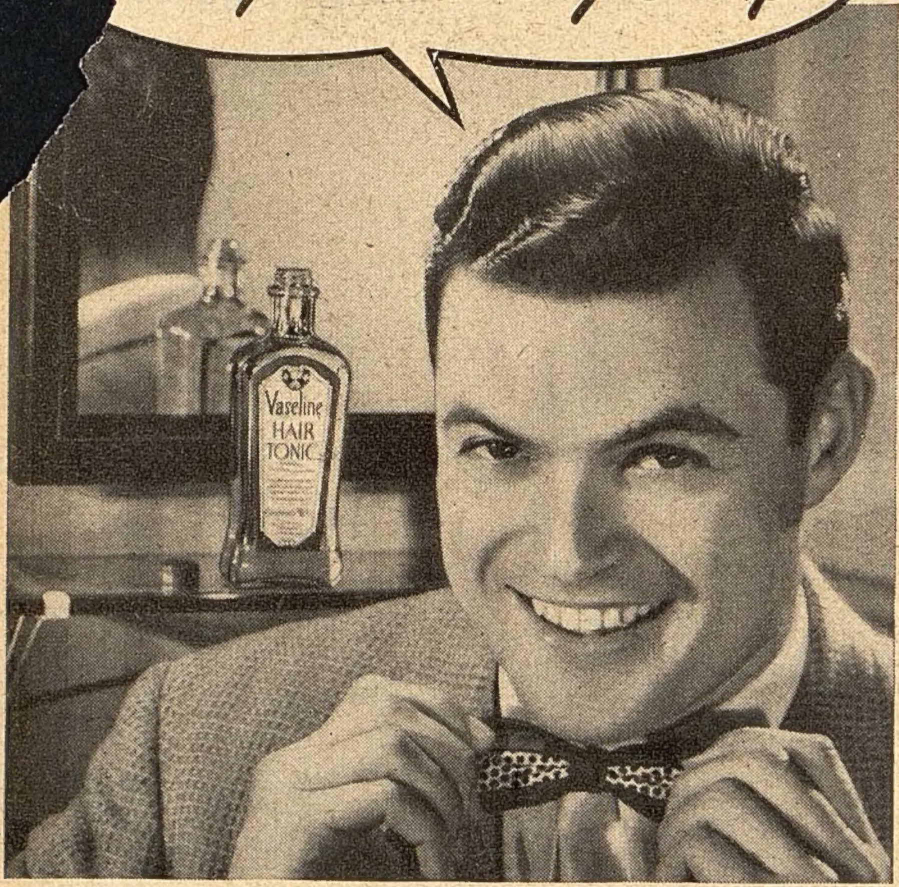

NO MORE DULL-LOOKING hair, thanks to 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! A few drops a day help. See the difference . . . hair looks well-groomed and stays that way all day long . . . checks loose dandruff, too. Remember, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care . . . to both scalp and hair . . . and is more economical than other hair tonics, too.

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Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

Liberty

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KODACHROME BY STEWART LOVE

The next issue will appear Friday, May 23, 1947

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YOU'LL LOSE YOUR HEART TO THIS WONDERFUL GUY... SHE DID!

The exciting romance of a beautiful gal who loved a special kind of guy. He put her in a million dollar mansion and laid the world at her feet...for love...for laughs...for thrills!

It's one of your most memorable screen experiences!

FRANK
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fast-moving drama
of love and excitement

THAT'S MY MAN

Starring

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and JOE HERNANDEZ
Nationally Famous Racing Announcer

Would you take a handsome man in out of the rain on a rainy, rainy night?

Catherine
McLEOD
THE GIRL you loved at first sight in "I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU"!
Produced and Directed by
FRANK BORZAGE
Associate Producer... Lew Borzage
Written by Steve Fisher and Bradley King
A REPUBLIC PICTURE

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

LIBERTY'S UP A TREE

Kent, Ohio — The article in Liberty entitled Doctor, Spare That Tree (February 15) purported to be an account of activities of the Davey Tree Expert Company. Unfortunately, much of the material in it was completely inaccurate, fantastic, and in spots ridiculous. While we have taught our men to do some rather wonderful things with trees, we cannot quite imagine moving an upright tree "three stories high" from California to Florida, as the article stated. And, besides, we do not operate in California and have never moved large trees in Florida. Then, too, we do not make trees "bloom in the snow." These misstatements are just samples of many.

It would seem only fair to let your readers know that we did not see the article before publication.—*D. H. Fowler, Advertising Manager.*

Most unfortunately, the writer of that article had not seen substantiated facts. The material came from a collaborator whose research wasn't thorough—which is putting it mildly.—Vox Pop Editor.

THINGS IN GUATEMALA

Rochester, N. Y. — Tearing my hair, I view the delightful picture in They Cotton to Guatemala (Eyewitness, March 29). No doubt my indignation is pure sour grapes, as I too sell Guatemala cottons. Be that as it may, having been brought up in Guatemala and loving it dearly, may I set you straight on a few items?

First: It would be most difficult for Holly and Frances Bower to "loll on the beach"—there being no beaches, unless they've hidden one in an active volcano crater!

Second: *Light* cottons are available for immediate delivery!

Third: There is only *one* tribe which uses "deep blue or purple, accented with cool white." Name *any* color and I'll find you an equally large tribe which uses it.

Fourth: "Cottons are very heavy with the idea of keeping out the"—*cold,* not "heat." If the ladies had ever been to Chichicastenango in December or during the rainy season, they'd know the fireplaces in the Mayan Inn are not for creating a homey atmosphere!

Fifth—give me strength: "Sunday best for the men of Solola since the days of the *Incas . . .*" Woe is me! Did you never hear of the great Mayan civilization? The Incas are just a little farther down the line —Peru, to be exact. The Indians of Guatemala are descendants from the *Mayas!*

Sixth: Our cottons *are* washable!

Calmness is creeping over me. I like Liberty, anyway. No hard feelings.—*Margaret J. Flint.*

YOUNG BLADES ALL

Long Beach, Calif.—Why not give the *mothers* a break by backing them up in the training of offspring? Kids thumb through mags, you know, looking at pictures. Imagine the glee of my Timothy when he could point out to me, over It's All Done with Mirrors (Eyewitness, March 29) that "Liberty doesn't care which way the knife blades are turned when they set the table—so why should you?" Now, for three days, Timothy has deliberately turned the blades *out!* And dared me to challenge him!—*Mrs. M. Ledding.*

SHOULD SUIT ALL TASTES

Louisville, Ky.—Well, well! I see there is one reader in Vox Pop (April 12) who doesn't like Liberty. Surely, if he read it through, he found something of interest. I have read Liberty for years and I think it swell. I like the pictures and the many articles we don't find in other magazines. I was pleased to see former Chief Justice Hughes (Washington Undercurrent, April 12) looking so hale and hearty. And the Podolsky family (Eye-Interest, April 12) is pleasant to see and read about. I like most of the stories; they are so clean and simple. I haven't cared much for Paradise with Serpent, but some of my friends think it fine.

And so we remember that such a magazine is published for everybody, and that some readers will like some things and some, other things. I see there are many good things coming in Liberty's next issue. I'll be sure not to miss them.—*Mrs. Mollie Van Hook.*

REAL PUBLIC SERVICE

New York, N. Y. — I want you to know how very much the board of directors and the staff of Jewish Family Service appreciate Worry Clinic (March 15) We know from experience how effective family counseling can be when offered by professionally equipped counselors; but we realize, too, how little understood it is by the vast majority of people. For that reason, we feel that Liberty has done a real public service by making available to its readers an accurate picture of the services of family agencies and the way in which they may be secured.

I understand from the Family Service Association of America that many inquiries have already been received from all over the country, and I am sure that many more will be helped to seek services directly as a result of the article.—*Ralph K. Guinzburg, President, Jewish Family Service.*

HERO OR MILQUETOAST?

Sumter, S. C.—Just what kind of hero does Edward Hope (Paradise with Serpent, February 1 to May 10) think he's selling us readers? Imagine a man living on an island, miles away from women of his kind, yet being able to withstand the charms of a lovely native girl! The story would be more down-to-earth if the hero would stray from his path of righteousness. I like real *men* in my stories. What do other readers think?—*Mrs. Clyde Burdette.*

Almost all we've heard from think well indeed of Paradise with Serpent and of its Captain Bill Willoby.—Vox Pop Editor.

REVENUE COLLECTOR?

Geauga Lake, Ohio—I always enjoy Liberty, and I like to keep my copies to read again. Last night, in the copy dated December 29, 1945, I read the article (Parlor Panhandlers) about old-time toy banks that do little acts. I have one I've found in the attic: Uncle Sam with an umbrella in one hand and a satchel in front of him. When you put a penny in his other hand, the satchel opens and he drops the penny in it, and then it closes; also, his beard is moving.—*Mrs. Howard Winchell.*

MILK LIKE MOTHER'S?

Asheville, N. C.—In rebuttal to the letter from Pecos Pete (Vox Pop, March 29), I suggest that he try taking home Liberty and a pint of *milk* —not a pint on his hip, from a bar. My mother can work out Ted

(Continued on page 8)

LOVE GOT ON AT BUFFALO

by Gordon Kay

THE MOMENT she sank into the seat beside him in the crowded Club car Jackson's heart skipped a beat.

As the miles flew by, jeweled bits of information fell from her lips . . . she was an artist . . . she had been visiting her father in Buffalo. Yes, she was on her way back to her home in New York.

"One girl in a million," thought Jackson, remembering Manhattan's vastness. He hoped she wasn't married. When she confessed she wasn't, he sighed with relief.

"Not even engaged!" she laughed. "Not even 'going steady' with anyone."

As the train sped Eastward, Jackson found himself completely fascinated. He had always scoffed at the idea of love at first sight, but that was exactly what was happening to him! He felt that into his life had surged a new and wonderful force that he must cling to forever.

As he babbled on about himself, she drew back sharply now and then, with an air of annoyance as though she were bored. Perhaps he was too eager or was talking too much. Nevertheless, when he suggested dinner, she accepted and excused herself to freshen up.

"Over two hours with her before we reach New York," he thought happily as the train began to pull into Albany.

But a telegram poured ice-water on that little dream. The message read:

"Peterson flying Rio tomorrow. Stop off Albany today and contact him."
Stewart.

He silently cursed his luck. There was no way out; Peterson was too important. Crumpling the telegram in his hand, he scrambled for his things. There were only seconds to act.

Suddenly it flashed on him that he had learned neither the name nor address of this lovely girl who had swept him off his feet. Desperately he hurried through the aisles looking for her . . . in vain.

At last, as he raced along the platform, he had a glimpse of her thru the window, headed for the observation car. And there he caught up with her.

"Darling!" he blurted . . . then checked himself. "Your name! Your address! Your telephone number! You can't go out of my life like this!"

As the train started to move, she hastily plucked a card from her handbag, scribbled upon it, and, smiling quizzically, handed it to him. His eyes followed her figure in the twilight as long as they could, then looked down at the card. It read:

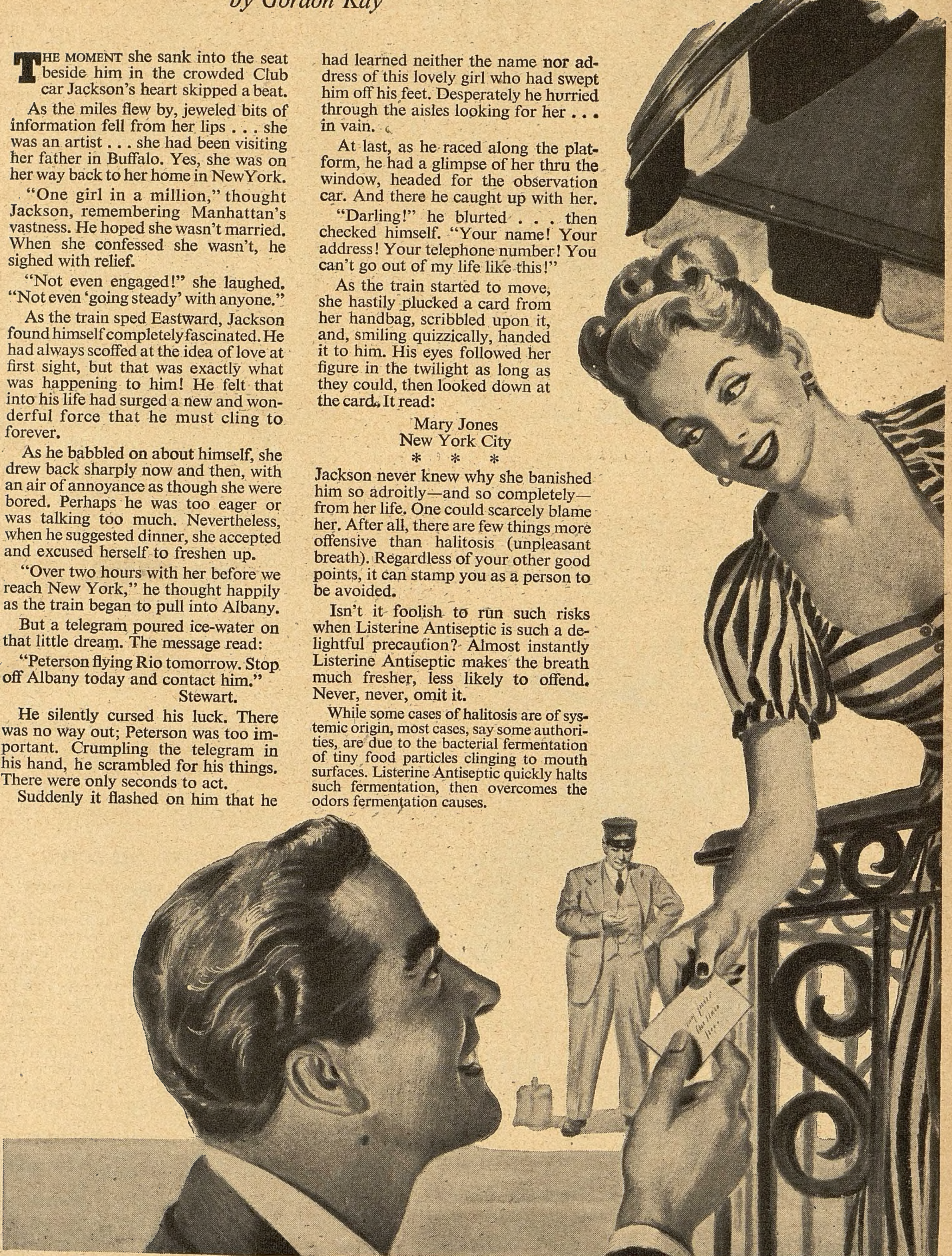
Mary Jones
New York City

* * *

Jackson never knew why she banished him so adroitly—and so completely—from her life. One could scarcely blame her. After all, there are few things more offensive than halitosis (unpleasant breath). Regardless of your other good points, it can stamp you as a person to be avoided.

Isn't it foolish to run such risks when Listerine Antiseptic is such a delightful precaution? Almost instantly Listerine Antiseptic makes the breath much fresher, less likely to offend. Never, never, omit it.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.



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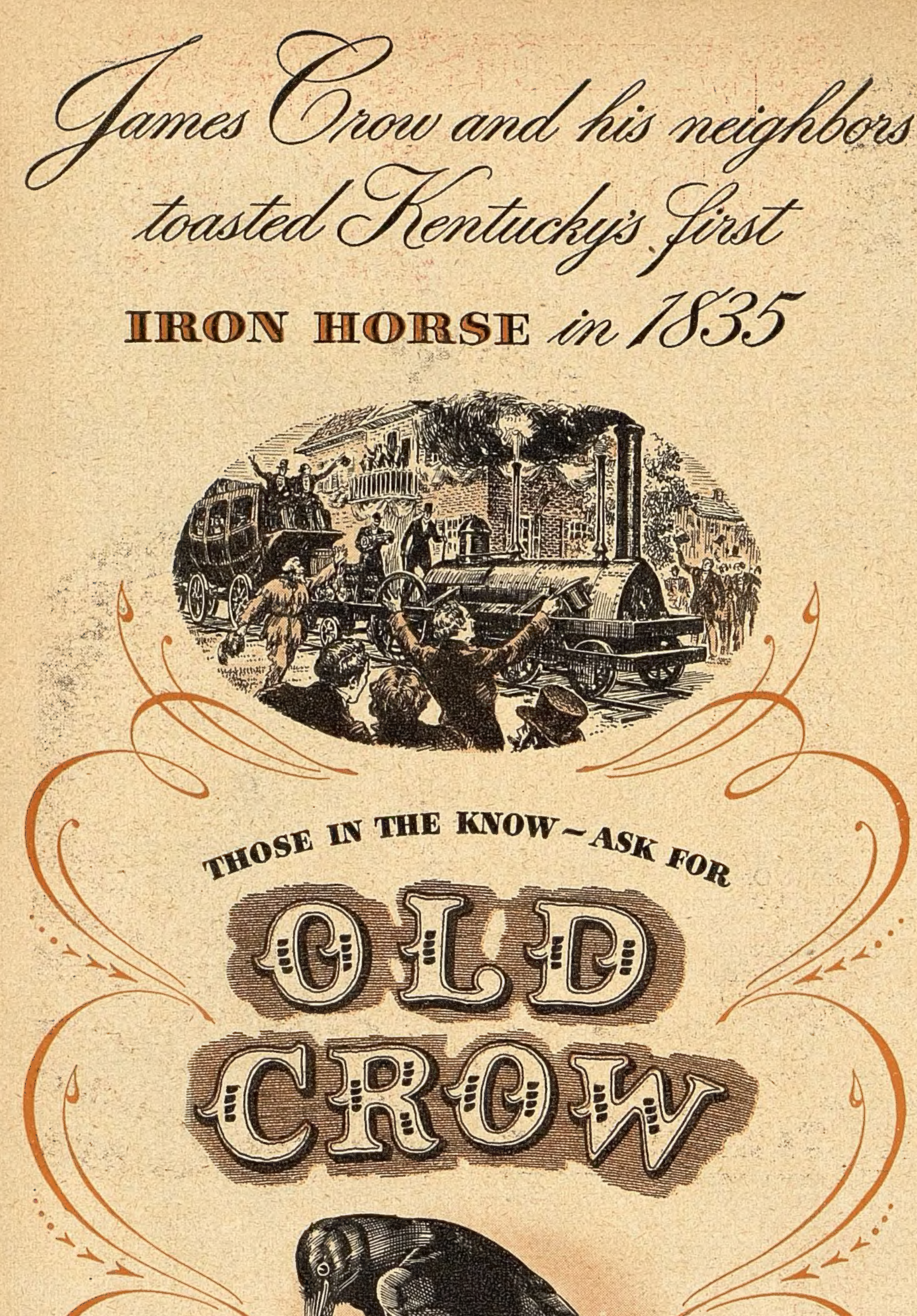


James Crow and his neighbors toasted Kentucky's first IRON HORSE in 1835

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

OLD CROW

Kentucky Straight
BOTTLED·IN·BOND

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U. S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND

A TRULY GREAT NAME
AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Prod. Corp. • New York

(*Continued from page 6*)

Shane's Cockeyed Crossword puzzle every time — stone sober! — *Ruth Steele.*

PUN-GENT, LADY!

Newberg, Oreg. — Regarding the ribald story Mr. Adam, by Pat Frank (book condensation, April 12), I have this to say:

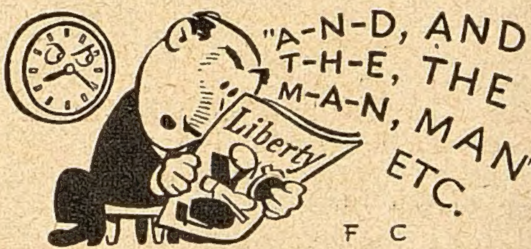
Considering the gutter-depth to which masculine authorship has fallen, "The Frame" of Pat Frank's sexed-up mess of slumgullion is to be commended for attempting to de-*papa*-late the earth!

The author said nothing of the *stag*-nation of other male animals. The human race would still exist, a better, a nobler race. There'd be apes! According to Pat Frank, where there's wife there's hope.

Pardon me! I dash for the aspirin. —*Edna Fleming Ohler.*

WHEN READING TIME FLIES

Cortez, Colo.—Seems as if there must be something wrong with Liberty's reading times. In the April 12 issue First Kiss, "Reading time 23 minutes 32 seconds," took me 12 minutes, and On Approval—a swell story—"Reading time 24 minutes 20 seconds," took me 12 minutes. Or perhaps there is something wrong with me? Oh, well, Liberty is just fine anyway.—*Lee Maggs.*



Our reading times are reckoned by the average reader's rate of speed for a given number of average printed lines. Some things in print read faster than others—and so do some readers.—Vox Pop Editor.

THEIR KIND—NOT HIS

Manomet, Mass. — I want to congratulate Liberty on its condensation of Our Own Kind, by Edward McSorley (March 29). It is a very human document. Most of us can stand a little jolting down to the bedrock of living. Thanks a lot.—*Mrs. S. E. Franc.*

New York, N. Y.—I've just read Our Own Kind. I'm so glad you put this grand story in your magazine. I am going right out to buy the book. What a wonderful movie it would make! The man who wrote it certainly knew the Irish and what they suffered. Thank you for a beautiful evening. — *Joan Horan.*

Mendon, Mich. — My next - door neighbor and I are wondering what can have prompted you to put Our Own Kind into your otherwise entertaining publication. That book is true to life, no doubt, but we fail to find the conclusion either heroic or stimulating. Furthermore, we do not see where the extensive use of *profanity* adds anything to the plot or the value of the story. The characters probably did talk that way, but must the unlovely, the gross, the profane, the coarse, and the unlettered be portrayed in order to stimulate a desire for education, for purity of speech, for cleaner living, and for culture?

If that is the best that Liberty can do, my neighbor and I have decided that we have had enough. —*Ralph C. March.*

A lot of Vox Poppers agree with Mrs. Franc and Miss Horan. Has it never occurred to Mr. March or his neighbor that the present-day trend toward realistic publication bids fair to take the curse off cuss words—to leave them dead ducks, and to wash them off school-yard fences?—Vox Pop Editor.

BROODING IDOLATERS?

Station Hospital, Wright Field, Ohio—We have read many editions of Liberty since we have been confined to our beds, and have enjoyed all of them. We are puzzled as to the motive of Hettie Grimstead's article Brooding Idol (March 29). Does she want the U. S. A. to welcome this actor James Mason—and give him the affection he will expect? We hope he won't feel too badly if we ask him not to give our women such a thrill that they will all leave their American males after seeing him act. For ours, we will take the stars we have seen overseas — Bob Hope, Ingrid Bergman, and the many others who have traveled the world to entertain.

We have been to London, and after reading Brooding Idol our weak hearts weep: "I might have seen this 'idol' had we had enough time," etc.

We sincerely hope our women will get their thrill, and also hope Londoners will get their Mason back again. Thanks to Liberty and Hettie Grimstead for a large morale charge (ha, ha!).—*John P. Stoffel, PFC, A. A. F., and Theda F. Hill, Sgt., A. A. F.*

MAVERICK'S HOME TOWN

San Antonio, Texas—Hadn't we better send Robert S. Allen to the showers?

Two wild pitches in one sentence (Washington Undercurrent, March 29): "Maury Maverick, now practicing law in Los Angeles, is eying the mayoralty chair in that city." Somebody who looks like Maury, and is using his name, resumed residence in San Antonio around the first of this year, and is very actively campaigning to be mayor of *this* city with pretty good chances of winning.

Even a Texan might find it tough to be mayor of two cities 1,500 miles apart at the same time.—*H. U. Rhodius.*

It's smoother sailing when you've got P.A.*

P.A.* means Pipe Appeal

When a man smokes a pipe, he has a distinctly masculine attractiveness that women find appealing! And, when he smokes Prince Albert tobacco, he has a rich-tasting smoke that's mild and easy on the tongue!

P.A. means Prince Albert

Try Prince Albert and you'll agree—it's a great tobacco! P.A. is *crimp cut*—packs and cakes just right in your pipe . . . smokes cool and even right down to the bottom of the bowl.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

The National Joy Smoke

A GREAT CIGARETTE TOBACCO TOO.
NOTHING LIKE P.A. FOR FAST, EASY
ROLLING AND TASTY SMOKING!

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

When you buy—
compare
...the *pen* and the *price!*

Stop at your favorite pen counter. *Look* at *all* the popular brands. Then...*see* and *write with* the Venus *President*—that gives you *every essential writing feature of pens costing twice as much.*

14 Karat gold point, *extra* large for strength, *Iridium* tipped for smoother writing, longer wear. Smart colors. *Yours for years* of writing satisfaction at a mighty reasonable price...only $3.50. Backed by the *Venus Guarantee.*

$3.50

Matching pen and pencil set $5.00

VENUS

AMERICAN PENCIL COMPANY
Makers of famous Venus Pencils

Just Between Ourselves

FORTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD Phil Gustafson (A New Boss for the Hucksters, page 36), is probably the only writer fully prepared for the Atomic Age. He turns out his pieces in an underground article factory. It's a basement around the corner from his mid-Manhattan apartment. This hide-away, however—complete with indirect lighting, modern furniture, and a view of a sunken garden—is, as the accompanying photo suggests, easily invaded by his three-year-old son, Thane, a redhead by nature and disposition.

PHILIP GUSTAFSON

Seriously, Mr. Gustafson is no novice in the science of constructing impregnable shelters. As a navy lieutenant, he made an extensive study of Japan's defense network. After talking with Japanese admirals after V-J Day, he is convinced that, but for the atomic bomb, it would have cost the Allies a million men to invade Japan's home islands.

Mr. Gustafson was brought up on a farm near Galesburg, Illinois. After working his way through the University of Illinois, he began newspapering in Joliet, Illinois, and wound up on the New York Herald Tribune. It seemed natural enough for a man named Gustafson to become involved in promoting the Swedish exhibit at the New York World's Fair in 1939.

In 1942 he married a tall, blonde Virginian named Caroline Jones. Ever since his release from the navy, Mr. Gustafson has been devoting his entire time to free-lance writing. In off moments, he can be persuaded to play an occasional game of tennis, and listens devotedly when Caroline makes like a song bird, which she does—but pretty.

IF you can get Oscar Schisgall, whose serial, Washington Murder-Go-Round, begins on page 15, away from his typewriter for half a minute, he's likely to light one of his 250 unusual pipes and tell you about the time he was third string pitcher on his Brooklyn High School team. Two lads, destined to become world series pitchers one day, had monopolized the diamond all that season. Oscar's team was leading 9-0 in the last of the ninth. The coach deemed it safe to put Oscar in—to give him a break. The coach probably still shudders when he thinks of it. Oscar's team won—9-8. Except for a job with the O.W.I., Oscar has been an author ever since he left N.Y.U. Even the O.W.I. job, it turns out, was grist for the mill. It was in Washington that he met the characters in Washington Murder-Go-Round.

Mr. Schisgall finds many unusual rewards in writing. Take the time in St. Louis when he couldn't get a room in any hotel. As the weary Mr. Schisgall plodded into the last of twenty hotels, a desk clerk, hearing his name, produced a copy of Liberty in which was published the Schisgall story, MURDER ON 52ND STREET. "Did you write this?" the clerk demanded. Oscar's nod got him two of the best rooms in the hotel.

Mr. Schisgall is by accident a native of Belgium, having been born there when his mother accompanied his father on a business trip to Antwerp. Oscar and his wife, Lillian, live an equally nomadic life. Twenty years ago, when they were married, they spent three years drifting around the capitals of Europe while Oscar paid their way writing mystery stories with each city as the locale.

Mr. Schisgall's daily routine will give you a good idea of how professional writers work to make a living. He works from 9:15 until six every day. He turns out as many as twenty-eight articles in eight weeks. He has published sixteen books under the name of Stuart Hardy. And his only form of relaxation is the piano—which he taught himself to play.

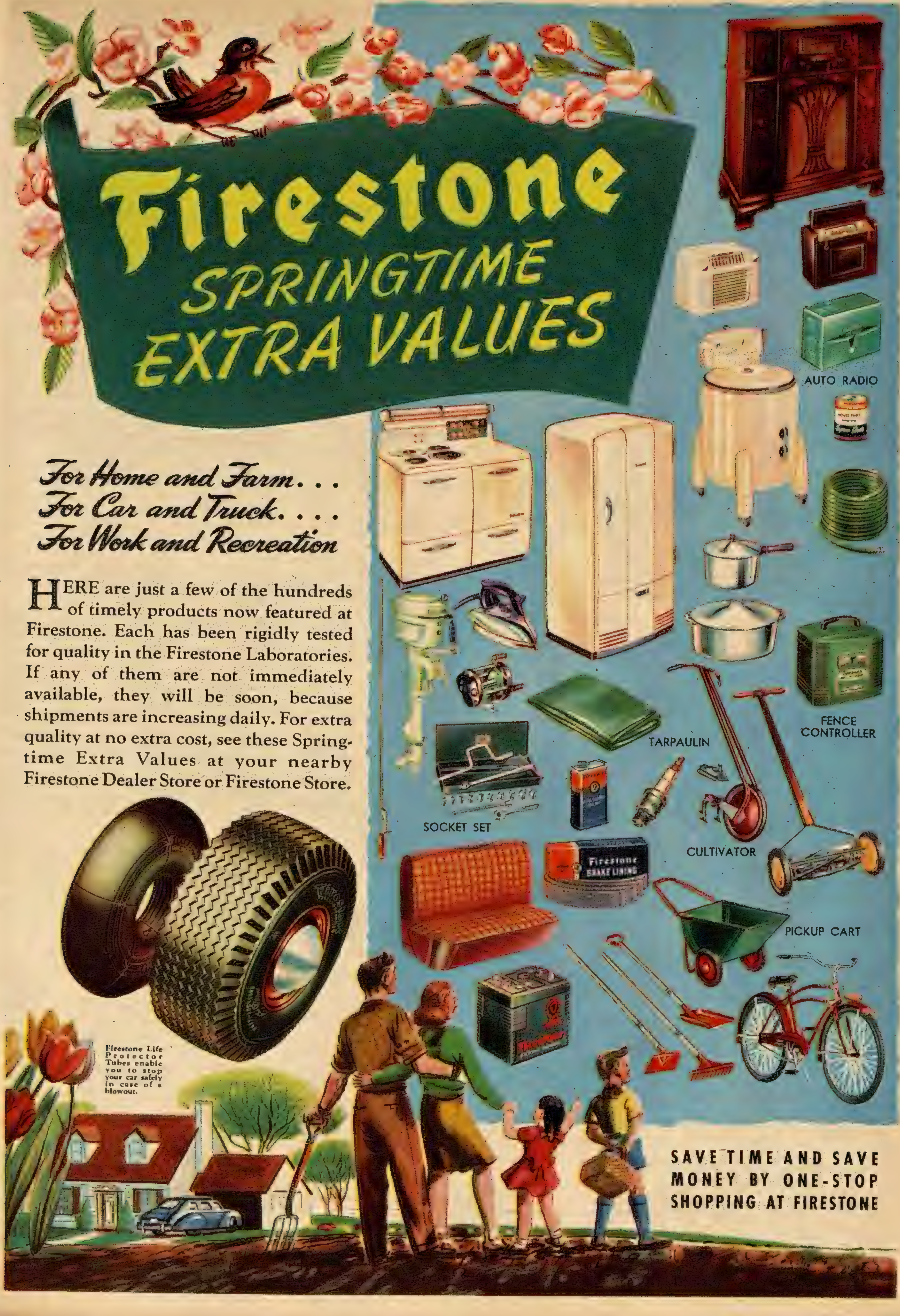
The Schisgalls live in Great Neck not far from the United Nations on Long Island. Oscar writes in a non-bomb-proof hide-away on the second floor while his sons, Dick, fifteen, and Jim, twelve, whoop around the place.

Like Mrs. Gustafson, Oscar's wife also sings.

Moreover, according to Oscar and not according to Lillian, she does half his work.

OSCAR SCHISGALL

THE June 7 Liberty brings another all-star line-up of provocative articles and engrossing fiction. You'll read Why I Don't Want My Children to Grow Up in Russia, the revealing story of the wife of a Soviet diplomatic official who escaped the jurisdiction of the Russian Government. . . . You'll want also to read Freedom Without Divorce, about the fantastic boom in annulments that threatens to make trial marriage a fact. . . . By popular demand—insistence, in fact—Ted Shane reveals the mental gymnastics required of cockeyed crossword fans in a hilarious article entitled How to Solve a Cockeyed Crossword Puzzle. . . . The fiction line-up includes an extraordinary tale for all whose husbands and lovers were lost in the war. Read A Letter From Mac, by Grace Nies Fletcher. . . . And there's Lead All—Baby, by Gordon Malherbe Hillman, a story to melt a rewrite man's heart. . . . Read, too, Date Bait, by Crawford Sullivan, and the second exciting installment of Washington Murder-Go-Round. . . . You'll thrill and chill to Liberty's book condensation in the next issue, The Chair for Martin Rome, the terrifying story of a killer. . . . All that and twenty-two pages of exciting picture stories, too. . . . All in the June 7 issue of Liberty on sale May 23. . . . 'Til then, happy reading.—*D. B.*



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WASHINGTON

UNDERCURRENT ★ UNDERCURRENT ★ UNDERCURRENT ★

★ UNDERCURRENT ★ UNDERCURRENT ★ UNDERCURRENT ★ UNDERCURRENT ★

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

AT LONG LAST • It has taken a long time, but one of the most urgently needed governmental housecleanings is finally under way—quietly and piecemeal. On the first day Secretary of State Marshall took over, he ordered a complete scouring.

Cleaning up moribund staffs is an old story for Marshall. When he became Army Chief of Staff, he battered through the most sweeping reorganization in the history of the army.

He is determined to do exactly that in State. Already, a number of high-placed heads have rolled in the dust. There will be many others.

High on the list are H. Freeman Matthews, chief of the Office of European Affairs, Loy Henderson, chief of Near Eastern and African Affairs, George S. Messersmith, Ambassador to Argentina, and Jefferson Caffery, Ambassador to France.

Important Date • Red-line May 24, as a critical date to keep in mind. That's the day the uneasy truce between the railroads and Brotherhoods expires. Unless their still-unsettled differences are patched up by then, a repetition of the 1946 walkout is possible.

Several hours before that shutdown, President Truman rushed to Congress with a special message castigating strike leaders and asking for the army to run trains. That broke the threatened walkout.

WHITNEY

Blunt-jawed Alexander Whitney, Railroad Trainmen's president, denounced by Truman, has never forgiven him. The veteran laborite has made no bones he is determined to get revenge. Also, the pay-boosting rule changes.

What Whitney and the other Brotherhood chiefs have up their sleeves is a closely guarded secret. But this is known: They have not only been doing a lot of quiet pow-wowing among themselves, but, even more significant, also with Robert R. Young, stormy petrel of the C. & O., who recently organized his own rail-executives association.

Uneasy Queen • Mrs. Perle Mesta, social queen of the Truman Administration, is fearful of what might happen to her glittery throne if the Republicans capture the White House.

The short, plump, free-spending Oklahoma oil widow owes her social eminence to the Trumans. Mrs. Mesta had the foresight to entertain for Margaret Truman before her papa became President. Warmly appreciative, the Trumans entertained for Mrs. Mesta when they moved to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW.

That did it. Mrs. Mesta was in the van and she hasn't spared the greenbacks to stay there.

At one shindig, recently, Mrs. Mesta's guests included the Chief Justice and four other Supreme Court members, four Cabinet members, a score of ambassadors, a flock of senators, congressmen, and top-drawer department officials, generals, and admirals, and swarms of big-name writers and commentators. They were all accompanied by their wives, of course. Whoever tries to unthrone her has his work cut out for him.

Chili-Con-Politics • There will be no dearth of names for second place on the Democratic presidential ticket. Already prominently mentioned are Commerce Secretary W. Averell Harriman, Interior Secretary Julius A. Krug, and Ambassador Lewis Douglas. . . . Intimates of California's Governor Warren are whispering he has been promised Taft's support if the Ohioan can't make the grade at the G.O.P. convention. . . . Former Postmaster General Jim Farley's forthcoming memoirs skin the hide off a number of ex-Democratic colleagues, particularly Frank Walker, who succeeded Farley. . . . Tammany chiefs are quietly grooming Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., 32-year-old third son of the late President, for a Congressional seat next year.

Eisenhower Fan • Idaho's freshman Representative Abe Goff gets a lot of mail from constituents. But one letter lifted him out of his chair. It was from the War Department notifying him he had won a Regular Army commission.

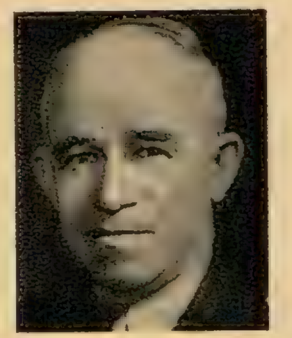
Goff spent two years in the Middle East as an Air Force colonel. Liking army life, he applied for a Regular commission before being discharged. Hearing nothing more about the matter, Goff ran for Congress last year. So he was greatly surprised when he received the War Department notice offering him a commission—as a lieutenant.

Hearing about the matter, General Eisenhower invited Goff to lunch. Goff came away enthusiastic.

"Whatever Eisenhower wants, I am for," Goff announced. "If he runs for President, I'm for him."

Service-Connected • Testifying before the House Veterans Affairs Committee, General Bradley was asked about the increasing number of patients in VA hospitals with non-service-connected ailments. He admitted this was a growing problem. He disclosed that of 120,000 patients in VA hospitals, more than two-thirds were non-service-connected cases.

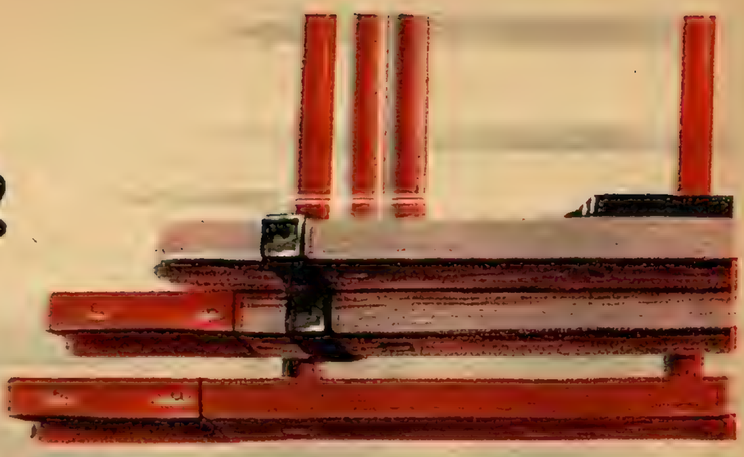
"I hear that former WAVES and WACs are having babies delivered in VA hospitals," said a congressman. "I can't see how pregnancy can be classed as a service-connected disability."

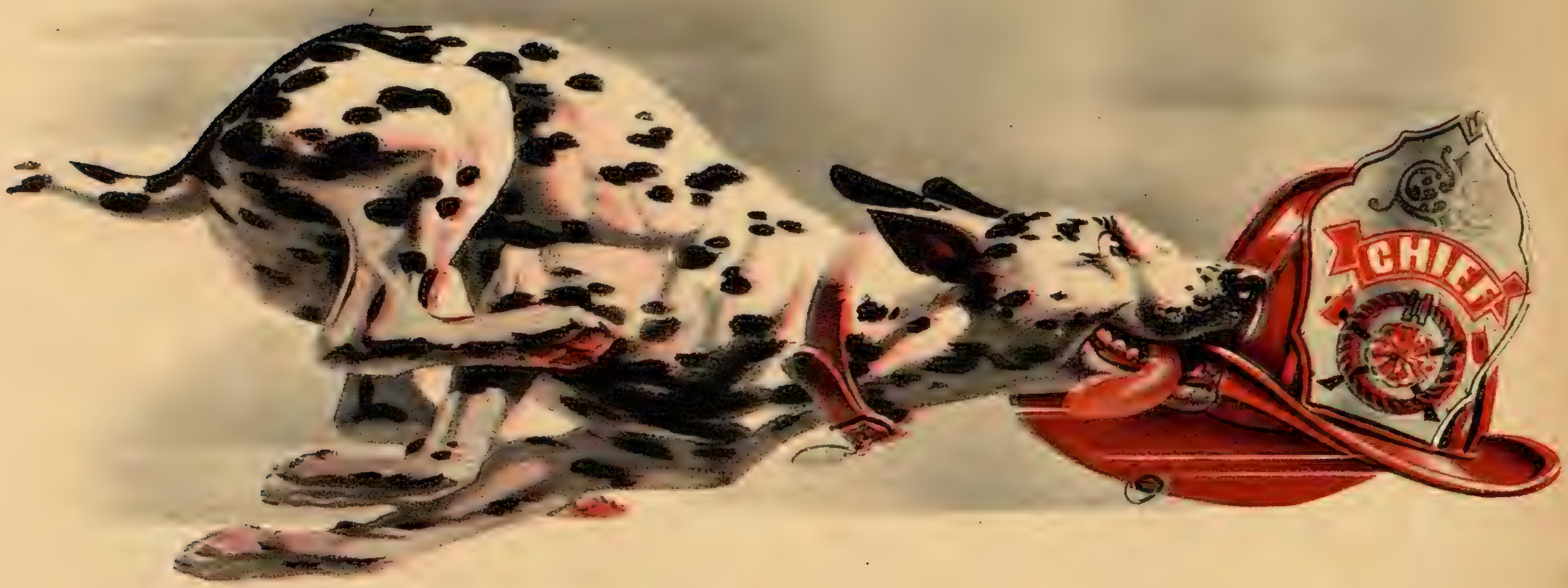

BRADLEY

The meeting broke up in a roar of laughter.

Out on a Limb • Congress will adjourn by July 20. . . . The Treasury will announce the first budget surplus in 17 years at the close of the current fiscal year, June 30. . . . The British will launch a semi-jet-propelled ocean liner this fall. . . . James Petrillo, chunky musicians' czar, will launch a drive to force "disc jockeys" to join his AFL union. . . . This year's winter wheat crop will establish a new all-time record, with over 1,200 million bushels, as compared to last year's stupendous total of 1,150 million.

ALWAYS DELIVERS!





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More Telephone Service for more people

From the 1946 Annual Report of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

1 In NO YEAR since the telephone was invented was there such a remarkable increase in the amount of telephone service furnished to the American people as in 1946. The net gain in the number of Bell telephones was 3,264,000, or more than twice the gain for any previous year. Additional telephones were installed at a rate averaging more than 25 a minute every working day.

2 Achievement of this kind reflects the skill, energy and determination of the 617,000 people working together on the Bell System team. What has been done has not been done easily. Many thousands of new employees have been trained in telephone work. It has been necessary to overcome serious difficulties caused by the persistent scarcity of certain essential raw materials needed in large quantities.

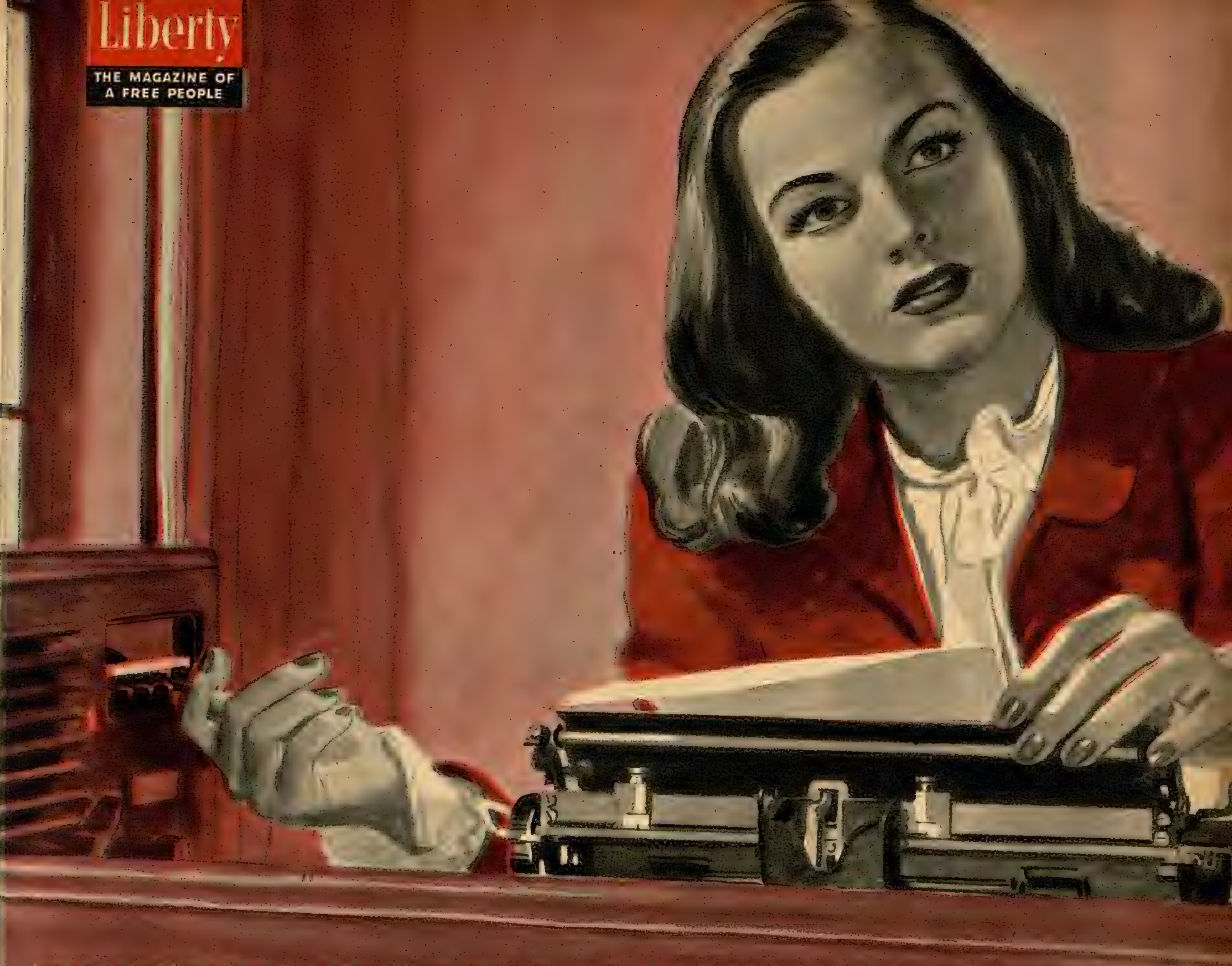
3 Most of those who were waiting for Bell telephone service at the start of 1946 had been cared for by the year's end. In addition, the System was able to take care of more than 70 per cent of all new applications received. Yet the total number of new requests for service was so great (there were more than five million) that at the beginning of 1947 there were still about two million people waiting for service.

4 We are working hard to remedy this situation and also to reach the point where all calls can be handled with pre-war speed or better — in short, to give every customer the kind of service he wants when and as he wants it. With experience at hand in abundance, and with new tools and techniques, the Bell System looks forward to steadily increasing achievement in service to the American people.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE



Ann put a hand on the intercom box. "People think it's a radio, but a mike picks up even whispers anywhere in the room."

Washington Murder-Go-Round

A capital columnist's secretary must sometimes condone what no girl would or should. Beginning a serial of intrigue and violent death along the Potomac that will make your blood run faster—and colder

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

PART ONE

THE first time I walked up the garden path to Ray Garret's house in Georgetown, I knew that this work would be different from anything I'd ever done before.

The blonde girl I was to replace as Ray's secretary opened the door. "Miss Hull?" she asked. When I nodded, her smile was warm. "I'm Ann Lyle," she said. "Come in." She led me into her own office, and while we talked she looked me over.

"I see why Garret hired you," she said. "He likes his women tall, dark, and reserved."

I couldn't help smiling. "I'm as reserved as a wildcat."

"He likes them that way, too. You've known him a long time?"

"Ages. He went to school with my brother."

I'd lived in New York and hadn't seen Ray in several years—until a week ago, at my brother Mike's home in Chevy Chase. He'd come in for a cocktail and had hired me across a platter of canapés.

Ann Lyle chuckled. "That's Ray—in a rush. I'm to break you in

BEGINNING A NEW SERIAL BY OSCAR SCHISGALL today. This will be the last time anybody sees you without rings under your eyes."

"I've already been warned about the hours," I said.

"Hours?" The girl laughed. "What hours? Ray Garret doesn't operate by the clock. He'll work you nights and Sundays if he feels like it. He pays twice as much as anybody else and expects twice as much in return. The guy's a dynamo. He's got to turn out six newspaper columns a week, a broadcast every Thursday, and answer I don't know how many hundred letters."

"Is that why you're quitting?" I asked. "Too tough?"

"Sure. I've got a husband I want to see once in a while."

Mike had cautioned me to expect something unusual. "What's more," he'd added, "you'll probably find yourself dealing in modified crime. They say Ray does some strange things."

I glanced around the office. It was small but pleasant. There were bookshelves behind the Sheraton desk and prints on the walls. The box of an interoffice communicating set stood on a table beside a typewriter; and near it was a closed door which, I supposed, led to Ray's study.

I nodded at the door. "Shouldn't I go in to show I'm here?"

"He's on the phone. And in a minute he'll be rushing off. Thursday mornings he goes to the White House press conference. You'll see him when he comes back for lunch—provided he's alone." And she added, "His lunches! They're an institution. Hear about them?"

"Why, no—"

"That's how he gets grist for his mill—by having people in to talk, people who have something to say. Sometimes it's a congressman or a senator with some bill pending."

The study door opened, and I caught my breath. Ray came out—in a rush. He had a hat in his hand, a topcoat slung over his arm. He looked exactly like Ray Milland. He said, "Hello, Fran! Good to see you." He shook my hand. "Ann giving you the low-down?"

"Yes," I began, "she—"

"Fine. Find a place to live?"

"Not yet. I'm still at—"

"Too far. It'll take you an hour to get here from Mike's. You ought to move in to town." He was on his way to the door.

I said, "When I find time to look for a place—"

"If you want to camp here till you do, talk to Hannah and Solomon. They run the house. We've got three spare rooms."

"Oh, no, Ray, thanks. I couldn't—"

"Suit yourself. I've got to run. . . . Oh, Ann. Tell Hannah to fix something for lunch. I'm bringing Congressman Rashton."

"Right."

"When Eddie calls, tell him to hop over to War Assets. I want the dope on what happened to all the hospital equipment we had in our prisoner-of-war camps. Eddie knows the angle. See you later! Fran, you look grand!"

The outer door banged.

"Good Lord! Is he always like that?"

"More or less," Ann Lyle said. "'Scuse it while I see Hannah about that lunch."

SHE left, and I stared out of the window at the distant gray peak of the Washington Monument. So this, I thought, is Ray Garret, the kid my brother Mike used to bring home. My first thirteen-year-old crush. He'd changed. Mike had said that he must be earning more than one hundred thousand a year with his newspaper and radio work. I needed time for adjustment to this kind of Ray Garret.

It occurred to me that maybe I'd changed a great deal myself. Last time I'd seen Ray was the first year of the war. I'd been graduating from Barnard. Mike had brought him along from Washington for my commencement party—though he'd been passing through New York anyway, on his way overseas as a correspondent. He'd been wonderful in his uniform, so handsome that it had hurt—I could still recall the pain—to learn he'd just become engaged to a Washington girl named Irene Wallace. Well, I'd found peace in a job.

Since then I'd held a variety of jobs. Three years with the War Production Board. Another year in an advertising agency, under an ulcerated boss. Six months trying to write a radio program in collaboration with Jerry Cannerton. It might have worked out if Jerry hadn't been more interested in marrying me than in the script. He wasn't going to like my taking this job.

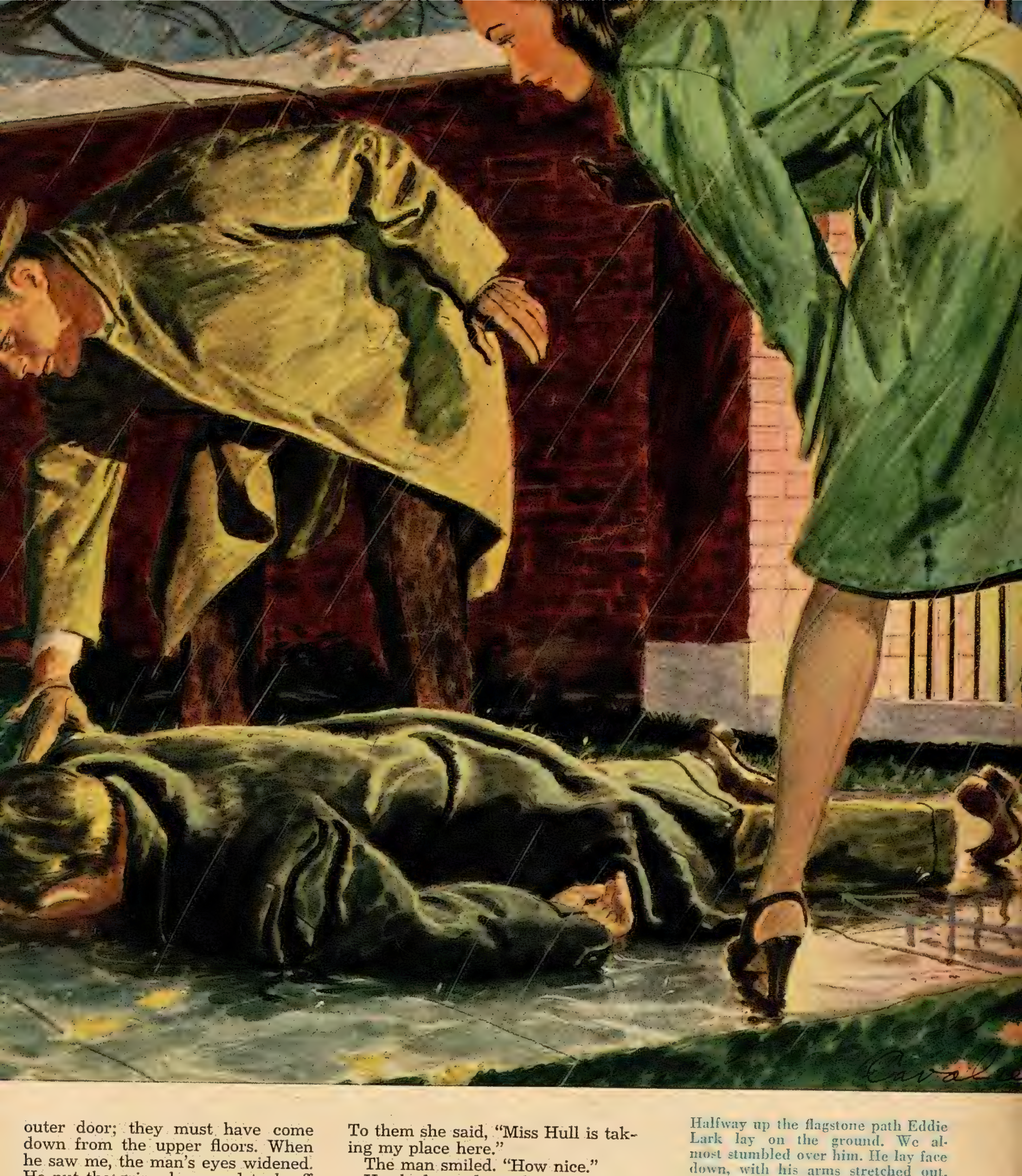
I wondered how Irene Wallace might have fitted into Ray's kind of life. Once I'd met her in New York—a beautiful, self-assured person. For all her loveliness, she'd seemed cold. But I'd probably have been prejudiced against any woman Ray was going to marry.

Still, when she'd broken the engagement while he was overseas, I'd resented it deeply. She'd married a well-to-do Washington lawyer, Walter Evans Legrue.

When Ann Lyle came back, she said, "Take off your hat. I'll show you around." We went first into the study, a large room with heavily draped windows and a smell of tobacco. The walls were book-lined and the rug was green under eighteenth-century furniture.

"He spends most of his time here," Ann Lyle said. "His bedroom is on this floor too, in the rear, so he doesn't have to climb up through the house when he works late."

Before I could comment, a man and a woman looked into the study. The man carried two pigskin grips. The woman wore a gray caracal coat. I hadn't heard anyone at the



Halfway up the flagstone path Eddie Lark lay on the ground. We almost stumbled over him. He lay face down, with his arms stretched out.

outer door; they must have come down from the upper floors. When he saw me, the man's eyes widened. He put the grips down and took off his hat.

"Ray here?" he asked Ann Lyle.

"No. Just left."

The man glanced around at the woman. She was slight and dark, with too much lipstick and mascara, yet she was quite pretty.

"Tell him," he said, "we stopped to say good-by."

"He had to rush off to the White House," Ann Lyle explained. Then she turned to me: "Miss Hull, this is Mr. Nick Dudley. And Mrs. Dudley." To them she said, "Miss Hull is taking my place here."

The man smiled. "How nice."

He had good teeth and bright black eyes. I had the impression that he would have liked to talk a while, but his wife said, "Let's start, Nick, if we're going to make the eleven-o'clock."

She turned away. Nick Dudley smiled at me again. "Be seeing you, Miss Hull," he said. "In a couple of weeks." Then he picked up the grips, followed his wife out, and presently we heard the outer door close.

"Nick Dudley," I said. "I've heard that name somewhere—"

"He's Ray Garret's cousin," Ann Lyle said, dryly.

"They live here?"

"They park themselves here when they're in Washington. Saves them hotel bills. I don't know why Ray Garret tolerates them."

"What do they do?"

"Search me. They used to have a dance act on a night-club circuit—played the Troika here about a year ago. I don't think they've worked

(*Continued on page 78*)

Why Girls Go Wrong

The shocking scientific truth about "over-sexed" and promiscuous youngsters from a unique San Francisco clinic that's doing something about it

By Edith M. Stern

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

STRIKINGLY attractive, black-haired, gray-eyed June had had sexual relations with six different boys within a six months' period. They were boys she knew only slightly, if at all. A drink at a bar, a few words' conversation, and June was theirs for the night.

"Over-sexed" would be the most kindly of the usual pat judgments on June and girls like her. But, quite the contrary from being exaggeratedly sensual, June was less so than average. She got absolutely no pleasure from the sexual act; and in this she was, astonishingly, typical of most promiscuous girls, whose feelings about it run from indifference to outright distaste.

Another thing you mightn't expect about June: she did not lack "morals" or "conscience." So aware was she of misconduct that after every one of her episodes she suffered agonies of remorse and never wanted to see the boy again. Similar guilt reactions are shared by the great majority of girls who chase from one sexual partner to another.

These surprising sidelights on girls usually condemned as "bad" or "over-sexed" add up to the fact that actually they are doing something which they neither approve of nor enjoy. Both the true reasons for their behavior—a substitute for something else they want—and better ways of satisfying their emotional needs, have been uncovered and worked out in a four-year study made at the Psychiatric Service of the San Francisco City Clinic, which gives a service unique in these United States.

It offers help with personal problems to anyone who has gone to the City Clinic with reason to fear that he or she has contracted venereal disease. Concerned over their actual or possible infection, ready, in their worry, to take stock of themselves, sixty-five per cent of those to whom the psychiatric service is offered accept—and more than half of them are women.

On the floor below, physical infection is treated in the bleak, impersonal set-up characteristic of most clinics. The offices of the psychiatric service, however, are more like a fashionable physician's than like those of a public project. Cool green walls have a relaxing effect—and pictures give an air of comfortable smartness. The staff, in addition to a part-time psychiatrist, consists of a part-time psychologist and two psychiatric social workers, selected for their youth, femininity and attractive appearance. No patient could possibly resent or discount them as "old maids who couldn't get a man if they wanted to."

Treatment consists of talking-things-over, give-and-take interviews in which the patients are made to feel at ease, to feel that they are in the office to be helped, not to be criticized, so they will talk freely about their experiences and emotions. Gradually, as the interviewer gains their confidence, she helps them to see themselves and their behavior straight. And almost invariably it has been found that what the troubled patient had been doing was not for the sake of the thing itself, but for some other reason.

June, for instance, over a period of eight months' treatment, thought through the real motive for her sexual behavior. She never realized it at the time, but it sprang from an angry desire to "get even with Mother" who, she felt with some justice, did not really love her. Invariably after a quarrel with her mother, who tried to be very high-handed about her going out alone with boy friends and even girl friends, she had slammed out of the house and made a bee-line for a bar—and a man.

With this start in understanding her actions, it did not take June much longer to realize that what she was doing didn't make sense. True, she was worrying her mother; but at the same time she was making even more trouble for herself. Pouring out her difficulties to the worker, asking and getting guidance in dealing with her mother and her boy friends, she not only got along much better at home but also gave up promiscuity for a "steady." June's story has a happy ending: she is contentedly and faithfully married.

The 1264 patients selected for the

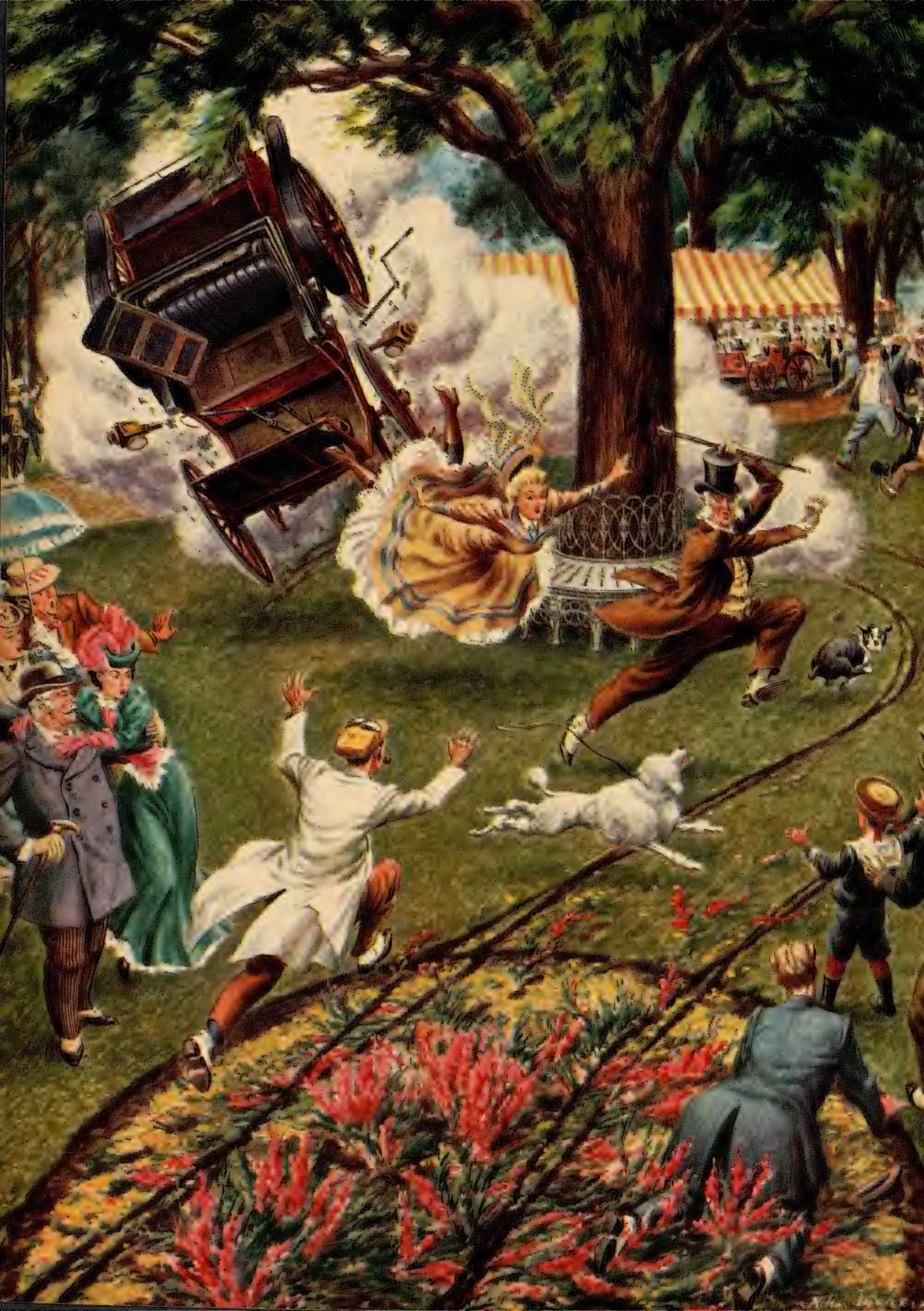
NO PARENT CAN AFFORD TO MISS THIS ARTICLE

study group, 997 women and 267 men, were young—most of them under twenty-three. No prostitutes were treated. Two-thirds had normal or above normal intelligence. Among the women, 37 per cent were single, 32 per cent separated or divorced, and 29 per cent married, with the husband absent in most cases. Fifty-six per cent of the patients were known to be promiscuous, according to the Service's definition: a single or divorced person who has engaged in sexual relations with more than one partner within the six months preceding registration in the Psychiatric Service, or a married person who has engaged in extra-marital relations during the same period; except where sexual relations were not with more than one partner, and occurred after a permanent separation of six months or longer. Twenty-seven per cent of the patients were considered to be potentially promiscuous, and another 17 per cent either promiscuous or potentially so.

Only 2 per cent of the patients in the study group had restricted their sexual experience to what the Service calls "affectional" relationships; that is, where genuine fondness and congeniality with the partner entered into the picture. These needed some help, to get over feelings of guilt or emotional upset, so as to forfend future promiscuity. But the greater problems, the ones who needed longer and more intensive treatment, were the casually promiscuous girls like June.

There was Martha, for instance. Martha was divorced. She had had a very hard married life and more than her share of heavy responsibilities. Free, she left her children with her husband, became a regular visitor at bars, took any job she could get, lived alone in hotels, and picked up men. During her prolonged treatment for venereal disease she visited the Psychiatric Service weekly, grew to understand that her sexual behavior and general irresponsibility represented a frenzied effort to make up for all she had missed. She began to think seriously about what she really wanted out of life, moved to permanent quarters, got a steady job, and took her oldest child to live

(*Continued on page 72*)



Abbie's Little Sister

Cousin Park was smart enough to build a horseless phaeton, but his demure seventeen-year-old helper was an even better engineer

By Neill C. Wilson

READING TIME•21 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

ABIGAIL, my sister, would say, "Eulalia, you're almost sixteen now and you simply must be more ladylike. You didn't walk after that croquet ball. You ran. I saw an inch of stocking and so did Cousin Park Garland." Abigail meant to marry Cousin Park Garland.

I would retort, "I already am sixteen. And anyway, an inch above the shoe tops is nothing new to Cousin Park."

By this I referred to the time Cousin Park, who always was inventing things, invented that sinkless bathing dress for Abigail. He figured out an airtight lining for the bloomers and inflated them lightly. Abbie wore this contrivance into the surf. With the first big wave she went head down, legs up, her stockings showing clear to her knees. She came in with the roller, walking on her hands like something out of a circus, and it was bad enough that General Blackwood, our grandfather, was there; but Park was there too, and he was hardly a relative at all, only a fifth cousin and an extremely good-looking young man of twenty-one with a mustache, and Abbie almost died of shame.

Did I say Cousin Park was always inventing things? He was. Even more exciting than the sinkless bathing dress was his toy windmill that went around when you blew into a box. I mean that it was exciting because when he brought it to our house and gave it to us to blow, Grandpapa Blackwood, the general, came into the room and we gave it to him to blow first. And grandpapa, who won his two stars in the Civil War by charging a whole corps with a single cavalry brigade, and who had fine side whiskers and pots of money and was vice-president of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company, blew into the box with all his might and got a stream of soot full in the face.

But Park himself says that the most important of his handiworks was his horseless buggy. What turned his attention in that direction was the Sunday drive he took with Abigail, the one that mama let them go on unchaperoned.

They were in the Garland phaeton, driving in Central Park. They passed the Obelisk on the East Drive and Cousin Parker murmured, "Only to think, Abbie: once that shaft gazed down upon Cleopatra, and now it gazes upon you," and Abbie knew that he was coming to the point, when Jim Dandy, the Garlands' own family horse, dropped dead. Cousin Park was whipping the corpse and shouting, "Giddap!" when Grandpapa Blackwood whirled up in his high-backed stanhope. He whooped to Park, "A man who would beat a fallen beast ought to have his whip taken away!"

Grandpapa invited Abbie to ride home with him. As they drove away, he roared once more at Park, "A man who would beat a stricken beast ought to be horsewhipped himself!"

That was when Cousin Park rose to his feet and shook his fist at grandpapa—at General Hobart V. Blackwood—and hollered, "What I'm going to do is build a carriage that won't *need* horse or whip!"

Shortly after, Cousin Park read of a race for horseless buggies from Jackson Park to Evanston and return, away off in Chicago. Five vehicles started, two finished, and the speed of the winner was seven and one-half miles an hour. That decided Cousin Park.

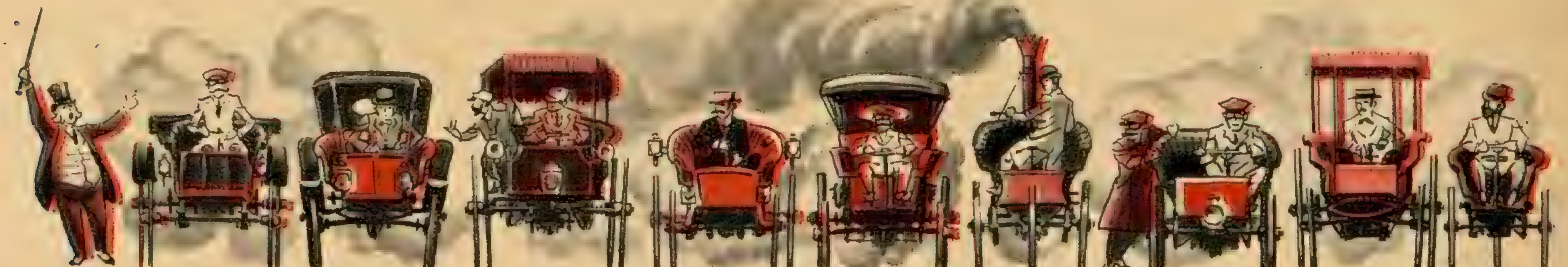
COUSIN PARK had a wonderful shop in the basement of his home, which was next door to ours on Madison Avenue. It was full of power saws and drills and lathes that whirred when somebody pedaled a bicycle on a fixed frame, the somebody generally being me. He thought I did all that pedaling for the fifteen cents an hour he paid me. Did I say Cousin Park was handsome?

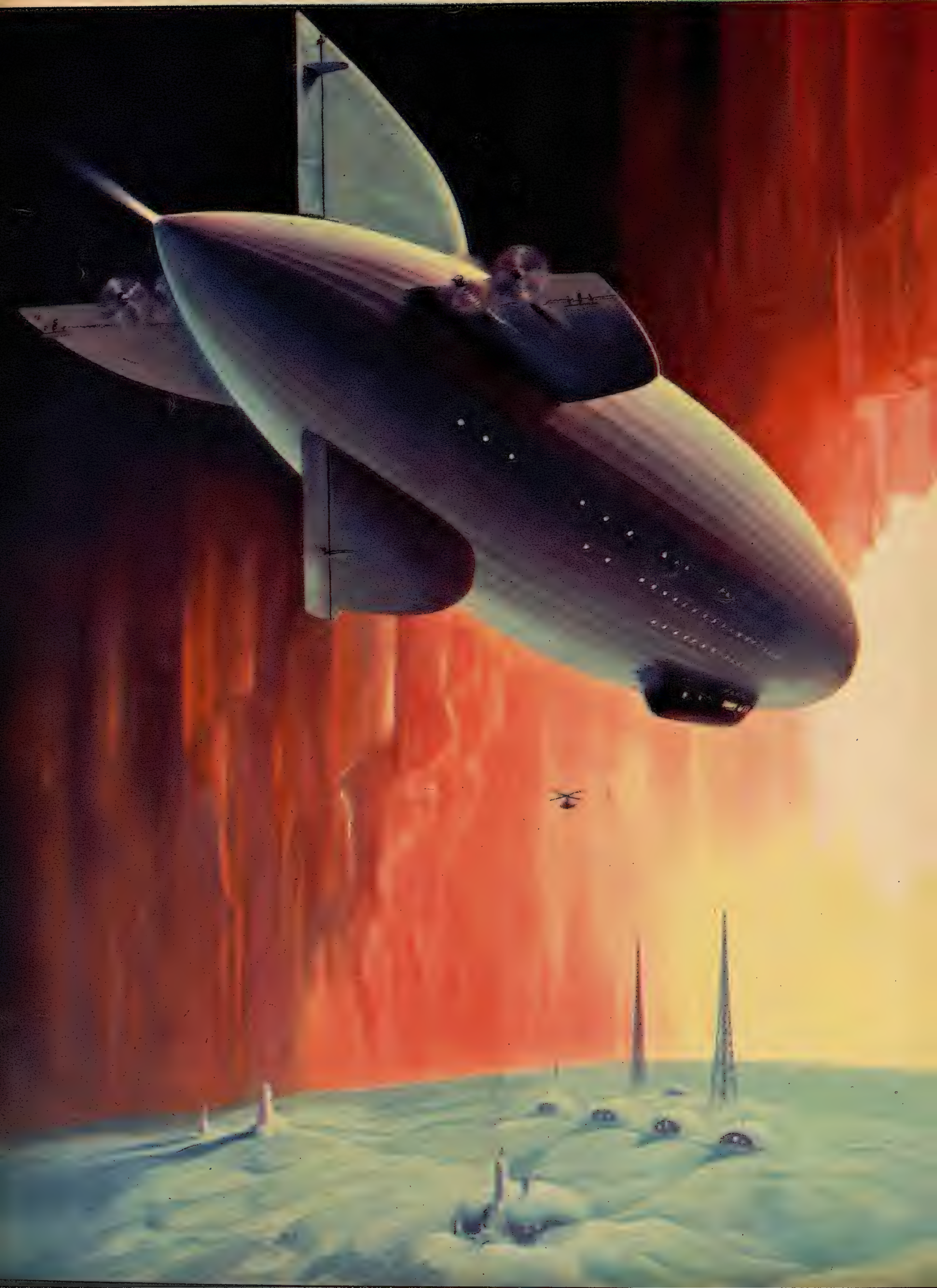
He read everything he could lay his hands on about the buggyauts, petrocars, and quadricycles that had entered the Chicago test. He went to Springfield, where one had been made, and looked it over; and to Buffalo and looked at another.

He came back and said to me, because I was generally around, "Eulalia, otherwise known as Lally or

(*Continued on page 74*)

The hind wheels reared, the vehicle bounded and capsized, and I soared through the air after grandpapa.





Northern Lights – Made in Akron

By means of vastly strengthened and improved airships, we can hang a chain of lanterns across the roof of the world to chart the vital polar airways

By Alden Hatch

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Eight huge rigid airships to be built at a cost of $50,000,000 to explore and safeguard the polar skyways! When Commander Andrew D. Jackson, Jr., U.S.N., made this proposition before a symposium of the Institute of Navigation last December, it sounded like extravagant fantasy. Careful examination shows it to be sound common sense.

Many of the main-line airways of the future will take the short cut across the polar ice cap. From New York to Moscow is but 3,174 miles via the Arctic; New York to Shanghai only 5,775 miles, and Seattle to London only 4,159. Distances between many other important cities are comparably short over the flattened top of the world. The tremendous economies of time and money in using these Arctic routes will force the air lines to adopt them, and it will be up to the navigators to get the planes across. To do so safely, that vast icy world must be charted as carefully as the familiar ocean lanes; not only the land and the sea, but the air masses of the Arctic front where our weather breeds, and the mysterious electric currents that eddy around the Magnetic Pole. In addition, radio, loran (long-range radio navigation) and shoran (short-range radio navigation), beacons must be maintained to guide the air liners safely across the ever-changing ice fields of the polar sea, and the air-sea rescue must be available. It is a gigantic task. It can be accomplished most quickly—and at comparatively small expense—by the use of big airships.

The idea of using airships to open the polar skyways originated in the high-tension brain of Gordon A. Atwater, the dynamic young chairman and curator of the Hayden Planetarium in New York City, who is also president of the Institute of Navigation. The Institute was founded in June, 1945, by a group of eminent scientists and practical navigators, to encourage research and collate information on the complicated navigational problems of the Air Age. From its inception it has been grappling with the problems of polar navigation.

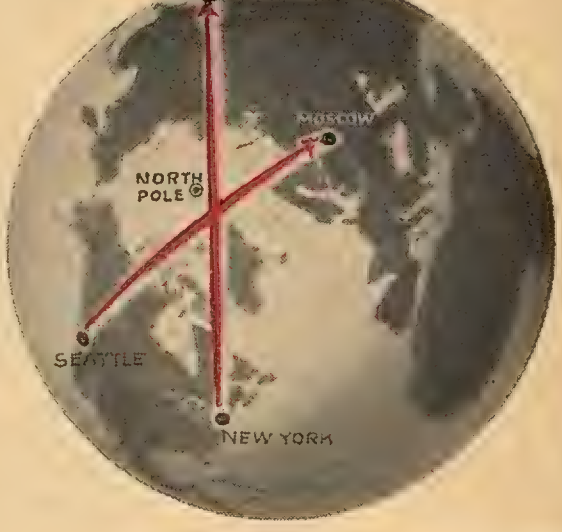
To illustrate our ignorance of Arctic conditions, Mr. Atwater said, "We don't even know exactly where the North Magnetic Pole is, and while we believe it moves in a certain orbit, we are not sure; so how can we figure deviations on a magnetic compass? We think that the progression rate of the gyrocompass will also be affected, but we don't know. We've got to nail that pole down."

He went on to point out that ships cannot penetrate the polar sea; planes cannot land on the chaotic ice floes, or remain in the air long enough to take accurate scientific observations. The recent military maneuvers known as Operation Musk Ox showed the enormous difficulties an expedition by land would face. It would take ten "Musk Oxen," employing thousands of men, at astronomical cost to do the work.

"We knew we had a terrific problem to lick," Atwater says, "and we could not see how it was to be done. One day, as I drove in from Long Island, just as I got to the Triborough Bridge, it hit me: Airships might be the answer. Since then we have all been working in that direction and I think we are on the right track."

The idea of riding an airship through the vortexes of the Arctic front, with the Magnetic Pole playing monkeyshines with her electronic equipment and the aurora borealis doing nip-ups on her envelope, frightened me; so I went out

(*Continued on page 85*)

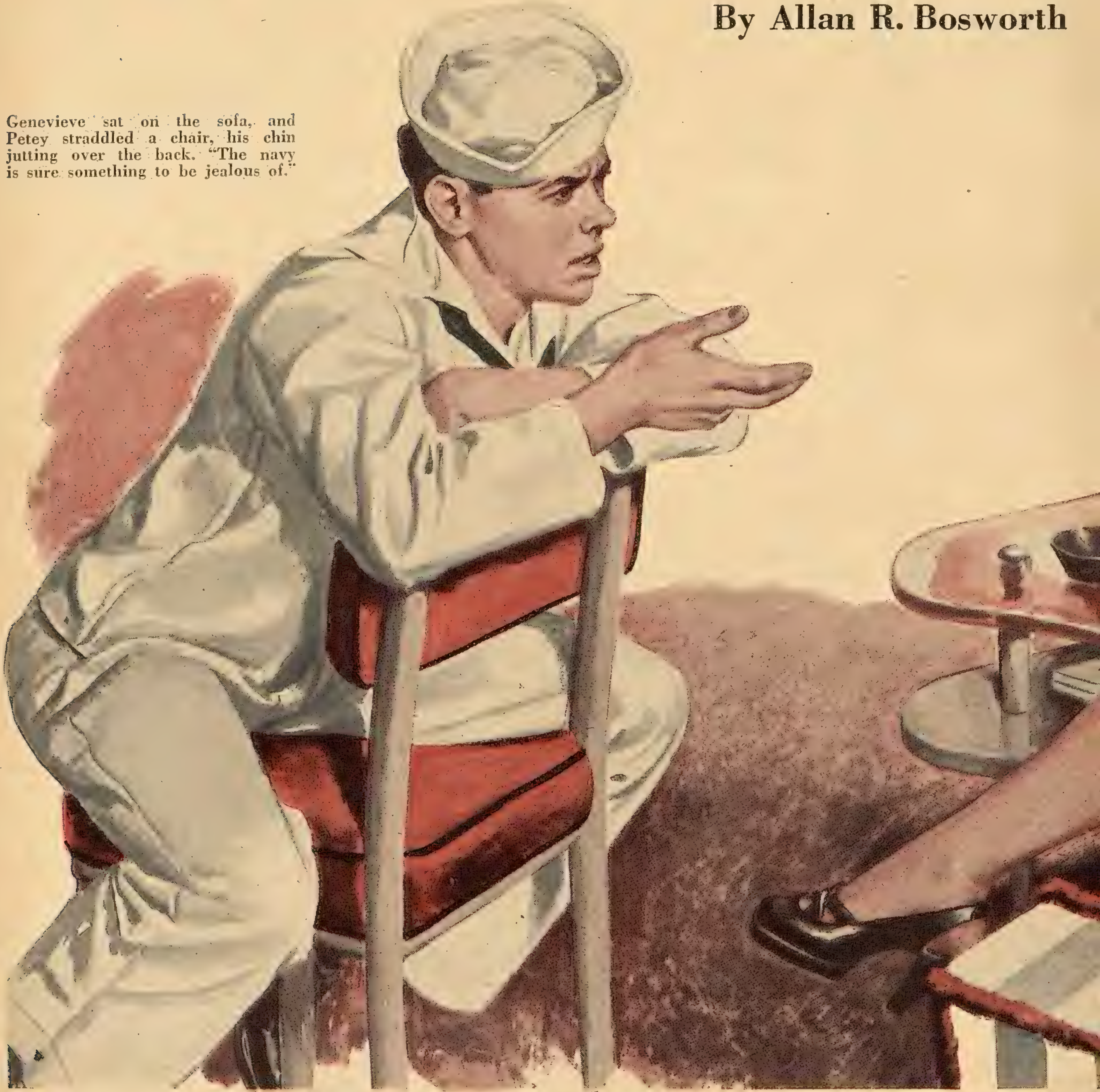


Iron Man

Genevieve finds out something about the navy that's not in the recruiting posters

By Allan R. Bosworth

Genevieve sat on the sofa, and Petey straddled a chair, his chin jutting over the back. "The navy is sure something to be jealous of."



READING TIME● 19 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

SHE called it quits across a table in the Harbor Light Café, on a night when the breakwater foghorn was baying and the P. E. train whistles sounded thin and shrill. Just beside them were six big sailors—almost as big as Iron Man himself—and one small and ugly one. They perched on the stools, moodily watching, hearing every word.

"And you!" Genevieve flared, turning on this bleacher section. "Go away—all of you! Go away!"

Iron Man looked up from the ring she had dropped into his huge oar-calloused palm.

"But they're my shipmates," he said.

Genevieve's eyes flashed like sun striking the sea. "Sure—they're your shipmates. They're the navy. That's the whole trouble, Joe. I didn't come out here to marry the navy. I can't see myself sitting up with my knitting every other night while you've got the duty. Or waiting three months out of the year while the fleet's in Panama!"

Iron Man drew a deep breath. "You mean I had my choice, don't you?" he asked slowly. "I shipped over. Chuck didn't."

"If you want to put it that way," Genevieve said. "I mean, you love the navy more than anything else. That lets me out."

She got up, a tall girl in a tweed suit, with hair the color of ripening corn tassels. She walked quickly toward a civilian who was rolling poker dice with Pop Howard.

"Take me home, Chuck," Genevieve said.

They went out without looking back, and Petey Dwyer screwed up his ugly face. That, more than anything she had said, was final. Chuck Sanderson had been a civilian only a few weeks, but the line between the Service and the Outside was sharp. Genevieve had walked out on the navy.

"Dames!" Petey said, as if the word were an epithet. He was the cox'n of the whaleboat crew, and his voice, at least, was big. He worshiped Iron Man as only a small and ugly man can worship the kind he would like to be.

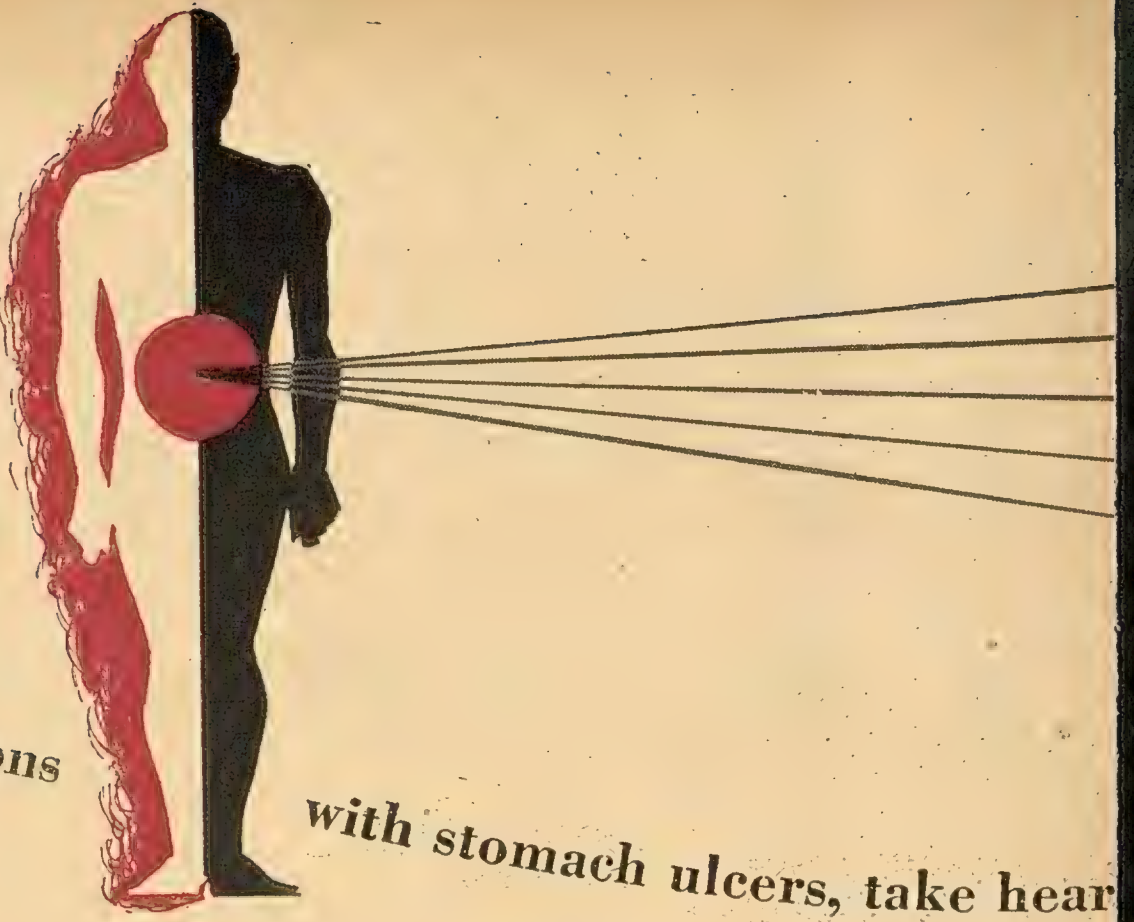
"Forget it, Iron Man," he said. "Let's shove!"

Iron Man wiped a hand across his forehead. "Leave me alone!" he growled.

The seven looked at one another. Petey Dwyer swore under his

(*Continued on page 90*)

ILLUSTRATED BY
HOWELL DODD



If you are one of the millions with stomach ulcers, take hear

By Harriet Hester

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

AT forty-five, Jim Jefferson has a job he likes, hundreds of friends, makes excellent money. He has everything a man could want—but he has a peptic ulcer.

To Jim, constantly haunted by nagging pain, taking time out for milk between meals, eating gruel while his family enjoys steak, life seems a dreary business. But he knows the penalty for breaking regulations. Too much nervous strain, rich food, cigarettes or alcohol, and he can expect another nightmare of pain and perhaps another trip to the hospital.

Now the Jim Jeffersons (and they number literally millions) may gain hope from the work of four Chicago scientists.

Successful experiment with a normal substance called enterogastrone, which appears to heal ulcers and prevent their recurrence, has recently been announced by Dr. A. C. Ivy, vice-president of the University of Illinois Medical College, and Dr. M. I. Grossman of the same institution, with Dr. Harry Greengard and Dr. Arthur J. Atkinson of Northwestern University Medical School. The physicians' report is the culmination of ten years of study at Northwestern University and is based upon clinical treatment of fifty-eight patients. The stories of these patients present a pleasant contrast to Jim's unhappy situation.

Frank Baldwin, a salesman, had undergone surgery for a peptic ulcer three years before he started enterogastrone treatment. A new ulcer was causing pain and bleeding. Within a month after he began treatment he reported relief, and in three months X-ray examination showed that the crater of his ulcer had filled. He has had no symptoms now for nearly a year.

One patient, a printer, had endured frequent severe attacks for forty-five years. Since starting treatment a year ago, he has had only two slight relapses.

"BOTH for humane and economic reasons, the problem of peptic ulcer is a challenge to medical science," Dr. Ivy told me. "Peptic ulcer ranks tenth in the list of chronic diseases which cause death, and twelfth as a cause of days lost from work. Medical authorities and life-insurance companies estimate that approximately ten per cent of our population become afflicted with it during a modern lifetime.

"The most troublesome characteristic of peptic ulcer is its tendency to develop in new locations after surgery, or to become active again after apparent healing. Our present methods of relieving suffering during acute attacks, of ulcer management through diet and hygienic care, and of surgical removal have reached a quite satisfactory state of development for handling the immediate problems. But persistent recurrence of the disease is our most difficult problem."

No one seems to know specifically what causes peptic ulcers. Most of them occur in the lower part of the stomach or in the first few inches of the intestine, called the duodenum. Certain conditions accompany the disease so regularly that scientists accept them as contributing factors. Ulcers develop much more frequently in men than in women, and usually in persons whose chief characteristic is their driving nervous energy. Tests of the digestive fluid in the stomach of the patient show a high proportion of hydrochloric acid—which may result from the temperamental drive of the individual.

Normally, hydrochloric acid is balanced in the digestive juice by an anti-acid solution manufactured in the mucosa or inner lining of the digestive tract. This balance protects the stomach from digesting itself. When the balance is upset, and for any reason a part of the inner digestive surface is weakened, the acid stomach juices attack the tissue and produce an eroded sore, an ulcer. If the condition is allowed to continue, they may even eat through the walls of the stomach or intestine, resulting in hemorrhage and perforation.

The ulcer patient is comfortable while his stomach is filled with food upon which the digestive acids can work. But when the stomach is empty, the acids strike again at the weakened tissues and cause acute burning pain.

For this reason, as early as the beginning of the last century, medical scientists reasoned that specialized diets of non-acids, non-irritating foods and frequent between-meal draughts of cream or rich milk were important. Such a diet, coupled with rest and general hygienic care, is the conventional medical treatment today. Surgical resection, by which an ulcerated area may be re-

GOOD NEWS FOR ULCER SUFFERERS

Permanent relief may be less than two years off

moved, has been practiced satisfactorily in extreme cases. But, as Dr. Ivy explained, the most difficult problem—that of preventing recurrences—has remained unsolved.

Ten years ago Dr. Ivy approached this problem with two theories: "If it were possible to increase the resistance of the digestive tissues to injury and to increase their healing power, the recurrence of ulcer should be prevented. Or, on the basis of the important role that acid plays in injuring these tissues, it may be assumed that if a substance were available which abolished acid formation without having other harmful reactions, it should reduce the recurrence of ulcers."

WITH his associates, Dr. Ivy began the search for a substance which would fulfill the requirements of one or both theories. No chemical proved adequate, but the scientists discovered that enterogastrons, given by injection, would slow up gastric secretion. They concentrated on study and experiment with this one substance.

Enterogastrone is an anti-acid produced by the lining of the intestine when our diet contains sufficient amounts of fat and sugar. The researchers manufactured their supply from the small intestines of freshly slaughtered hogs. A colorless material, enterogastrone is easily dissolved in water, and an extremely small amount mixed with a neutral salt solution can be given hypodermically.

Five years ago, the workers began experimental injection of enterogastrone into dogs treated by the Mann-Williamson operation—a type of surgery similar to that which humans undergo for ulcers. When untreated, practically all Mann-Williamson dogs develop ulcer after such operation. Treated with enterogastrone daily for one year, only 21 per cent of them developed ulcers.

But the doctors knew the real test would come after treatment was discontinued. They expected that the dogs would develop ulcer within three months—as had been the case in their experiments with other substances. But that didn't happen. Ulcer occurred in only two of ten dogs, and not until eighteen to thirty months later.

It was evident that in addition to its effectiveness as an anti-acid, enterogastrone possessed a long-range power only to be accounted for by the presence of a hormone which aided healing and increased the resistance of the digestive tissue. The physicians were encouraged to believe that this substance fulfilled both requirements of their theory to some degree.

After precautionary experiments on animals, they ventured to give enterogastrone three times a week to a small number of human patients, all of whom had histories of ulcer ranging from five to fifteen years. Many felt better in just a few days, and all were restored to normal health within three months! In two thirds of the cases, X-ray examination showed healing, and three fourths have had no symptoms of ulcer since they started the treatment.

With their next group of patients the doctors raised the schedule of injections to six a week. Of those who received this treatment for one year, *none* has developed symptoms to the present time, though they have been off the treatment from one to twenty-eight months!

Enterogastrone is equally protective in patients who have undergone gastric surgery and those who have not. It was used both with and without conventional ulcer management, though the researchers do not recommend discontinuing special diets until distress is relieved—after which diet is liberalized until the patient is taking three meals a day, excluding only irritating foods and beverages.

PRACTICALLY all ulcer sufferers can take enterogastrone without unfavorable reactions, though there is a single exception. Since it is manufactured from hogs, those few persons who are allergic to pork cannot tolerate the injections. Dr. Ivy recommends preliminary tests for this allergy.

Experimental work with enterogastrone is not complete. Dr. Ivy and his associates know that any treatment for ulcer must be tested with large numbers of patients, and their individual cases followed over a long term of years. Further clinical testing is now in progress in a number of centers across the country.

At present, supplies of enterogastrone are small, because it is produced only in experimental laboratories. Nevertheless, Dr. Ivy believes that within two years your doctor may have it as ready to hand as insulin.

If enterogastrone fulfills its early promise, it may indeed be as great a blessing to humanity as insulin.

THE END

★ Liberty's Short Short Story

Revenge

This was just what Mr. Mills, terror of the other tenants, needed

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THE profound contentment of Frank's snoring irritated Karen, who sat propped up on her pillow composing indignant replies to Mr. Mills. Any other husband would have taken one look at that note, then marched down the stairs and confronted Mr. Mills and demanded an immediate apology.

"Well," Frank had asked, "*did* you shake the mop out the back window?" And of course she'd had to admit it. But that wasn't the point. The point was simply that Mr. Mills had no right to prowl around the house poking insulting notes under people's doors.

"I never shake mops out the back window," Karen mentally wrote, "but last Thursday I was late getting home from the office and friends were coming for dinner, so I had no time to traipse down three flights of stairs, and besides, the mop was hardly dusty at all, and for the life of me I can't see how it could possibly have bothered you and your wife, unless you had your heads out the window, snooping, and . . . "

Mr. Mills, who occupied the parlor floor through in the house in Greenwich Village, was a scourge and a terror to the second- and third-floor tenants. He had driven the Dawsons out of the second-floor front, and twice while Frank was overseas he had left barbed notes under Karen's door, complaining about her radio, and once last summer he had sicked the police on little Miss Gow, who had the back kitchenette on the second floor, just because he had heard some giggling at a shower she was giving for a girl in her office.

"I won't stand it any longer," Karen said, but not out loud, because Frank was still sleeping like an overfed child. "You've got to do something."

During the war, Karen remembered, Mr. Mills used to get terribly upset every time the fuel oil ran out, and sometimes the ration board would refuse an extra allotment, so the house would go for days without hot water. Then Mrs. Dawson discovered that Mr. Mills had delegated to himself the authority to slink down to the basement and turn off the heater to save oil, but he always waited until he and his wife had done their dishes and had their baths.

"See what I mean?" Karen said, and to her surprise she said it out loud, but Frank didn't stir. She gave up. She would write to Mr. Mills first thing in the morning. It was time he started finding notes under *his* door.

When she first heard the footsteps echoing hollowly in the stair well, she thought it was only her imagination. But it wasn't. She sat up again, angry phrases bubbling in the caldron of her rage.

"Frank!"

He grunted and dug down under the thin blanket. She made a shushing sound. He stiffened. She knew he had heard it too, and she felt relieved. He eased quietly out of the bed, slipped into his terry-cloth robe, and tiptoed to the door. Someone began to knock, softly at first. Karen sprang up and put on her new red house coat. Frank opened the door. It was Mr. Mills.

"Oh, my, I hope I didn't get you up," he said.

"That's all right," Frank said, and invited him in, Karen staring at him with a cold dignity which suddenly gave way when she realized she had her hair in curlers. She edged over to the corner.

Mr Mills hesitated in the doorway, then stepped inside, his granite-gray eyes darting uneasily around the room. Something had cracked his formidable shell.

"You have a—a gun, don't you?" he said, and Karen moved out of the corner, forgetting her curlers.

"Why, no," Frank said.

"That German pistol," Mr. Mills said. "Miss Gow told my wife about it."

"Oh, *that.*"

"I was wondering if I could borrow it for a little while."

"Is there anything wrong?" Karen said.

"Well, yes." Mr. Mills slumped wearily into the big chair, seeming to shrink. For the first time he looked to Karen more frightened than frightening. "It's those cats," he said. "They caught a baby sparrow in the back yard this morning, and I rescued it before I went to work. My wife did what she could for the poor little thing, but we're sure it can't possibly pull through, so we want to put it out of its misery."

KAREN sat down suddenly, fumbling for a cigarette. She could hear the gunshot and see the splatter of tiny feathers. "But isn't there some simpler way?" she said. "Maybe the oven."

"Sure," Frank said. "A little gas—that ought to do the trick."

"I thought of that," Mr. Mills said, "but my wife's afraid to try it."

"Chloroform," Karen said. "Why don't you ask the doctor next door to give you a few drops on a handkerchief?"

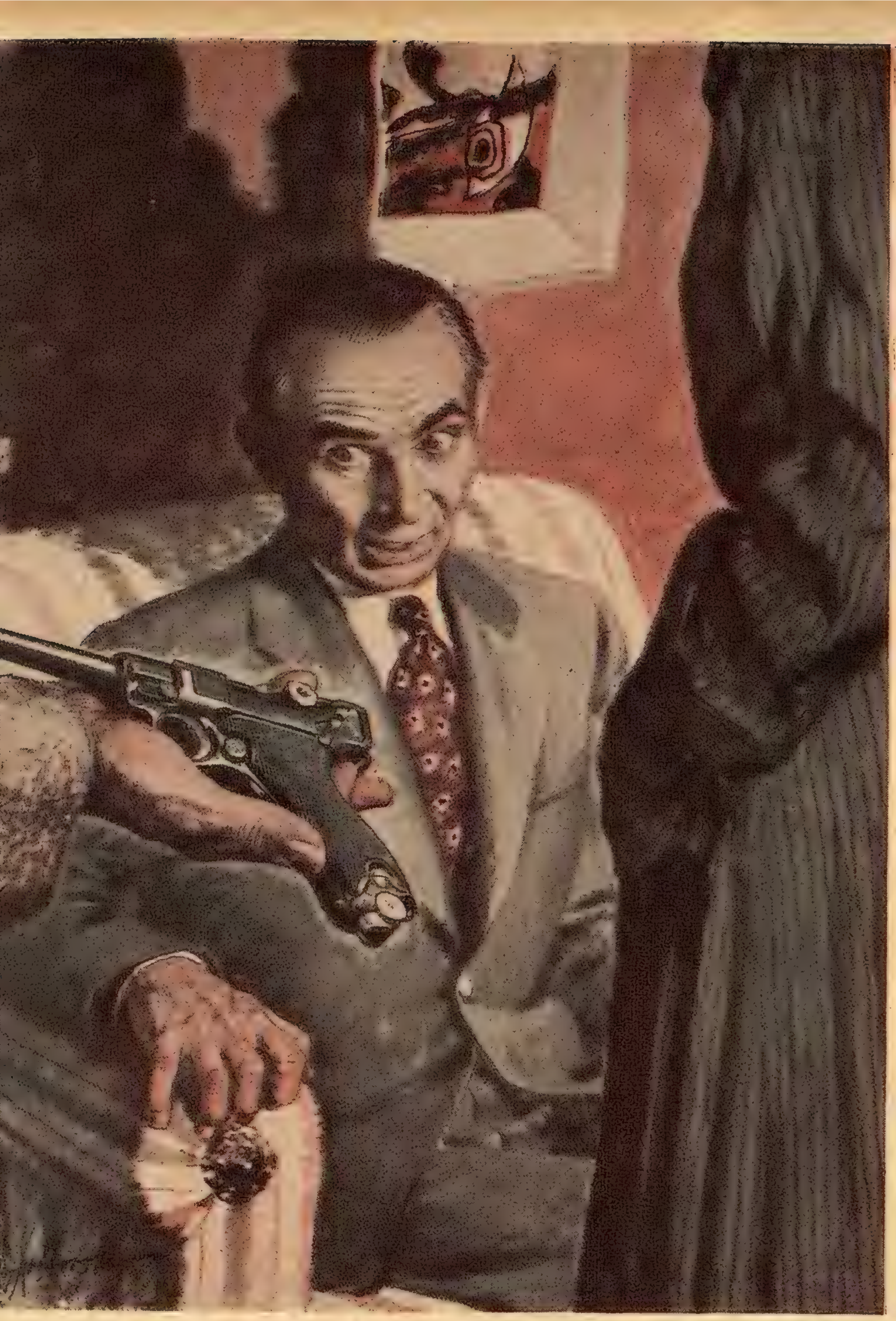
"I've been calling him, but he's out."

Karen, who read a great many murder mysteries, ran through all the lethal devices she could think of, but she kept turning up with daggers, arsenic crystals, carbon monoxide, and poisonous orchids.

"It keeps hopping around the kitchen," Mr. Mills said, "trying to flap its broken wing. And it cries just like a baby."

Karen was tempted to remind him of the Dawsons, whom he had driv-

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE



Frank gave the Luger to Mr. Mills, who took it gingerly, apparently alarmed by the unfamiliar feel. "You know how to handle one of these?"

By John D. Weaver

en out of the house with his daily notes about their baby's crying spells when she was teething; but Frank, she saw with surprise, was actually taking the Luger out of the desk. She watched him check it, nod, then give it to Mr. Mills, who took it gingerly, apparently alarmed by the cold, unfamiliar feel.

"You know how to handle one of these things?" Frank said.

"You just point it and pull back on this, don't you?"

"Well, that's the general idea, but of course you have to be very careful. It's dangerous."

Karen couldn't believe that this snooping, meddling, selfish man who was so obviously terrified by firearms would actually go through with it, but Mr. Mills got up, holding the Luger at arm's length, sweat glistening his forehead.

"Well," he said, "thank you."

"Don't mention it," Frank said.

Karen snuffed out her cigarette. It was all right to put Mr. Mills up against it and throw a little scare into him, but this was going too far. She opened her mouth to say so, but she caught Frank's glance and said nothing.

"I *think* it'll work all right," Frank said, holding the door open for Mr. Mills, "if it doesn't backfire."

Mr. Mills dried his forehead with a swipe of his hand. "Backfire?"

"Oh, I don't think it will," Frank said. "Forget it."

Mr. Mills walked to the head of the stairs, bracing his shoulders. Karen stood in the doorway, listening to the sound of his frightened footsteps creaking down the stairs. She looked at her watch. It was twenty minutes past twelve. Mr. Mills had been home a little over six hours. She wondered how long it had taken him and his wife to reach the decision to destroy the bird. She could see them pacing the kitchen floor, the bird flapping and cheeping, while Mr. Mills tried to get the doctor and Mrs. Mills glanced nervously at the stove, until finally in desperation they had hit on Frank's Luger as the only way, no matter how frightening, to stop the pitiful cries.

"Well, well," Frank said, sitting down and lighting a cigarette, "so this is the terrifying Mr. Mills, this kindhearted little man who can't bring himself to do in a sparrow."

"You've got to go down there and take that gun away from him."

"Couple hours ago you wanted me to horsewhip him, and now you're afraid he'll pink himself."

"Frank, please! Before something terrible happens."

Frank stretched and yawned. "You know something? I didn't like that note he left under our door tonight. I didn't like it at all."

"It was my fault," Karen said. "I shouldn't have shaken the mop out the window."

"That's not the point. There ought to be more give-and-take between neighbors. I don't like the way Mrs. Mills sneaks our magazines off the mail table and holds them all day, but I don't go around leaving notes under her door."

"It doesn't matter, darling. Please get the gun away from him. You could see he was scared to death of it."

"Yes," Frank said, comfortably crossing his legs. "That's why I want to give him plenty of time to sweat out the discovery that I forgot to load it."

THE END

INP PHOTO

Racing for older horses takes the spotlight this year. Here's Armed (right) winning at Tropical Park.

By Joe H. Palmer

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

UNFOLDING upon the nation's horse tracks this season is a story a fiction writer might hesitate to invent. The story had its beginnings back in 1943, when Warren Wright's great chestnut champion Whirlaway left the tracks with a world money-winning record of $561,161. It was a towering record, built on two great years in which the stout Calumet Farm stretch runner had never been unplaced. It surprised Seabiscuit's previous record by more than $120,000, and the honor seemed secure for many years to come.

But now on the race tracks two tough "kids" from Texas, Mrs. Ethel D. Jacobs' Stymie and King Ranch's Assault, are closing hard on Whirlaway's total. Keeping pace with them and bent on holding the honor for Calumet Farm, if not for Whirlaway, is Wright's great bay gelding Armed.

If they hold together, Whirlaway's crown is not merely likely to be lifted; it is likely to change hands two or three times during the year. It is not beyond possibility that in the late season a half dozen Saturdays may see the money championship hanging in the balance. That's why racing for older horses, usually pushed to the back of the stage by the Derby and Preakness contenders, takes the spotlight this year. Whirlaway could wind up fourth, with the other three in a fighting tangle ahead of him.

An oddity of the situation is that the arch-rivals, Stymie and Assault, were bred and raised on the same grounds, the fabulous, sprawling million-acre King Ranch in Texas, and both represent the working out of the same theory of breeding. That they are now in opposite camps is an object lesson in how little even the most experienced of trainers can know about a horse until it has raced a season or more. Remember that when you hear of a "trainer's tip."

Max Hirsch, himself a Texan and once a jockey, gave both horses their preliminary training. But early in 1943 he put Stymie, then an apparently worthless two-year-old, into a race whose conditions provided that any horseman on the grounds could claim him for $1,500. Hirsch Jacobs, whose native habitat is Brooklyn, put down the money and took the horse, which has raced since in the name of Mrs. Ethel D. Jacobs, with Hirsch Jacobs doing the training.

Assault once seemed even more worthless. When he was a weanling, he stepped on a nail or a sharp stick, forcing it up through his foot and the wall of the hoof in front, making a shocking, almost-impossible-to-heal wound.

"When he came up here to Belmont," Max Hirsch told me last year, "I never thought he'd train at all. I thought that foot would blow out on him the first time he ran fast on it." But that was one of the feet that threw dirt in Stymie's face through the stretch of the Pimlico Special last fall.

So there it is. One horse so lightly considered he was thrown away for $1,500, and another so badly hurt it seemed he could never race. And charging along with them is Armed, once a stable pony.

At the moment, Stymie holds the stage. With a total of $516,285 already to his credit, one big victory would take him up to Whirlaway. The Suburban Handicap on May 30

THREE FOR THE MONEY

One of the greatest races in the history of the American turf is shaping up as three horses battle for a record Whirlaway presumably salted away four years ago

would do it, or any one of a dozen $50,000 races. Assault has $120,000 to go to get to Calumet's chestnut champion, but he won more than $400,000 last year—a record in itself—and in these days of big purses the total can go up fast if a horse can go up fast too.

Armed, galloping to the rescue of Calumet's devil-red silks, was trailing Stymie and Assault when the season opened, but by getting in some early-season licks he eased past Assault. At this writing he has $482,775 to his credit and is breathing on Stymie's flanks. He turned back Stymie in the Pimlico Special of 1945, and whipped him twice in two meetings in 1946.

It's a hundred to one against it—maybe a thousand to one—but if the cards fell just exactly right, these three might go into this fall's champion-making Pimlico Special with all the honors depending on the outcome. If they should, it would be one of the greatest races the American turf has ever seen.

Stymie and Assault were the products of a breeding theory that had been carefully worked out by Robert J. Kleberg, who handles the livestock interests of King Ranch and is a co-owner of it. It is called line breeding, and briefly it consists of taking an outstanding individual and bringing back to him, in the breeding paddock, strain after strain of his own blood.

Mr. Kleberg's first experiment was with cattle. Texas cattle didn't suit him. The famous old longhorns were hardy and tough, but this was also true of the beef they made. The shorthorns made good beef, but they couldn't forage well for themselves in the heat and drought of southwest Texas. So Mr. Kleberg made a breed. He took the queer humped Brahman bulls from India and crossed them with shorthorns. He liked the result, and started looking for that outstanding individual. He found him in a bull named Monkey, and to Monkey were mated the best of his own daughters and the best daughters of Monkey's best sons. In human genetics, this sort of intensification would probably produce a high frequency of six-fingered Mongolian idiots and heaven knows what else. But in the animal kingdom it produced the celebrated Santa Gertrudis cattle—big, hardy, strong, and productive of good beef.

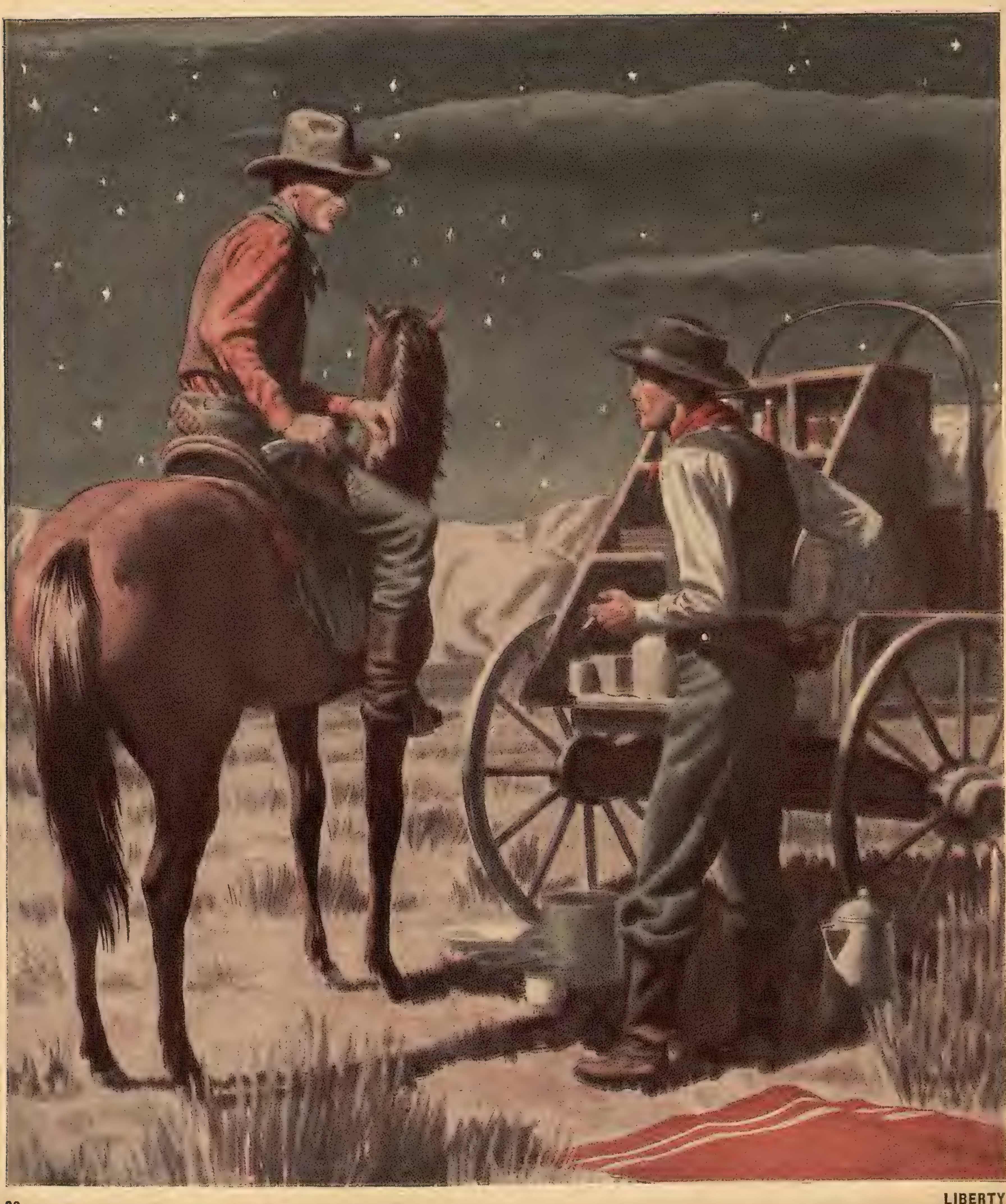
Then Kleberg did the same thing with ranch horses, working from an individual named Old Sorrel that possessed in a high degree the speed, the catlike quickness, the intelligence and stamina demanded in the cow horse. King Ranch got improved horses, and these, too, are spreading into other cattle-producing areas. Then it was time to go after the Thoroughbred. I can re-

(Continued on page 83)

PRESS ASSOCIATION

Stymie and Assault were products of a breeding theory worked out by Robert J. Kleberg (left) shown chatting at Pimlico with J. Edgar Hoover, F.B.I. chief, and Clyde Tolson, Hoover's assistant.

Out



Aiken said in a voice just above a whisper, "Say he's your son or even might be yours, and I'll kill you."

# of the Dark

After fifteen years, the man who had stolen his wife had come back to see Jud's son—or was the boy Jud's own?

BY HYATT DOWNING

READING TIME•23 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

RÉSUMÉ OF PART ONE

PERHAPS it was because Jud Aiken was so much older and graver than his wife, Ellen, that she was silent and indifferent. Perhaps the loneliness of the ranch repelled her. Yet, whenever Vance Felton dropped in to supper, she brightened. Felton was a newcomer to the range. While neighboring ranchers were losing cattle, Felton's herd was increasing in size and improving in quality. The men were suspicious. Ellen overheard their plans to question Felton and she was furious. "He's the only person who can talk of something besides cows and weather," she told Jud. After dark, the men surrounded Felton's ranch, and accused him. He denied everything, but the discovery of a buried heap of hides incriminated him. While the ranchers talked the matter over, leaving one man on guard, Felton got away. In the darkness it was impossible to follow him.

Next morning, when Jud reached home, he found Ellen had gone, too. She had left a note: "Vance came here in the night; we are going away where no one will ever find us."

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

THE rain had ceased, but Jud Aiken still sat beside the fading embers of the cook's fire listening to the sounds of the night.

It was on such a night as this, he remembered, with the earth black beneath a starless sky, that the knock had sent quaking echoes through his empty house. He had gone to the door, and for a moment had not seen the woman before him. And then she had asked, "You Jud Aiken?"

"Yes."

She had thrust the bundle into his arms and stepped back into the darkness. And out of the darkness had come her voice again: "It's from Ellen. She said you was to have him. The baby's name is David."

There was the noise of buggy wheels and she was gone.

That was fifteen years ago, and no day since then had passed that he had not seen Ellen in the boy's deepening maturity. Even his voice, coming now from the rope corral where he was talking with Andy Dahlburg, had the soft throaty quality that had made Ellen's voice beautiful above all others. David was protesting, "The mare's no good on round-up. And I can ride the line-back."

"Nobody kin ride him," Andy said. "He's as bad as they ever get."

At that moment Jud heard the sound of hoofbeats. "Somebody's ridin' late," Andy said.

The sound grew steadily louder. Jud half rose from the cracker box at the fire's edge and stepped into the dark. Then: "Hello, the camp."

"Come on in." Jud said.

The horse was a rangy sorrel, as beautiful as anything Jud Aiken had ever seen. He walked into the circle of firelight, picking his feet up and planting them daintily. The rider leaned forward and touched the animal's neck with his hand and said in an oddly gentle voice, "Easy, now. It's all right." Then he spoke to Aiken: "Got any coffee left in that pot?"

"Some," Aiken replied. "Light down."

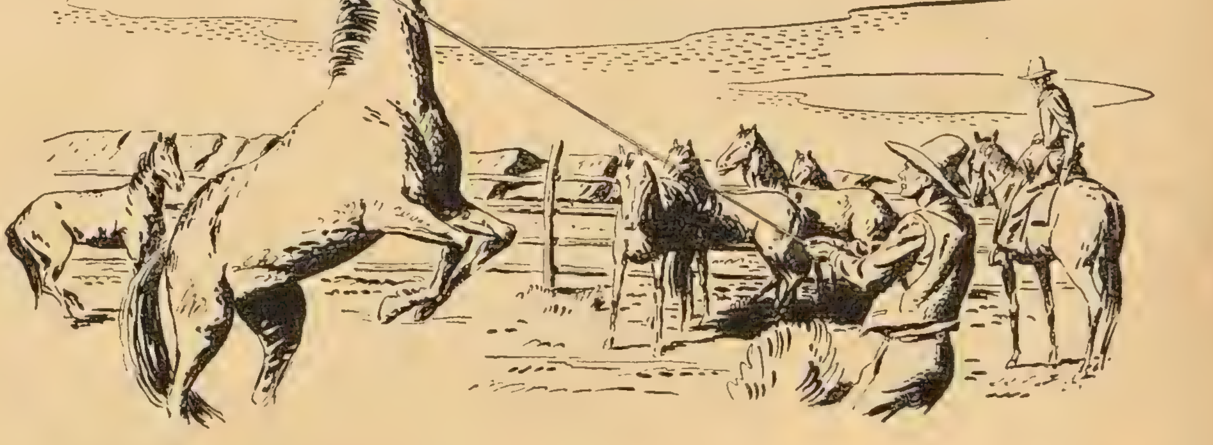
The stranger swung from his saddle and moved forward to the fire's edge where the light struck sharply into his face. Aiken stared hard for a moment and then spoke, his voice sounding strange in his own ears: "I figured I'd see you again sometime, riding in out of the dark and going some place—fast."

The man hunkered down over the fire. "You was always good at figurin' things out, Jud." He reached for the coffeepot and a tin cup and drank the black liquid unsweetened and scalding hot. Then, with a curious finger, he tipped the lid of a Dutch oven, found a tin plate on the tailgate of the chuck wagon, and scooped it full of stew.

When he had eaten he squatted on his heels and fashioned a cigarette out of the dust fished up from a vest pocket. He touched a match to it and inhaled deeply.

AIKEN held his unwinking gaze upon the visitor. Andy Dahlburg and the other two riders had spread out their bed rolls and the lights of their last cigarettes made glowing pin points in the dark. David had come up, and at last Aiken rose and touched him lightly on the shoulder. "Better hit the hay, Davie; I spread your roll back of the wagon."

The visitor said with a note of



ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER

wonder in his voice, "Hell, he's almost a growed man!"

"Old enough," Aiken said, "to understand if I killed you tonight, Vance, and told him why later."

"You couldn't do it, Jud."

"What did you ride up the Goose for? I've got nothing you'd want any more, unless—unless—" He stared menacingly at his visitor.

The man smiled faintly. "Like you said, I'm riding out. I told Ellen I'd see you once more and straighten up a couple of things."

"There's nothing you could straighten up with me, Vance."

"Maybe not straighten," the other said in an oddly gentle tone. "I reckon I'd ought to say 'explain.' "

"Nor explain," Jud said.

"You sure about that? Plumb sure?" Vance asked.

"Damn you," Aiken whispered softly. "Damn you to hell."

"You got any tobacco on you, Jud? I'm fresh out."

Aiken tossed him his muslin sack and watched with somber eyes as Vance's long fingers made a cigarette and lighted it.

A SLIGHT smile was on Felton's thin lips. "You couldn't kill a man, Jud. I knew that a long time ago. You're too soft — too 'good,' Ellen called it. That's why I hated you so. Ellen knew you was good. She never for a minute let me forget it either."

Aiken only stared at the man on the opposite side of the fire.

"That was just one reason why I hated you so bad," Vance Felton went on in a quiet voice. "The other was that you was with us all the time. You never let us alone. Butte, Great Falls, Cheyenne, Casper—it was all the same. I saw your face every time I came into a hotel bedroom where Ellen was waiting. I saw it in her eyes every time we hit a new place. She was always searchin' the crowds for someone—and I knew who it was. Why didn't you ever come, Jud?"

"She knew I wouldn't, when she left," Jud said. "She knew the kind of a man I was."

"No, not just at that time, she didn't. But she found out after she'd lived with me awhile. I used to sit and look at her, knowin' she was thinkin' about you. Then I'd go out and pick a fight with the first rider I met comin' up the street. When I got back I'd find her sittin' in the same chair, starin' at the same spot in the wallpaper. Does that make you feel good? Make you happy?"

"Go on," Aiken said hoarsely.

Felton resumed in a low voice: "I was foreman of a spread up in the Jackson's Hole country when David came. and I knew from the first day that Ellen wasn't going to get well. She'd just lay there and look out of the window at the Tetons. And then one day she made me promise I'd bring David back to you. Well, I didn't quite keep that promise. I hired a woman to bring him back when I should have come myself."

"Is that where she is?" Aiken whispered.

"Yes."

"What—what did it say on the gravestone?"

Felton waited a long moment. When he spoke, his voice was low: "It said, 'Ellen, wife of Judson Aiken,' and the date of her death."

Aiken leaned forward, his hands clubbed into fists. Questions trembled on his lips but he could not ask them. Felton resumed tonelessly: "We had a right nice little cabin of our own on the place where I worked that summer and fall. One afternoon I come into the room where Ellen was layin', looking out at the three Grand Tetons shinin' in the sun. When I came over and stood beside the bed, she looked at me for a spell without sayin' anything. After a while she told me she wasn't goin' to get well and that she wanted for you to have Davie."

LUCK

The strangest thing occurred today!
Phenomenal, no less!
I snoozed an extra hour away,
And hadn't time to dress.
The clock kept warning me I'd lose
My frantic chamber race,
And when I stooped to tie my shoes
I DIDN'T break a lace.
—*William W. Pratt.*

"Why?" Aiken asked, feeling his voice shake.

"'Cause she knew I wasn't no kind of a man to raise him, battin' around like I did from one camp to another. Looks like you done a good job. He seems to be quite a kid."

"David's all right," Aiken said shortly. Then he added, "When you pullin' out, Vance?"

"Pretty soon. You ain't crowdin' me, are you, Jud?"

Aiken looked at him steadily. "How do *you* figure?"

"Well," Felton said thoughtfully, "you might be and then again maybe you ain't. Can't blame a man, can you, on the face of things for wantin' to get acquainted with a young feller that might be his own son? On the *face* of things?"

Aiken rose and walked to the chuck wagon. Fumbling inside it for a moment, he pulled a carbine from its leather scabbard and returned with it in his hands. He said in a voice just above a whisper, "Say he's your son, or even might be your son, and I'll kill you."

"Go ahead, Jud," Felton said.

Shame burned through Aiken's mind. Vance said quietly: "I got to give my horse a chance to rest. He's pretty well rode down."

Aiken rose and going to the grub wagon returned presently carrying a rumpled sugan. He tossed it to Felton, then pulled out his own bed roll and spread it on the ground.

DAY had almost come up when Aiken awakened. The cook began gathering handfuls of dried grass and twigs to start the fire.

Aiken rose and moved over to where Felton was sleeping and stood looking down at the partially covered face. It was drawn and weary and all the failure of his life was clearly traced there. Just then David came from behind the wagon, holding a rope in his hands. "Put the rope down," Aiken said sharply. "You haven't had your breakfast yet. One of the men will catch up your horse for you."

"I can catch up my own horse," David said, frowning.

"Sure he can," Felton said unexpectedly. "I guess he can put a rope on a horse as neat as any man."

Aiken threw him a hard glance. Perhaps it was because Ellen's face was more sharply focused in his mind, perhaps it was the way David's defiant look came back to him, that made Aiken pause as if a hand had squeezed his heart. At that moment it seemed that Ellen herself, slim legs thrust into blue denims, was looking at him out of the young eyes of a boy.

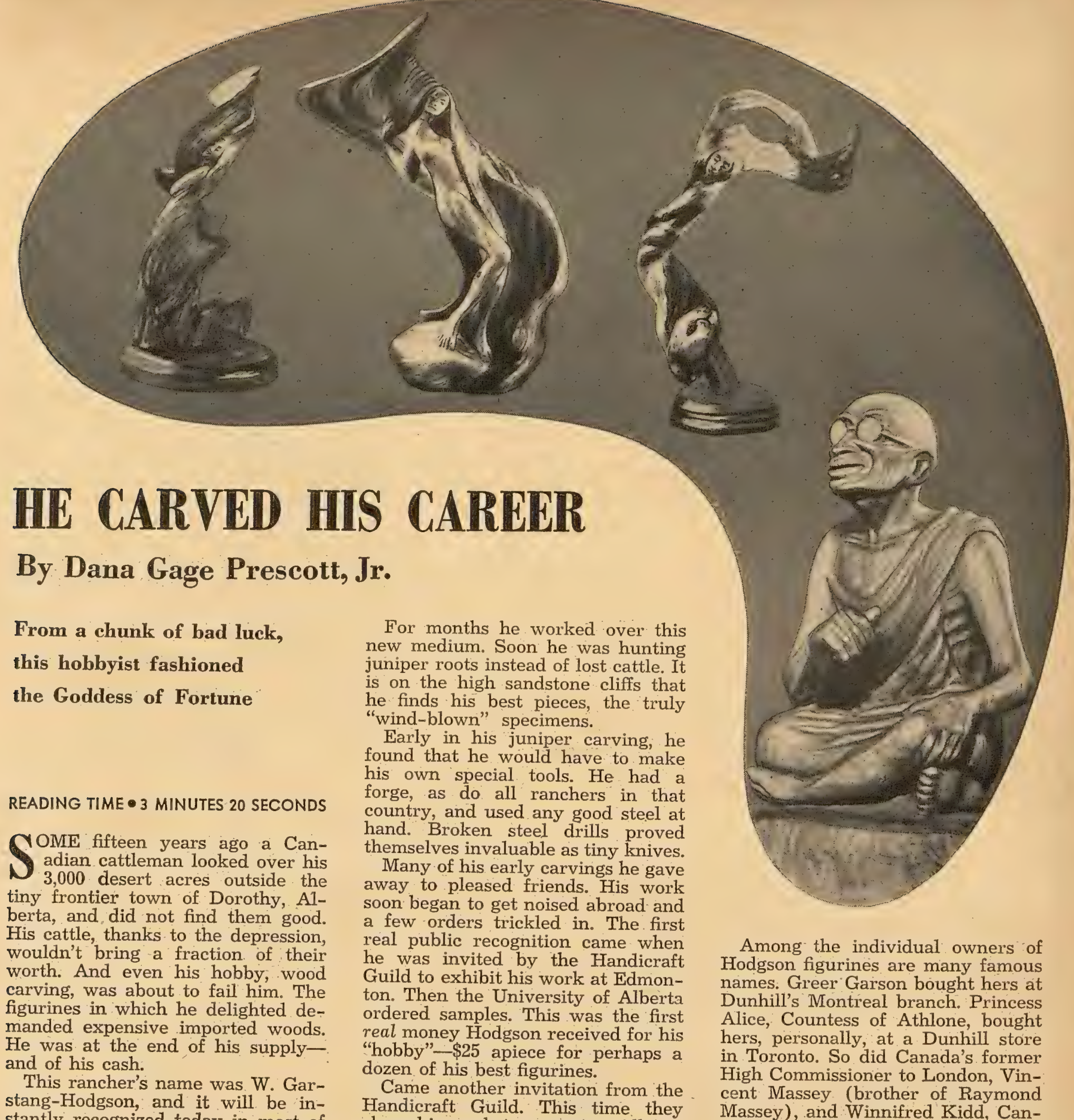
Breakfast was under way before the sun had climbed above the eastern hills. The two round-up hands from neighboring ranches kept glancing covertly at Felton as he ate. The iron restraint which he had placed upon his naked hunger could not escape their politely averted eyes. They kept holding out the tin plate filled with crisp strips of bacon to him and nodding toward the biscuits. Earlier Aiken had seen them standing outside the rope corral, their almost worshipful eyes caressing the sorrel which Felton had ridden into camp. Having finished, they pretended to sip their coffee, that Felton might not feel conspicuous eating alone. It was a courtesy as native to the country as the tall red grass.

With breakfast finished, the cook poured the remaining coffee and grounds over the fire and began packing the last of the tin plates and pans. Inside the rope corral one of the riders dropped his rope neatly over the head of a small black mare. David did not even glance at her. His eyes were glued to the sorrel who stood with his head held high, his sleek hide giving off glints in the sun. Felton spoke beside David: "Pretty, ain't he?"

David looked up and mumbled something and turned reluctantly to the little mare.

All that day David rode with a dream in his mind—dream of a horse with a head that could have been carved from bronze, a long slim barrel and legs that seemed to

(*Continued on page 88*)



HE CARVED HIS CAREER

By Dana Gage Prescott, Jr.

From a chunk of bad luck, this hobbyist fashioned the Goddess of Fortune

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

SOME fifteen years ago a Canadian cattleman looked over his 3,000 desert acres outside the tiny frontier town of Dorothy, Alberta, and did not find them good. His cattle, thanks to the depression, wouldn't bring a fraction of their worth. And even his hobby, wood carving, was about to fail him. The figurines in which he delighted demanded expensive imported woods. He was at the end of his supply—and of his cash.

This rancher's name was W. Garstang-Hodgson, and it will be instantly recognized today in most of the world's capitals—along with his figurines. These exquisite shapes are no longer carved from imported woods, however. Each one is fashioned from a juniper root, grown for centuries on the Hodgson ranch, twisted by buffeting storms into a shape which, to the artist's eye, concealed a form crying to be cut free.

Hodgson literally stumbled into his medium—or rather, his horse did, missing its footing where a grotesquely formed juniper root broke the sandy surface of the soil. Hodgson pulled the root farther to the surface. He was struck by its curves that suggested human forms.

"Here," the artist's eye told him, "is surely something worth experimenting with!"

For months he worked over this new medium. Soon he was hunting juniper roots instead of lost cattle. It is on the high sandstone cliffs that he finds his best pieces, the truly "wind-blown" specimens.

Early in his juniper carving, he found that he would have to make his own special tools. He had a forge, as do all ranchers in that country, and used any good steel at hand. Broken steel drills proved themselves invaluable as tiny knives.

Many of his early carvings he gave away to pleased friends. His work soon began to get noised abroad and a few orders trickled in. The first real public recognition came when he was invited by the Handicraft Guild to exhibit his work at Edmonton. Then the University of Alberta ordered samples. This was the first *real* money Hodgson received for his "hobby"—$25 apiece for perhaps a dozen of his best figurines.

Came another invitation from the Handicraft Guild. This time they chose his work to represent Alberta at the Empire Exhibition in Glasgow, Scotland. The next year it was Paris, France.

Financial worries melted away. Orders came in for group exhibits, through the Canadian National Exhibition and the Sculptors' Society of Canada. "This is the first really new thing in wood sculpture in two hundred years!" exclaimed Mezquita, famous Spanish artist, when he first saw Hodgson's work. Comment was enthusiastic among the art critics. This was in the late 1930s.

Then the famous Dunhill stepped in, became Hodgson's first big-time buyer, with branches in all the world's capitals. Dunhill carried away well over 100 of his best pieces—a cool $3,500 worth!

Among the individual owners of Hodgson figurines are many famous names. Greer Garson bought hers at Dunhill's Montreal branch. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, bought hers, personally, at a Dunhill store in Toronto. So did Canada's former High Commissioner to London, Vincent Massey (brother of Raymond Massey), and Winnifred Kidd, Canada's representative at the World Peace Conference.

Hodgson claims he's old-fashioned. He hates this so-called "modernistic" trend in sculpture. His efforts are to carve figurines that will be different without being abortions. Occasionally he gets orders for portraitures of famous characters of history or fiction. The Mahatma pictured here is a fine example of this type of work. It was carved from cottonwood, stands 16½ inches high and is 9 inches wide.

Hodgson's career is now fully established. No longer is his creative wood carving a mere hobby, a refuge from his financial adversities. For him, certainly, bad luck was good fortune.

THE END

A New Boss for the Hucksters

Charles Luckman, soft-soap artist, is going to make you "Love That Soap" or else

By Philip Gustafson

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

SINCE they started reading about Charles Luckman, door-to-door soap salesman who at 37 has taken over the presidency of Lever Brothers, one of the "Big Three" soap-drug-and-food firms, business men have been trying to figure out whether his high rate of climb is due to some new rocket principle. It took a dour old Republican, president of a large rival drug corporation, to offer a clue. "I don't mean to say that he's another F. D. R." the drug man growled, "but they've got this in common: If you didn't want to agree with Roosevelt, you didn't dare stay in the same room with him for half an hour."

Hand something like this to Luckman and he tosses it down straight, without batting an eyelash. "Oh, yes," he says, "I found that out when I first started selling soap on Chicago's South Side, fifteen years ago. If I could get in the same room with a fellow, I could sell him anything. Over the phone, the same sales line didn't work."

Luckman discovered his ability to cast a buying spell on the customer during the depression, when he was 22, a newly licensed and jobless architect temporarily employed selling Colgate-Palmolive-Peet products. His discovery fascinated him so much that he never did get a job as an architect. Instead, he went on selling people things, and used his knack for personal salesmanship to get himself promoted about once a year. His pay check charted a parallel course from $30 a week to $300,000 a year, which probably puts him up among the first ten or fifteen salary earners in business. For his fourth jump along the course, at the age of 26 he shifted from Colgate to the Pepsodent Company as sales manager, sold his way into the presidency at 34, and then engineered the sale of Pepsodent itself to the billion-dollar British-controlled business giant, Lever Brothers and Unilever, Ltd., which plays high cards in world soaps, drugs, and foods. In the process he tucked away his first million by disposing of his own Pepsodent stock.

He was even good enough, it seems, to sell Roosevelt himself, for Luckman has recently admitted that in May of 1944 he was offered the post of Ambassador to Italy. He made his biggest personal sale, however, when he convinced the Unilever board that he was the man to take charge of its United States company. Some figure that, for a man of his age, he holds the best job in American business among those who have moved up under their own power.

In his new job, showman Luckman gives the nod on millions of dollars' worth of talent every year and the huckstering business gets a new boss. Huckstering, to apply the term which even the advertising trade accepts for itself since Frederick Wakeman's best-seller, is the insidious, irresistible force with which mass marketers send the public out to buy such things as soap, cigarettes, packaged foods, and drugs. Luckman will use it to sell people more of Lever's Rinso, Lifebuoy, Lux Flakes and Toilet Soap, Pepsodent, Swan Soap, Gold Dust, Spry, and other common household articles. His company ranked third among buyers of advertising in 1945, according to a recent survey of magazines, radio, and newspapers, with Procter & Gamble first and General Motors second. Luckman claims their budget of $25,000,000 put Lever's second on the basis of over-all outlay. He makes the current budget a strategic secret, but it is probably large enough to make Luckman one of the top buyers of the hucksters' wares.

One of the hucksters' best-selling commodities has been the mass-appeal radio show, which has saturated broadcasting to the point where the Federal Communications Commission recently has been warning the industry to reduce excessive commercialism on the air. The soap opera is, of all programs, the most thickly spread with elaborate commercials. Script writers complain that these commercials are budgeted for more actors than the story itself. During 1946, the last half of it under Luckman's bidding, Lever's bought eight popular national network shows designed to pound their "love that soap" message into and through the public's conscious and subconscious. Spry's "Aunt Jenny" show, a weeping and wailing type, has what Luckman calls a "hard-selling" commercial which runs on for nearly as many words as an "on-the-hour" news summary.

Those happy little washday songs beat themselves into the mind until confirmed Amos 'n' Andy listeners, for example, never hear a bobwhite that doesn't trill "Rinso white! Rinso White!" and those who hear the Lifebuoy shows complain that every foghorn goes "BeeeeOOOO." Commercials on even the top-ranking Bob Hope show declaim for nearly as long, breaking out at intervals in the familiar jingle where Miriam rhymes with Irium. Hope, who calls Luckman "Junior," has little doubt about who sells the tooth paste, but he's big about it: "Well, I guess Junior helps too," he will concede.

WHILE his hucksters woo the public, it is another part of his job to beat other manufacturers to the nation's drug and grocery counters, where display space is already so crowded that new products have to be hung from the ceiling. His footwork must be fast in the postwar free-for-all where super markets have drug counters and drugstores sell food—not to mention tires, haberdashery, and refrigerators.

On his reputation as an expert in such matters, Luckman was hired to make Lever Brothers' impact on the highly competitive postwar market. Lever products more often than not must compete for the lead in their field. Luckman's main job, therefore, will be to bring their sales up closer to those of Procter & Gamble, which led the "Big Three" with $320,000,000 in 1945, and to pull farther ahead of Colgate's $140,000,000.

He is part of a move to rejuvenate and unify that world-wide combination of business, which dominates in

the world's drug, soap, and food markets, owns millions of acres of palm-oil and coconut plantations, operates railroads, fleets, and chains of stores. Through a global network of holding companies, the board of Lever Brothers and Unilever, Ltd., in London controls more than 400 subsidiaries and runs 800 factories in 52 countries. Luckman explains that Lever Brothers still does business here, though other British firms were liquidated on lend-lease agreements, because it is not British at all but Dutch. This global patchwork quilt was started in 1888 by William Hesketh Lever, a soapmaker who became Lord Leverhulme and built an empire by buying up rival soap companies and their subsidiaries.

Lever's new soap impresario really looks more like an actor than like a business man, and, by his own admission, a great deal of acting goes into everything he does. People are always telling Luckman that he looks like Leslie Howard, a comparison to which he has never been known to object. He has a high, wide forehead from which a shock of wavy brown hair has recently begun a cautious withdrawing movement. Large blue eyes are wide and amiable—or cold as ice when he clamps down on a wayward executive. He is slender of build and easy, almost languid in bearing. He generally speaks in a low, confidential tone, and has a democratic manner which usually puts things on a first-name basis on short acquaintance.

Actually, his languidness is completely studied, Luckman admits. His mind works fast and he drives himself every minute of a long day; hence he is inclined to lose patience with those who do things more slowly. This impatience sometimes breaks out in a hot temper which has been known to get him into hot water, and sometimes still does, he says. However, he's learned to keep the lid on so well that employees appear to think of him as the man who never gets mad.

People who go along at normal speeds wonder how Luckman manages to cram so much into a day. For one thing, he starts at five o'clock in the morning. While most people lie slothfully in their beds, he organizes his day down to the last detail. Then time marches on along a tight schedule. Luckman claims his business hours have always run to midnight or later, week-ends included.

Another thing that helps him get so much done, say those who work with him, is that he has a retentive memory, so that he usually needs to read or hear a thing only once to have it. Moreover, the man who cracked that Luckman must absorb things by osmosis was closer to fact than he knew. Does Luckman sit at dinner next to a tax expert? He gets up knowing all about how to fix up his income-tax returns.

To build himself up from the wear and tear of his business pace, Luckman plays real, not drugstore, cowboy for six weeks or more every year. On his 22,000-acre ranch near San Diego, California, an average of 500 head of white-faced Hereford cattle bear his brand, the Lucky 5. The lucky five are Luckman; his wife, Harriet, who was his girl all through college; and their sons: Charles, Jr., 14; James, 11; and Stephen, 7. Luckman claims he can ride, brand cattle, and do everything a cowboy does except roll a cigarette one-handed.

As Lever's president, bossing about 6,000 people and running six factories, with two more under construction, Luckman has taken what some of his rivals regard as a long uphill leap into large-scale management from a jumping-off place where he supervised 800 and made everything in one plant.

Most of his first months at headquarters in Cambridge, Massachusetts, were spent revamping departments, and stories went around the trade that heads were falling as they fell in Paris during the French Revolution. According to Luckman's own account, there was a good deal of fact in the stories, for he says he marked 100 executives for the knife out of a group of 400 during his first three months.

Having made a ruthless decision as to the kind of organization, he then carefully determined the strongest men he had for the key positions. In the recent reorganization at Lever, five of the six new vice-presidents were men he brought up from the ranks of Lever; only one was brought in from the outside.

Mr. Luckman (and friend) with Bob Hope, one of his favorite salesmen. Bob concedes that Luckman, whom he calls Junior, helps boost sales, too.

It is true that any employees who have left his service as a result of the reorganization have been well and generously treated; the younger ones on an outright severance basis and the older ones on a pension basis. Many people have said that he is tough, but as far as can be discovered not one of them has failed to acknowledge his fairness.

Though he imparts his technique until, as one critical former executive impiously cracked, "the place swarms with little Luckmans," he still makes it a point to personalize himself to a high degree with employees all down the line. He says he makes up for his hard-boiled pruning tactics by being good to those who work for him. He believes that business has a social responsibility to its workers and that people respond with their best only when they are given the best in working conditions and a more adequate standard of living.

Twice last year he was national news and editorial copy for his views on labor-management relations.

On the first occasion, he scolded Big Business for doing everything to prove that it was neither free nor enterprising.

"Why has American Business become identified in the public mind as opposed to everything that spells greater security, well-being, or peace of mind for the little guy?" he asked the country's super marketers in a speech at Chicago. "We got the reputation because we earned it," he answered. "We declared war on collective bargaining, opposed increased taxes for education, and battled child labor legislation. We yipped and yowled against minimum-wage laws, fought unemployment insurance, and currently we are kicking hell out of proposals for universal sickness and accident insurance."

In a second speech he strolled over to the other side of the fence and took the unions into the woodshed for throwing rocks when, he said, the unions themselves were living in glass houses.

"As employers, labor leaders exhibit most of the conservative characteristics of their fellow executives on the management side," he told the nation's newspaper advertising executives.

"Unions have failed to provide their own employees with anything like the general increases they won last year, and it is doubtful whether as many as 20,000 of the 110,000 people who work for the unions themselves are protected by collective bargaining."

Last winter the newspapers hailed Luckman for practicing what he preaches to both labor and management by signing an agreement for wage increases, winter vacations, and severance pay, which an A. F. of L. spokesman called "one of the best examples of good collective bargaining in the United States."

Luckman brushes off all discussion of the next step in his career with the stock remark: "Why, I haven't even warmed up my chair here yet."

But close friends say he has his eye on politics. Some think he'll go to Congress, some talk about an ambassadorship, and there are all-out Luckman fans who will remind you that in the traditional American success story the poor boy ends up as President.

THE END

Oak Park, Ill.—Here is a copy of a letter written in November, by my husband to C.I.O. president Philip Murray. I think people should read this everywhere.—*Dorothy Fuller Bates.*

An Open Letter to Philip Murray

from Raymond M. Bates

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

Dear Philip:

I've long been an admirer of yours, and I'd like to have a chat with you. You and I are Rugged Individualists. You are, I know, or you wouldn't be where you are today. I am, for I say my piece come hell or high water; so we speak the same language.

I think we ought to be pretty glad we live in a country that lets us be Rugged Individualists, for there are a lot of countries where they don't allow unions and they shoot people for speaking their pieces. However, I'd say that some people here abuse the privilege, and make it tough for level-headed people like yourself.

I go out to work full of fire and patriotism and foolish things like that, and I really hit the ball. On my crew are a couple of guys who think only horses should work. Well, the job has to be done. It's a four-man job. So who does it? The third fellow and I. And those other two get paid just as much as we do. Silly, isn't it?

They did that in '43 and '44 and '45 when we were supposed to be going hell-for-leather to beat the Germans and the Japs! We were building those big Diesels for landing craft, subs, etc., and lots of other war stuff. I told them that if they would all pitch right in and do an honest day's work, what they did would be so reflected in production that they could ask the Big Boss for almost anything, and get it; but all they could say was, "Slow down, you're killing the job."

Phil, in this swell country of ours there are a whale of a lot of people who think only horses should work. There's a new philosophy that says, "Don't worry, son, your old Uncle Sam will take care of you!" And you and I know that's bad because it makes people soft, and America can't afford to be full of soft people -- not at a time like this when some people in the world are so hard -- and I mean at home as well as abroad.

The old American system is okay. Look at me! Here I am with a nice wife and with a home we own outright, a good car, four radios, a furnace with a stoker, and useful gadgets too numerous to mention. I'll bet there are a whole lot of big shots in Europe that aren't sitting near as pretty as I am -- and I never got to be a big shot. And, Phil, did you ever hear of a fellow starving to death in this country if he really wanted to work and earn his grub? Neither did I. Honestly, now, what's so cockeyed about a system that has made our old United States the envy of the world?

You are the president of the whole C.I.O., yes, sir; and the people in this country have gotten used to thinking that the president of anything is the guy who runs it. But, I'll be darned, if I hadn't read the paper the day you were elected, I wouldn't know who was boss. Joe Curran, Harry Bridges, Walter Reuther, Leonard Thomas, or any one of a number of other guys might be IT. They all pop off enough, and I hardly ever hear them even mention you. Of course, I can see that they might do some things you might not approve of, and maybe you don't care much whether they use your name or not. But if anyone elected me president of anything, I'd run the darn thing and everyone would know it, or else. It isn't right, Phil, and I wish you would do something about it. I've always thought you had more real brains than all of them put together. Maybe if you really bossed the whole job, there wouldn't be so many foolish and costly things done as there have been.

If you've noticed, not much has been said lately about management's problems, and what little has been said was all bad. Correct me if I'm wrong, but I've always been under the impression that managements really were the fellows who made jobs possible; that management, be it one man or 5,000, usually gets an idea, builds a building, buys the necessary machinery, raises the dough to run the works, supplies the material, pays the taxes, insurance, and all the bills, and, incidentally, gives people jobs and pays them wages for their time and oversees all the headaches connected with the thing.

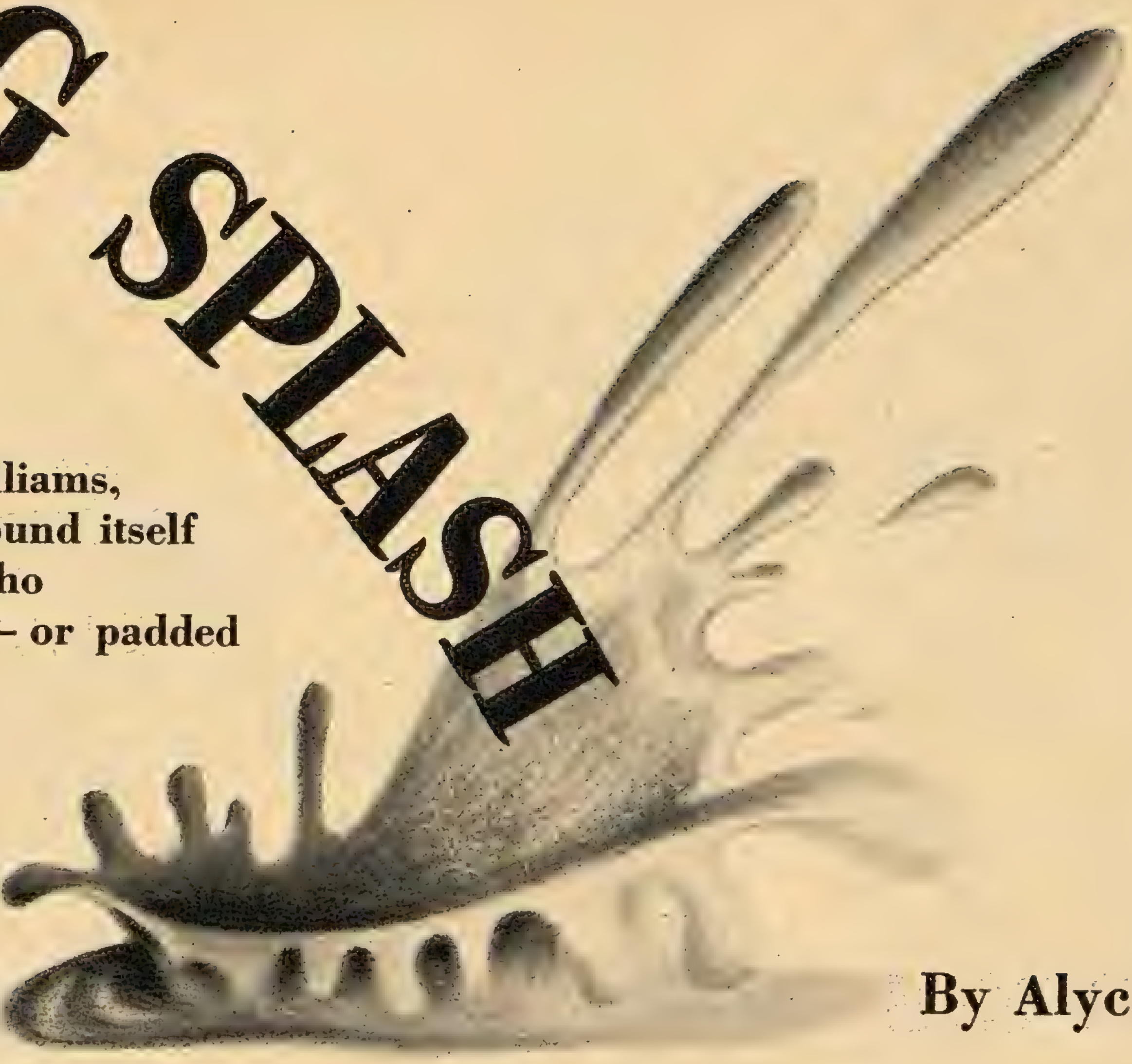
Can you imagine a man, or group of men, going to all that trouble and then finding out that they can't even hire or fire the people who work for them because they have a closed shop on their hands? It happens every day. If a good workman comes along, who for one reason or another hasn't joined a union and doesn't want to, darned if they can hire him. Wouldn't that burn you up if you were the man who owned the business? And does it sound like freedom to you? Or suppose they have a good-for-nothing loafer that they hired in an unguarded moment, a first-class bellyacher and trouble-maker -- and, Phil, I've seen scads of those where I have worked. Can they fire him? Not on your tintype! The union won't let them. And here's the laugh: the guy asked for work when he came looking for a job. Can you beat that?

There's an old gag: "You can catch more flies with sugar than you can with vinegar!" I'm just enough of an old fogy to believe it will still work, and that's why I wonder why it is that labor expects any favors from the boss, right after they have bedeviled him with everything in the book and then some. Tell me why Joe Goose and the boss can't sit down together with mutual respect and hash things over calmly and honestly -- that is, if both of them have given the job itself the old College Try. Organized labor has made deserved gains, a lot of them; but do you know the position it is in today, sure as shooting? I'm afraid that if the people of the United States were to vote today in referendum on the question, "Do you favor abolition of unions?" the vote would be a decided "Yes." And why? Because some of your boys fumbled the ball.

Respectfully yours,

Raymond M. Bates

BIG SPLASH



In Esther Williams, M-G-M has found itself a mermaid who isn't stuffed — or padded

By Alyce Canfield

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE first time Esther Williams ever swam in competition was at the dedication of the Manchester Playground pool in Los Angeles. She was eight years old, and she hit the water with a splashing belly flop. Everybody laughed. Running home to her mother, she wept dramatically, "I'm never going to swim again!" Mrs. Williams answered, "Why don't you go back and show them you can swim better than any of them?"

Today, sixteen years later, the splash Esther Williams is making via Hollywood is considerably bigger. The three pictures in which she has starred—Bathing Beauty, Easy to Wed, and Thrill of a Romance—have grossed a total of $15,000,000, with foreign returns not in yet. She has been on 96 magazine covers. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer report that Esther has been among the top ten on their fan-mail list the last two years.

In South America, the returns for Bathing Beauty, an average picture with an average plot, topped even Gone with the Wind.

With Fiesta and This Time for Keeps not even released, Metro's smart-thinking head man, Louis B. Mayer, guessed correctly when he put Esther under contract five years ago at $250 a week. Today she makes more than $100,000 annually. And although she can keep only around 38 cents on the dollar, she still has more money than she ever dreamed a swimmer could earn.

For Esther grew up in the depression and she helped to earn her own way. Crazy about swimming from babyhood, she spent part of every day at the Manchester pool, paying her admission by counting towels—100 towels for an hour's swim. Long-legged and freckled-faced, young Miss Williams was not the glamor puss she is today. But she could certainly swim, and gradually she left awkwardness behind.

On November 18, 1937, the Los Angeles Daily News was guardedly prophesying: "Fifteen-year-old Esther Williams, coach Aileen Allen's new aquatic find, is expected to go places in the water world."

At 17, Esther was the holder of three national titles—the 100-meter free style, the 100-meter breast stroke, and the 50-meter breast stroke. When the 1940 Olympics were canceled because of the war, Esther retired—an undefeated champion.

Swimmers get no money. They are not even allowed to keep the silver cups they win, which go to the club or organization or college they represent. Wanting to earn money and not wanting to relinquish her amateur standing, Esther got a job.

She became a model at Magnin's—starting at $18 and pyramiding dizzily to $40 a week. She felt her future was consolingly stable. Then one day Billy Rose, a brusk little fellow, telephoned.

"I've got to catch a plane at 5.15," he said. "Hop over to the Ambassador and swim for me. I'm going to star you in my aquacade."

Esther considered. "That's very sweet of you," she said with tact, "but I don't get off until five. If you want to wait until later, I'll come over and swim for you."

"I *can't* wait!" snapped Rose.

But he did. Esther arrived at the Ambassador at 5.15. "Get in a suit and swim!" Rose yelled. "Do a spiral," he ordered. Esther did what she thought might be one. Rose was impressed. "O.K., you star in my aquacade," he said, and waited for her to smile gratefully. She didn't. She asked, instead, "How much does it pay?"

"Forty a week," he said.

"You must be kidding, Mr. Rose," said Esther gently. "I get that much where I'm working now—and that's steady."

During the next weeks Rose bargained, finally raised his offer to $125 a week. Esther accepted, to star in Billy Rose's aquacade and to open the San Francisco World's Fair.

The aquacade lasted four months. There were four shows daily, six days a week. Esther never had a day off. When she married Leonard Kovner, a young medical student, she came right back to work with the old spirit of "the show must go on."

(*Continued on page 85*)

Esther Williams poses for her next big splash in MGM's technicolor film, "This Time for Keeps," her fifth starring role.

The

Border Lord

This best seller about the lusty, amorous Lord Bothwell—one of the most colorful outlaws in Scottish history—combines adventure, romance, and drama in a thrill-packed love story

By Jan Westcott

"AYE, sir," said Sir Patrick Galbraith's secretary, "you are late. It is almost twelve." He was following his employer into Ainslee's Tavern on High Street in Edinburgh and he followed him down a short hall to the door of a private dining room. Sir Patrick stood for a moment, surveying the room.

"My apologies, gentlemen," he said.

Three men were sitting around the table; at his coming, the cards they had been playing with were thrown down.

"It doesn't matter, sir," said the Earl of Murray, politely, and he smiled, the charming smile that had made the "bonnie earl" one of the best-liked men in Scotland. "Please sit down and have your supper; then we can talk."

"Aye," said the Earl of Logan belatedly, because he didn't care if Patrick Galbraith starved. He wanted to get on with the business of the evening.

Patrick said, "No, thank you. A little whiskey and water will suffice me." He wanted to be finished with tonight's business, so that he could think of a more pleasing matter. Of Janet. Janet Applegate. The name went through his head, and her face hovered just out of reach. He tapped his fingers on the table and endeavored to forget her.

Lord Ochiltree, the third man at the table, was watching him with solemn eyes. Ochiltree was a member of the Stewart clan, as was Lord Murray. "How about Francis, Lord Bothwell?" he asked.

"Ah, yes." Patrick took a drink of his watered whiskey. "Two weeks ago," he began, "I undertook an investigation of the charges of treason which now lie over the head of a peer of the realm. I undertook this investigation at the express wish of the Earl of Murray." He inclined his head toward Murray formally, and turned to his secretary. "Hand me the briefs." He leafed through the papers and brought out one.

"My client," he said, "is his Lordship Francis Stewart Hepburn, fifth Earl of Bothwell, only child of a union between Lord John Stewart, natural son of James the Fifth, and Lady Janet Hepburn, sister to James Hepburn, fourth Earl of Bothwell. On the twentieth of April last, he was committed to ward in Edinburgh Castle under the charges of commissioning an attempt at witchcraft against the body and person of the King of Scotland.

"Now, there is hardly anyone in the country who does not believe that Chancellor Maitland is

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A
Liberty
BOOK
CONDENSATION
READING TIME
ONE EVENING
Lockhart

behind this business. It's a fine way of being rid of his enemy. Maitland has our young King James under his influence. But Bothwell has enchanted the Queen as he has all the other ladies. Moreover, she feels that he is her champion against Maitland, who, you remember, did his best to prevent the King's marriage to her. I think you are all aware how dangerous it might be for all of you—if Bothwell were found guilty. Other heads might fall, sirs." He smiled.

Logan muttered, "It is an affront to all of us that the Earl of Bothwell should stand behind the dock."

"The nobility are one with you, Logan," Patrick said. "Therefore I suggest that we allow Bothwell to come to trial, and I am confident that disapproval on the part of the peers of the realm will force Maitland into a stalemate. And thus we protect Bothwell's titles, his lands. When he comes out of gaol—"

At this Logan interrupted. "Four years ago Bothwell told the king he ought to be hanged. Jamie has not forgiven that; we have no assurance he'll ever pardon Bothwell, and we have no assurance but yours, sir, that Bothwell won't hang for this!"

Patrick ignored Logan; he folded up the papers, handed them to his secretary. "Now give me the agreements." He shoved them across to Murray. "If you will sign both, my lord."

Logan set his glass down sharply. "Do you know Maitland has about two thousand armed men in the city? I see Bothwell's head on top of the Tolbooth!" Murray had picked up the pen, but Logan laid his hand over the paper, and turned to face Patrick. "We're playing with the life of a man!"

Murray said slowly, "Take your hand away, Logan. I am selling coal to the amount of five thousand pounds; half now, and the other half when Bothwell is acquitted. This is the only way I can pay for Sir Patrick's services. Even if I had the money, this would serve our purpose of concealment better."

Logan said, "What if he is being paid by Maitland, too? I'm too old to trust to words. I say we should be done with this havering, and help Bothwell to escape!"

"No!" Patrick almost rose to his feet. "You help him to escape and you sign his death warrant!"

Logan snorted; he got up. "Will you excuse me, sirs?" He squared his heavy shoulders and started for the door.

Ochiltree followed him hastily. "Good night, Murray." He bowed formally to Patrick. "Good night, sir."

Patrick didn't wait until the door closed. "I mean it, Murray," he said intently. "Let Bothwell escape and it will be but the beginning of a battle between him and his King."

IN a room in Sir Patrick's town house in Edinburgh the carved hands of the ornate French clock stood at one. The green quilts of the bed were turned down, and its taffeta hangings looped back. In a chair by the fire an elderly maid woke from her doze. The door had opened suddenly and her mistress stood on the threshold.

Anne Galbraith was not very tall and she was not quite seventeen years old. Her hair was the color of honey; the curls clustered high on her head. Women said that her claim to beauty was the lovely shape of her head, but men's eyes lingered on the too full mouth and the lashes so heavy that they seemed to pull her eyelids down at the corners. She was a French orphan, kin to Sir Patrick, and she had lately come to live in his household under the chaperonage of his elderly cousin, Lady Galbraith, who presided over it.

"Marie, the party was heavenly." She sat down on the stool in front of her table and smiled at her reflection.

"Chérie," said Marie. She smiled too, and then pointed reprovingly to the cloak thrown down carelessly, and at the slippers kicked off.

"No one but you is here, Marie." Anne watched her feet and ankles. "Was it not sweet of him to give these to me?"

Marie understood that Anne meant the silk stockings which had been one of the many gifts from her cousin. At twenty-eight, Patrick was one of the wealthiest men in Scotland. "Sir Patrick is very generous," she said, her black eyes sly.

"He is very clever too," Anne said.

When she was ready for bed she stood at the window looking at the black bulk of the house next door; its owner was in prison, and every night its windows were dark.

"Why, there is light!" she exclaimed. Just opposite her window a single candle showed its light in one room. While she watched, it moved, then was extinguished. Marie peered over her shoulder.

"That is Lord Bothwell's town house, Marie, and oh—what I have been told about him!"

"Get in bed," Marie fussed. She swung the curtains closed. "You must learn to sleep late, *chérie.*"

ANNE waited only until the door was closed behind the maid before she was at the window again, looking. Suddenly she picked up her robe, slipping her arms into the long sleeves, tying the sash firmly around her waist. Then she was out the window and running over the wet grass in the silent gardens.

Ten feet from the house she stopped in the shadow of a gnarled apple tree. There was no sound at all from the big house; but there was again a telltale gleam of light behind a wooden shutter. She gathered her courage and ran the last ten feet to the house, pressing herself against its stone walls, craning her head to see through the cracks in the shutter.

In the tiny scullery inside, she could see, standing at a rough table, the Earl of Bothwell. His shirt was filthy, its long full sleeves ripped; his hands were bandaged, the clean linen making a sharp contrast to his stained shirt. He was speaking to someone she could not see, and presently he stepped back out of her sight.

Anne hugged the wall until she came to a protruding chimney, and she huddled against it. In the stillness she heard a door open. She didn't dare to move. She heard a man say, "Well, I'll go see to the horses."

"Aye," Bothwell's voice answered. "I'll wait at the front gate."

Then Bothwell rounded the chimney. Anne's face was turned to the stone and all he could see was her white gown and her unbound blonde hair. He reached out both hands, taking her around the neck, and he swung her around to face him as though she were a doll.

"Who are you?" he asked, angrily. She couldn't answer, and he loosened his grip a little. "What did you hear?"

"Nothing," she cried; she was trembling with terror.

"You interfering wench, you're lying! I ought to knock your featherhead against this wall!" But he put one arm around her.

She was limp, her head was lying against his shoulder. Suddenly he grinned. He bent his head, letting her soft curls rub against his face, and he whispered in her ear, "Well, lassie, I do favor blondes, but I have so little time tonight."

She closed her eyes and tipped her head back against his arm so that he would have the full benefit of the dark lashes, the full mouth.

"Open your eyes, lass," he said. "That's better. I'd love to be ravished of my virtue, but I don't know you. 'Tis not seemly so."

"I am Anne Galbraith, my lord," she announced haughtily. "I'm not faint any longer, sir; you may release me. I know who you are."

"Your servant, madam." He stepped back, offered her his arm. "Much as it pains me to take leave of you, I'm now going to escort you back to your bed."

At her window he picked her up in his arms, and set her on her feet inside the room. He stood outside, leaning on the sill, regarding her. "The next time you go out after midnight, do not wear white. Black is less conspicuous, and men like it just as well. In fact, many prefer it. I do."

As Anne turned her back on him, he put one hand on the sill and vaulted into the room. He laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Lassie," he said slowly, gently turning her around to face him, "I am ungallant tonight because necessity dictates it, not your most kissable mouth. There are men whose lives depend on me. So goodnight, Anne."

One of her slippers came off as he lifted her; he put her in bed with the other one on, robe and all, and carefully tucked the quilts around her.

Then he was out the window.

BOTHWELL and his brother Hercules, riding abreast, came to the center of the city, where a few lights burned. They reminded Hercules of news he had heard.

"His Lordship, Murray, is meeting at Ainslee's tavern tonight with Sir Patrick Galbraith. Logan and Ochiltree are to be there, too. Murray told me he had employed Sir Patrick to consider your case."

Bothwell was intensely surprised. "I hardly know the man," he said. "Murray should not have done that."

Hercules said, "He is very clever, and Murray thought he could help."

There was a coach in front of the tavern; the driver lay across the seat snoring. "There is no mark on the door," Bothwell said.

Hercules reined in alongside. "They say Sir Patrick is waiting for his uncle, Lord Usher, to die, and then he will paint on the arms of his earldom."

Bothwell dismounted, and behind him Gibson, one of his Borderers, jumped down and took the reins tossed to him. "If there is trouble—" Bothwell said. Gibson nodded. "Aye, my lord," he said capably.

A sleepy man directed them and Bothwell knocked on the door indicated. It was opened and closed behind the brothers before anyone inside the room spoke.

FOR THIS RELIEF, MUCH THANKS

By Berton Braley

Listen, all radio Em Cees.
We'd thank you if you'd only, please,
Restrict your Thank Yous slightly.
We'd thank you if your guests and you
Behaved, as other mortals do,
At times more impolitely.

We'd thank you for some grateful rests
From thanks with which you salve your guests
And thanks with which they salve you.
And thanks to sponsors, stooges, gents
And ladies of the audience,
And so forth and what have you.

If—now and then—say once a year,
A thankless program we should hear,
Most thankfully we'd rank you
An Em Cee whom we'd fondly mention
With thanks. And for your kind attention,
We thank you.

Murray had risen to his feet. He stared from Bothwell to Hercules and he said, "Francis!" in a low tense tone.

Bothwell stood with his back to the door. "You're up late, Murray." His smile was very amused. He took a step forward, and at his motion Hercules took his place at the door.

"Bothwell," Murray burst out, "faith, man, I'm glad to see you!" He put his hand into the Earl's and his smile was eager. He introduced Patrick. "Sit down, Francis. Are you hungry?"

"I'm not hungry," Bothwell smiled. "But I'll have some ale." His eyes went to Patrick.

"Francis," Murray asked tensely, "what are you going to do?"

Bothwell looked from one to the other of the grave faces. He said one word, and his eyes crinkled with fun. "As soon as I get home," he continued.

Murray burst out laughing, and Hercules grinned.

"After all, Murray, I've been in prison for two months." Bothwell leaned back in his chair. "I'm on my way home to Hermitage." Hermitage was one of Bothwell's three castles. Lying close to the English marshes, it had for years guarded the Scottish side of the border. It accommodated five hundred men and their mounts with ease.

There was silence; Bothwell finished off his ale. They had expected him to run away! He frowned, his dark brows met, and he said suddenly, "Am I a criminal?"

Murray looked down but Patrick smiled. "Just how did you arrive here tonight, my lord?"

Bothwell turned slightly to face fully the soft-voiced man beside him. "With the aid of two guards," he said curtly, "I escaped from the castle by way of the roof and a strong rope. I'm going to Hermitage," he repeated stubbornly. "What's wrong with all of you?"

"Francis, I think you should surrender yourself." Murray looked to Patrick for confirmation. To his surprise, Patrick shook his head slowly.

"Oh, no, Murray. There is only one way out now." He leaned toward Bothwell. "I think you should go into voluntary exile!"

"And let Maitland hold the reins!"

Patrick shook his head again. "You see, you will not obey your King. Because you would rather feud with Maitland. You'll rouse the Border; you'll live at Hermitage in defiance of laws!"

Bothwell half smiled, reluctantly, showing Patrick he had spoken the truth. "Aye," he said easily, "I intend to stay in Scotland. I am a man addicted to life in the Borders."

He pushed back his chair and stood up. Murray stood, too. Tonight had seen the end of his plans: there would be no peace now, no happy ending. But he held out his hand, smiled, and said lightly, "So be it, Francis."

Patrick too held out his hand, and Bothwell took it in turn. The three men stood silent for a second, each deep in his own thoughts.

THREE days later Bothwell was outlawed. Three blasts of a horn accompanied the formal announcement, made at the Town Cross. And on that same evening, in the court suburb of Edinburgh, a number of people watched the Earl dismount from his big black horse. Behind him his twenty men drew up in two rows and Gibson, after assisting his mas-

(Continued on page 96)

FUNNY BIRD

BY ART LENEHAN

On far-off Midway, the zany gooney is Abbott and Costello with wings

READING TIME•3 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THE China Clippers using Midway Island as a stepping stone afford their passengers a delightful interlude of entertainment. Ask any serviceman who served on this north-central-Pacific atoll.

Here, they will meet the gooney, Birdland's Clown Prince, Master of the Pratt Fall. And with him all his feathered relatives, in the greatest variety show the bird family has to offer, featuring songs, dances, and daredevil aerial acrobatics.

Scientifically speaking, I am referring to the black-footed and the Laysan albatrosses, or, as any ornithologist would say, *Diomedea nigripes* and *Diomedea immutabilis.* But don't let the fancy moniker fool you: this bird belongs to the masses.

For six months of each year he sits out in the cold northern Pacific Ocean eating fish and, apparently, dreaming up new acts. The rest of the year is spent on Midway, breeding, raising the young, and displaying his genius for slapstick comedy.

He arrives during the first week of November, and his initial appearance brings down more than the house. Coming in for his first landing, he forgets that the beaches of Midway are by no means of the same consistency as the ocean surrounding them. The resultant crash landing generally consists of one bounce, two cartwheels, a slow roll, and finally the slide.

After finding his land legs, the gooney swaggers about in search of a mate. When he goes into his dance, he can't be resisted. The dance combines the best features of the minuet, truckin', peckin', the waltz, and the Big Apple.

"This ceremony," says the National Geographic Magazine, "has always been called a courtship dance, but the birds indulge in similar amenities during the non-breeding season. Furthermore, youthful as well as adult members of the tribe take part in such pastimes. The custom probably is in the nature of general social community behavior, which at the breeding season become heightened and specialized.

"The vocal aspect is as notable as the terpsichorean, for while the ardent albatrosses are posturing and crossing beaks, they also groan and gabble and utter muffled, abdominal bell-like notes. These sounds may be accepted by the females as arden love songs."

The result is another gooney bird

The gooney is never too young fo a laugh. Indeed, he reaches the pinnacle of his clowning career as a fledgling when he works unaided a the problems of flight.

His first act is to extend his wings which often span seven feet. He i amazed! He flaps them with an anticipatory gleam in his eye. Nothin happens. Downcast, he folds ther and stares enviously at his elder soaring above in magnificent patterns of graceful symmetry. He trie again—jumping up and down on hi short legs to give him added momentum—and still nothing happens

Now ingenuity comes to the fore The gooney climbs to the top of a sand hummock, crowing to himsel —he has the answer now. Wings extended, he runs pell-mell down th knoll and launches himself into th air. His magnificent effort nets hin an altitude of six inches and a fligh of two seconds, terminating in a prat fall. And so it goes: rushing up an down dunes, our Clown Princ learns to fly.

Finally air-borne, the youn gooney at first finds gravity a ver annoying factor. Invariably, afte reaching an altitude of six feet, h absent-mindedly ceases flapping hi wings, folds them—and comes plummeting down like a shot duck.

In landing, he has another amusing foible. He forgets to put his fee down. A belly-whopper and a plowed furrow are the inevitable resul

The tribulations undergone by thi feathered buffoon in learning to fl would make angels weep—excep that he never seems to hurt mo than his dignity. In repose, he generally sits on the ground in th conventional manner; but there ar some—the more casual type—wh cross their legs and rock on the heels as they count the house.

Because there is in their otherwis cockeyed and exhibitionistic natur an aversion to captivity, you wi find no gooney birds in the zoo. Bu if there were any, you would hav little time for monkeys, seals, or th rest of the show-offs. You would fin yourself watching the goonies—an you would bring your lunch.

THE END

EYE-INTEREST

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's eye

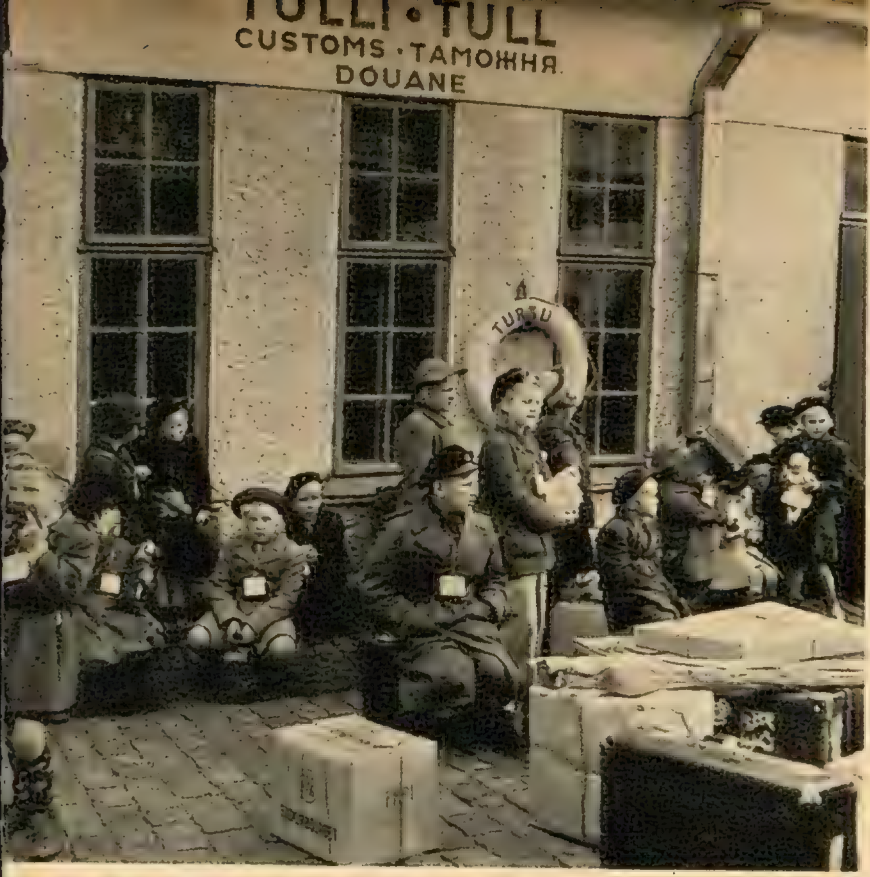
SPRING SPRITE

Finlandia '47

HAMMER AND SICKL
OVER HELSINKI

Life for debt-paying Finns has become tougher as they work to meet Russia's terms ($300,000,000 reparations in eight years). To speed the day of independence, they don't grumble at scarcity of most basic foods.

Women must work: A 70-year-old pottery worker; stevedore; food haulers; Communist leader Herta Kuusine



hildren, back from refuge in Sweden, find the home-
nd keyed to the slogan: "Peace is won by hard work."

Americanlike, crowds, after long hours of work, jam Helsinki's largest hall for a beauty contest.

inland's book production is high (ten million copies
'45). Emil Sillanpaa (above) is the nation's top author.

Wives of omnipresent Russian officers usually walk behind their husbands on the streets of Helsinki.

rgeon in women-manned hospital; and Finland's radio boss, Hela Wuolijoki, all do important men's jobs.

Civilian Navy

FOR Charlton Hall "Gus" Schilling, 19, a Culpeper, Virginia, farm boy, the new Civilian Naval Reserve means a chance to receive expert training and develop a well-paying mechanic's career. It also gives him a well-paid, healthful, enjoyable job which he wouldn't think of quitting, because he can.

Gus, as a reservist, is not required to attend drills. He doesn't even have to go to sea, but he draws pay if he does. For his two weeks of active duty, Gus chose the submarine base at New London, Connecticut, since on the highly-mechanized submarine with its small crew he can learn the operation of a great variety of equipment. In the confined quarters of a pigboat distinctions between officers and men are even less rigid than in other branches of the lenient Civilian Navy. Instruction from officers is on an almost individualized basis.

Schilling finds life as a reservist enjoyable, with few of the restrictions which griped him as a "duration and six" coxswain. He keeps his rating, but non-vets also can take advantage of the new Civilian Naval Reserve setup now recruiting men.

Navy life in the pre-atomic age was never like this. Gus is done for the day at 4, wears civvies when off duty.

Schilling, aboard submarine, U.S.S. Spikefish, learns to operate bow planes, other vital machines, under the supervision of officer.

"I resign" has been added to naval lingo, but few reservists use it, because the new Navy means career training, good eating, no worries, and afternoons off in civvies

Momsen lung enables Gus to practice escape from 100-foot depth. He earns 50 per cent bonus for underwater duty.

Hula dancers offer traditional Hawaiian welcome to Navy ships at Pearl Harbor. Gus may choose to take a cruise on his optional tour of active duty; has a chance to be paid while he is following tourist routes.

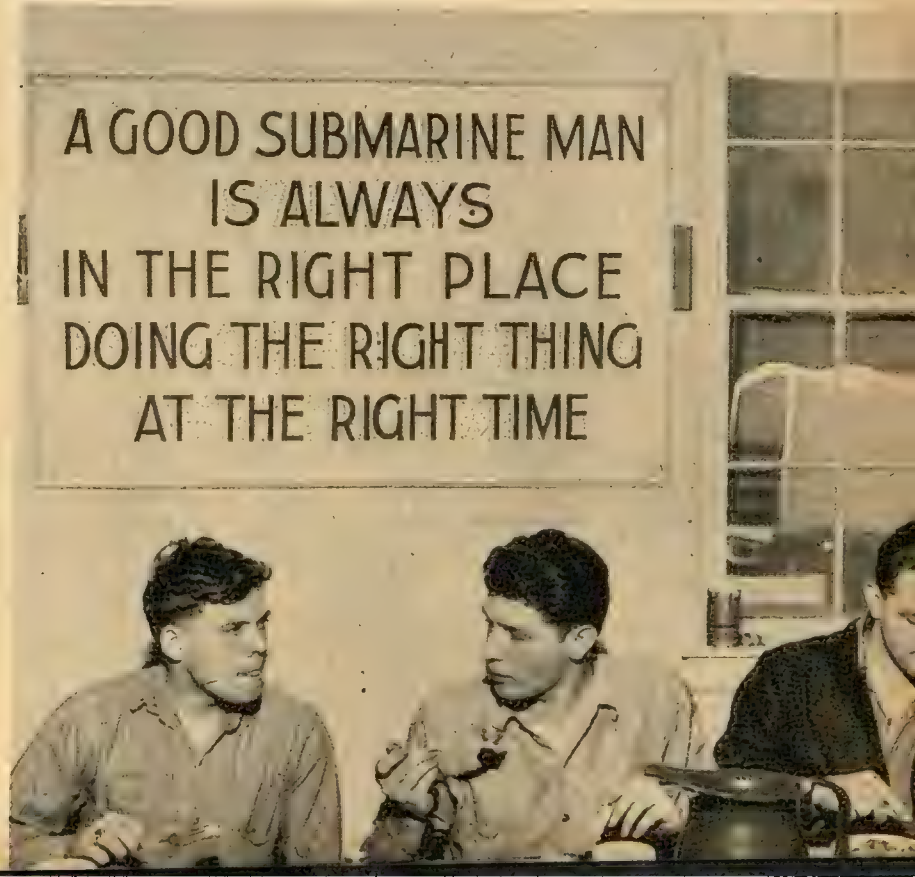
Guys like Schilling wrap themselves around this ton of food a year, not including malts, candy, and second helpings. Submarine men don't stick to three meals a day, they all eat continually and exceptionally well.

Shefford
POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES

Gus learns to repair sub's intricate Diesel and electric machinery. He plans to write a school paper on mechanics of submarine.

Time out for a visit with his girl friend, Elinor Van Benschoten at Dunellen, N.J., where Gus used to live. (Right) When off duty, Gus can use the base's large gymnasium and other recreational facilities.

Navy builds up moral and mental health as well as physical well-being by giving Gus and his mates generous helpings of food—and food for thought.


A GOOD SUBMARINE MAN
IS ALWAYS
IN THE RIGHT PLACE
DOING THE RIGHT THING
AT THE RIGHT TIME

Liberty picks a Movie eligible for top honors

The Farmer's Daughter

HERE'S one about the farmer's daughter you haven't heard—she's a reformer. Loretta Young, as a Swede with social consciousness, finds politicians make mighty strange bedfellows when, as a farm-fresh maid, she enters the household of a handsome senator, Joseph Cotten, and his mother, Ethel Barrymore, the matriarch of a political machine.

Loretta, who lives up to her name by getting younger every year, gets a chance to spout homely political truths in a pleasant peasant accent. She almost makes the righteous red-ridinghood vs. big bad wolf story seem possible. Cotten, as one of the wolves who sheepishly eats out of her hand, helps her in the picture and helps make the picture a delightful exposé of political shenanigans. Ethel Barrymore uses every one of Lionel's eyebrow tricks to steal scenes from Charles Bickford, but Bickford is so good in this he could hold his own against a brace of Barrymores. Everyone, in fact, from the writers, Allen Rivkin and Laura Kerr, to director H. C. Potter and producer Dore Schary, learn from The Farmer's Daughter how to be better. That goes for the audience, too. You'll love Loretta.

Boosted by brawny brothers, Katrin (Loretta Young) starts on her way from farm to fame. She gets a maid's job.

Political leader (Ethel Barrymore) hears her maid, Kat read a stirring speech reminding both that truth is above poli

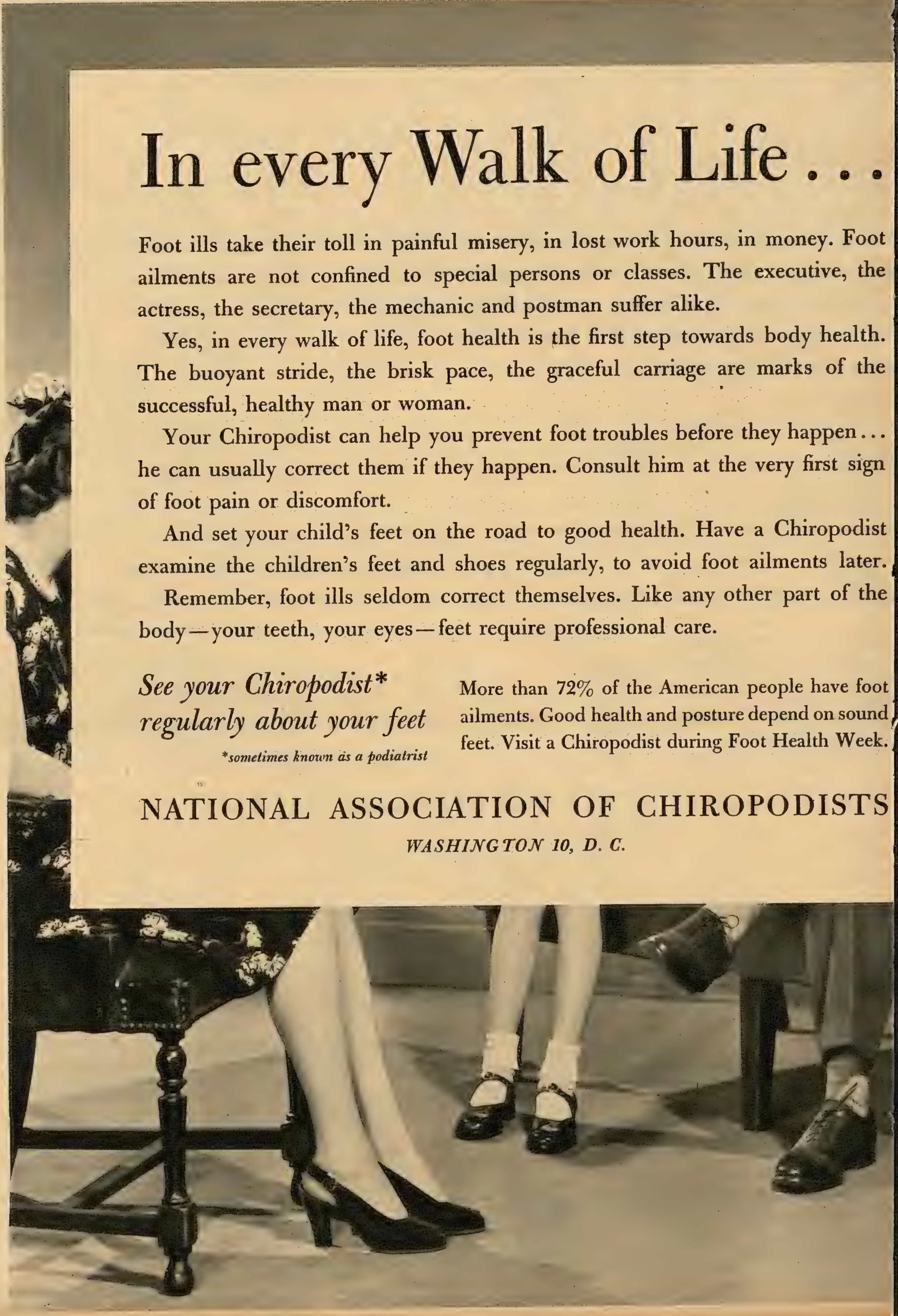
Indignantly Katrin attacks the political machine, and is forced to run for Congress against Cotten's man.

Katy's brothers follow Cotten's advice and throw out managers. Because of his love for her he tells her to be he

edish massage by Katrin helps loosen up the senator eph Cotten), who finds his perfect maid from the farm has planted the seeds of political liberalism in his mind and plowed herself into his heart. He finally reaps his reward.

r campaign almost ruins Katy until the senator's r and butler learn the truth and throw out their candidate.

Cotten blossoms out as a fighter to win for Katy and to win Katy for himself. They go to Congress together.



In every Walk of Life . . .

Foot ills take their toll in painful misery, in lost work hours, in money. Foot ailments are not confined to special persons or classes. The executive, the actress, the secretary, the mechanic and postman suffer alike.

Yes, in every walk of life, foot health is the first step towards body health. The buoyant stride, the brisk pace, the graceful carriage are marks of the successful, healthy man or woman.

Your Chiropodist can help you prevent foot troubles before they happen... he can usually correct them if they happen. Consult him at the very first sign of foot pain or discomfort.

And set your child's feet on the road to good health. Have a Chiropodist examine the children's feet and shoes regularly, to avoid foot ailments later.

Remember, foot ills seldom correct themselves. Like any other part of the body—your teeth, your eyes—feet require professional care.

*See your Chiropodist**
regularly about your feet

**sometimes known as a podiatrist*

More than 72% of the American people have foot ailments. Good health and posture depend on sound feet. Visit a Chiropodist during Foot Health Week.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF CHIROPODISTS

WASHINGTON 10, D. C.

Follow these Rules for Foot Health...

1. *Bathe your feet daily and keep them dry.*
2. *Wear correct shoes that are properly fitted.*
3. *Prevent "athlete's foot". Use a fungicidal powder on the feet and in the shoes.*
4. *See your chiropodist regularly. Consult him at the first sign of foot trouble.*

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF CHIROPODISTS

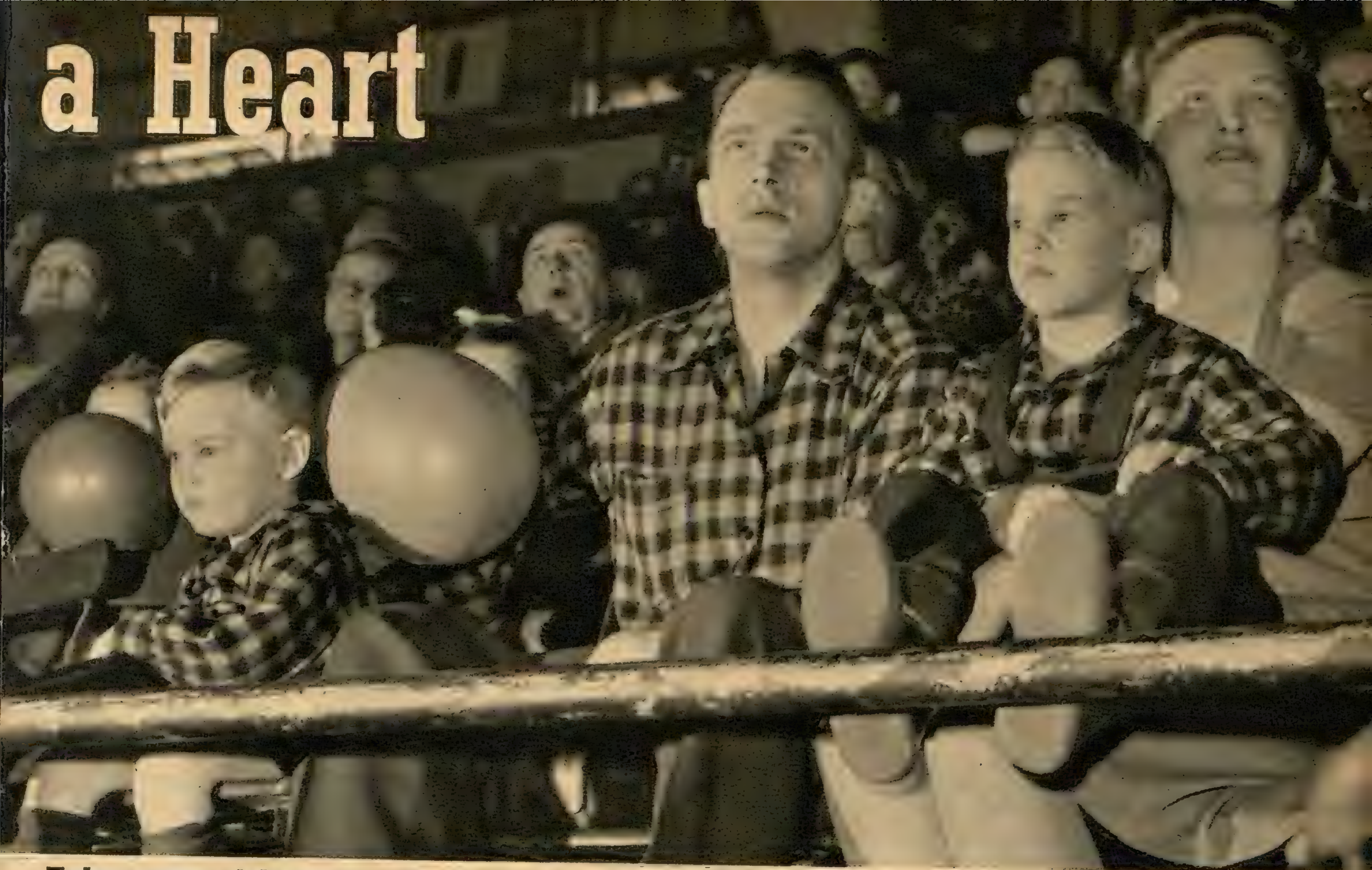
FOOT HEALTH WEEK

May 24th-31st, 1947

Circus with

Shriners as circus star makers have rip-snorting time raising $250,000 for crippled children

a Heart



Take your pick. The kids go for the unbelievable clowns; parents shiver watching the aerialists.

BUSINESS executives are realizing their boyhood dreams of running away with a circus. Doing everything from feeding the animals to selling peanuts and taking tickets, the Shriners of North America sponsor between 30 to 35 top-ranking circus performances a year, taking in about a fifth of the $1,250,000 annually it costs them to operate their sixteen Hospitals for Crippled Children. In Detroit, recently, 650 Shriners had a three-week holiday when their 60 Big-Time acts—a good percentage of which got their start with the Shriners—played to an audience of about 400,000. Similar performances throughout the country will help take care of this year's 30,000 crippled youngsters in Shriners' hospitals.

Performers relax; Shriner doubles as animal keeper.

Backstage visitors are mostly cops and business men.

Aerial ballet girls are to the circus what chorus beauties are to a musical show. Drab dressing room is typical, as is waiting around.

Incoming potentate, Detroit's Harry A. McDonald tried his hand at selling balloons. First batch went in 20 minutes, so he got the job. He's typical of the 650 Shriners who worked through 42 shows.

Pacific veteran of 26 months, now circus performer, "Captain" takes to Shriner Ralph Cutchbert who's been circus back-door keeper for 17 years.

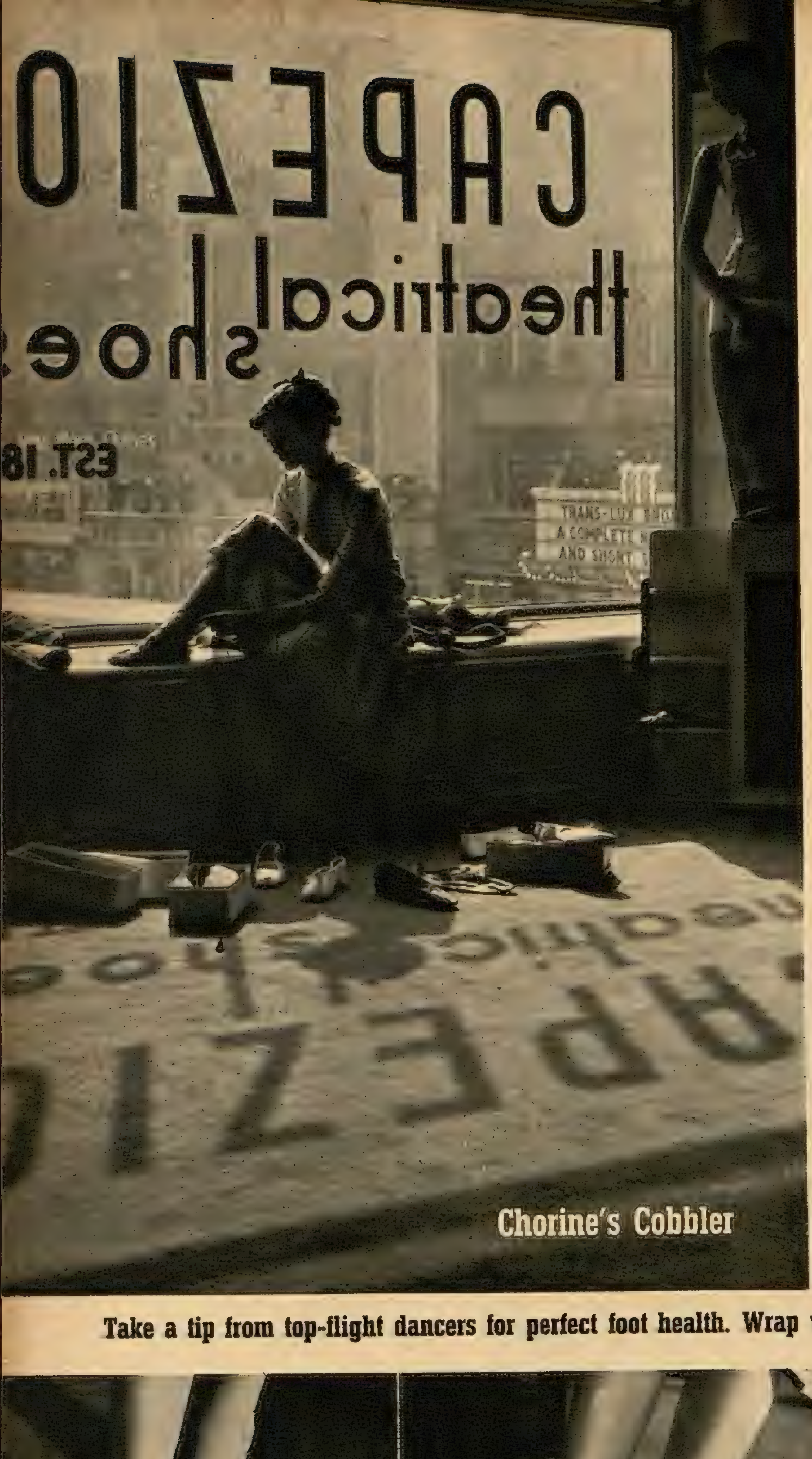
Sourest music ever heard comes from clown symphony in practice session backstage. It's one of circus' most popular acts with kids.

Bedridden children in the Shriners' Hospitals get their fun, too, when the performers do special repeat acts for the crippled youngsters.

Equestrienne GeeGee Engesser gossips with circus "mountie." Typical of these performers is Clyde Beatty who turned down two Hollywood picture offers to play the Detroit Shrine Circus.

Foot Loose

Featherweight, frail, and flighty, the still-sturdy ballet slipper points your toes towards beauty, style, and motion-filled health



Chorine's Cobbler

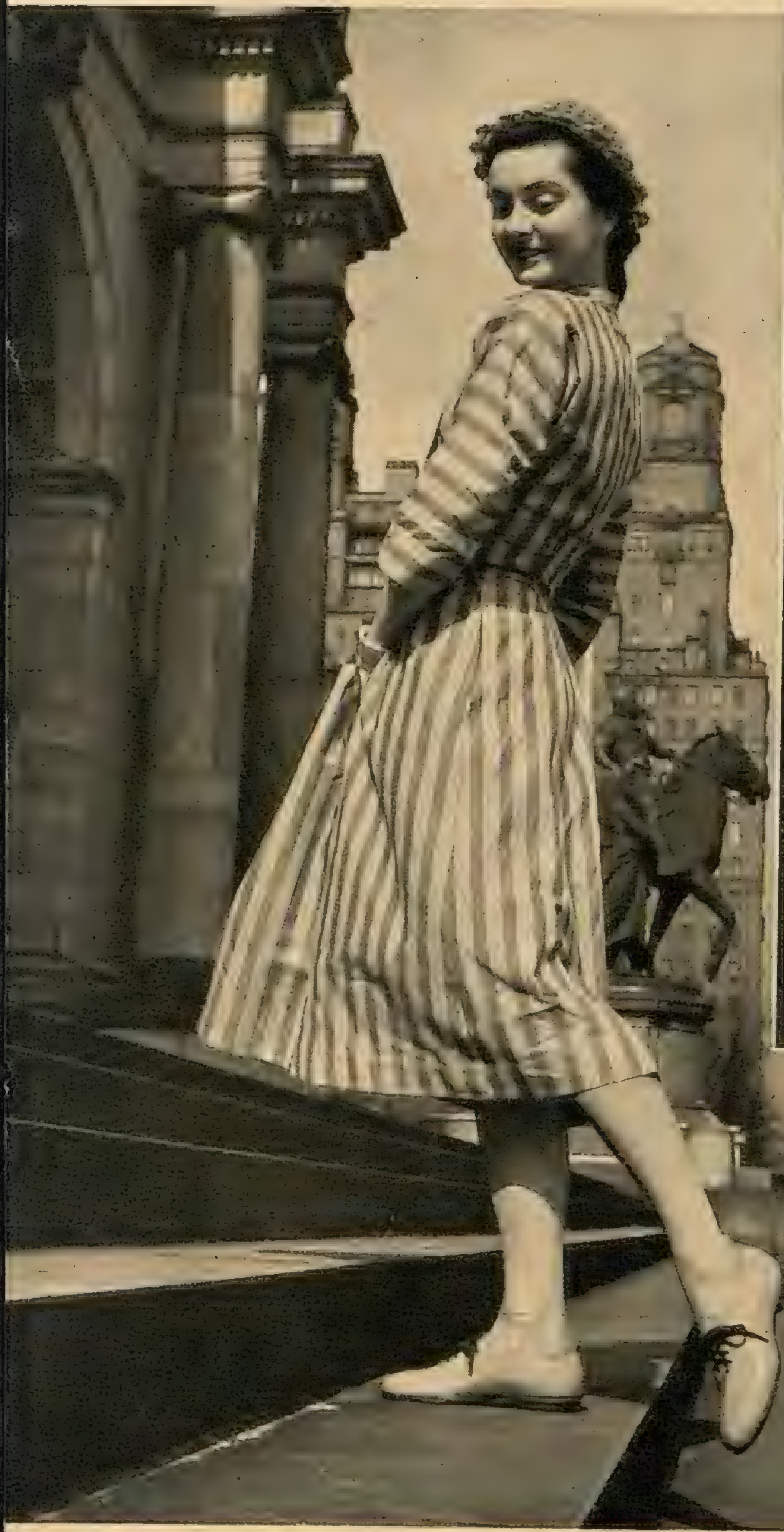
THE pliant foot inside the shoe is the concern of ballet-shoemaker Capezio, who turned a Broadway slipper into an offstage hit and made siren stuff out of the zany heelless job that is a dancer's practice shoe. Too long has that foot been squeezed into shoe lasts that are too narrow or too stiff for any but the most inactive women. The man who makes shoes for the fastest moving feet on earth now retails the ballet last all over the country for the super-active housewives, and career women, co-eds and teenagers who want motion as well as beauty.

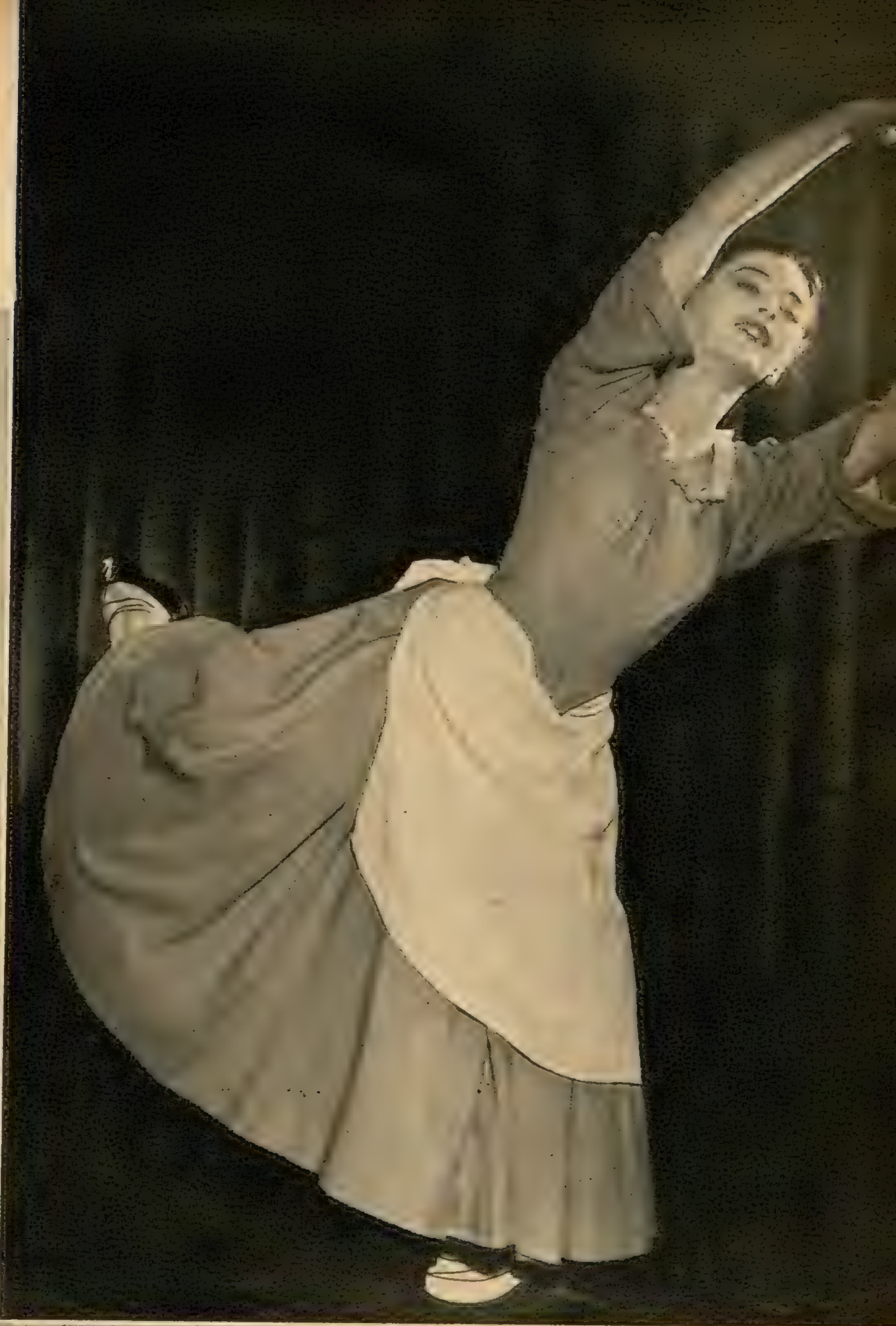
"Try the shoe on," is Mr. Capezio's advice. If it moves with the motion of your feet, you can wear it. If not, you shouldn't, for there is no style worth tears.

On the sound ballet principle of the comfortable, flexible shoe-for-motion, this master craftsman deliberately does the out-of-the-ordinary. From his small showroom in his little shop one block from Broadway, he designs a usually staid oxford so that it dances, like those he designed for the new Broadway hit musical, Brigadoon. He also takes the usually frivolous ballet slipper and fashions it for ordinary day to day wear, like those he shows with two inch heels, to the comfort and delight of both dancer and pedestrian, who wear them with ease.

Take a tip from top-flight dancers for perfect foot health. Wrap your toes around a pencil, let them b

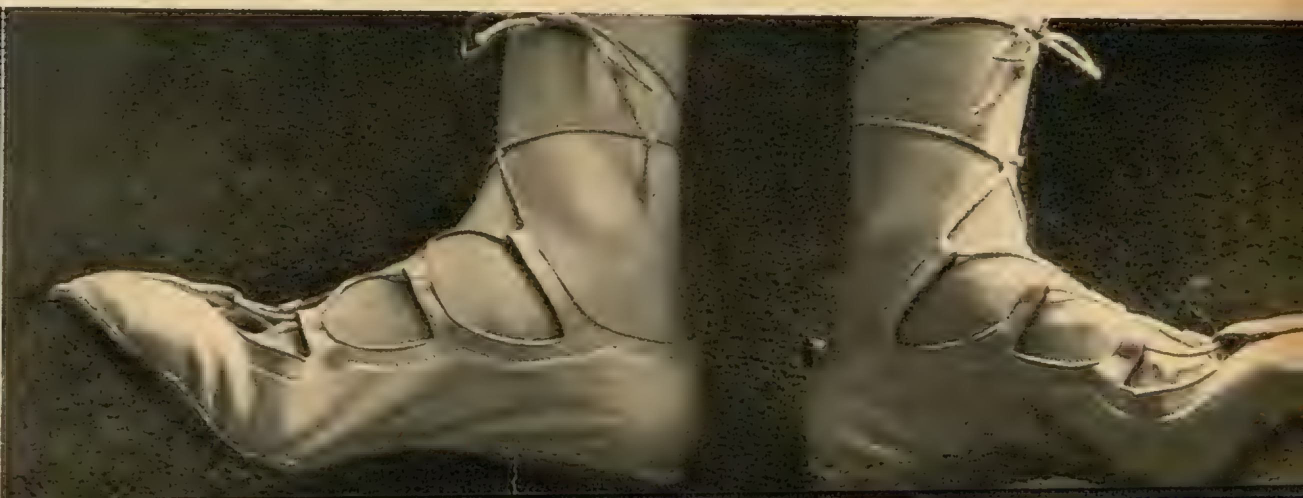
and Fancy

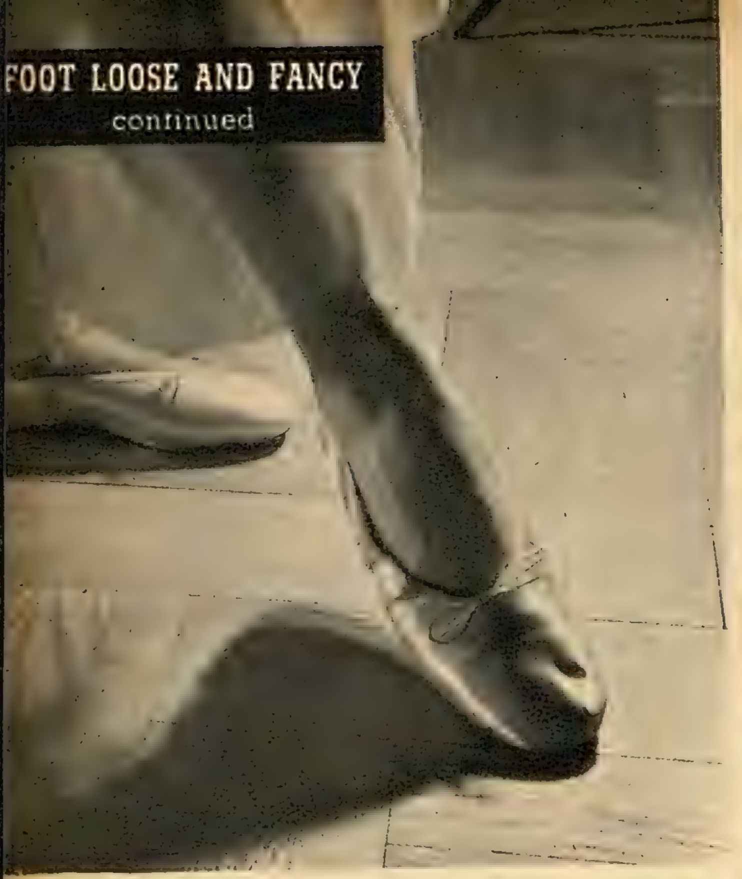


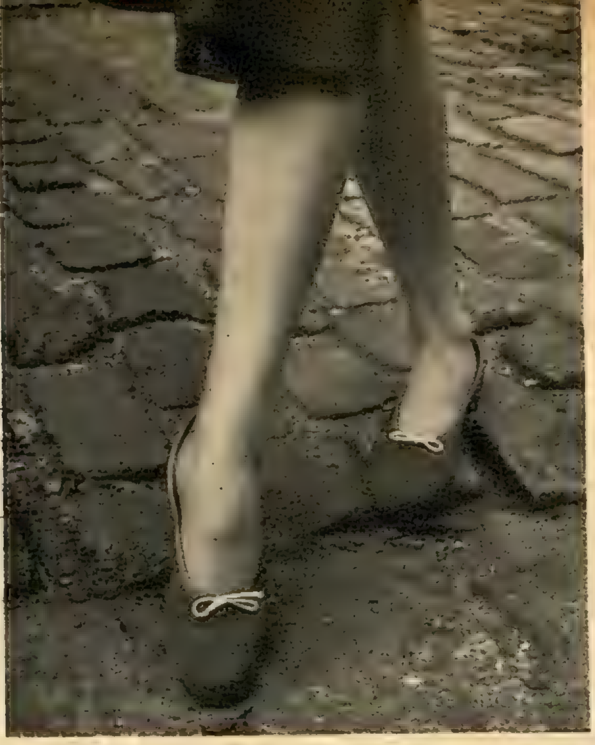


Brigadoon, the ballet oxford moves with grace on Virginia Bosler, lead ballerina in the show, (above). The pedestrian version, (left), walks lightfooted and cool on city streets in the hot and sticky city summer.

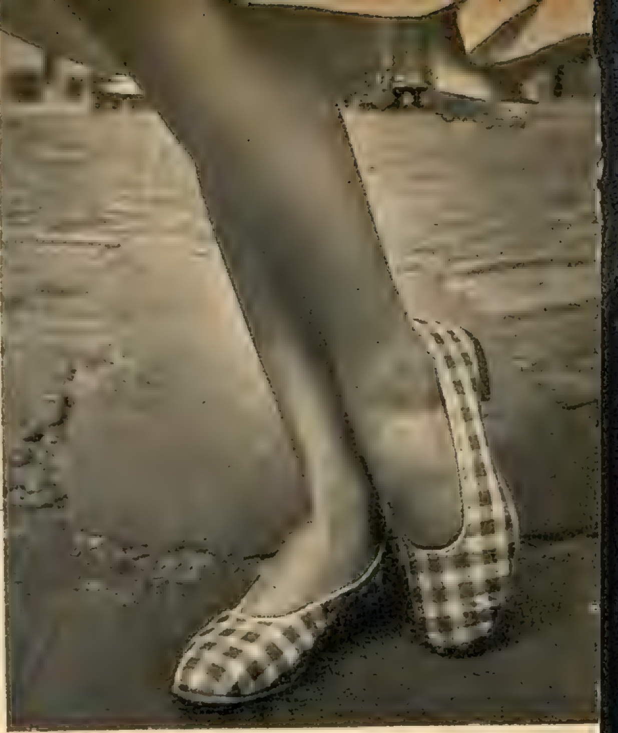
the sun, kick off your shoes whenever possible, or slip on exercise slippers and let your toes wiggle



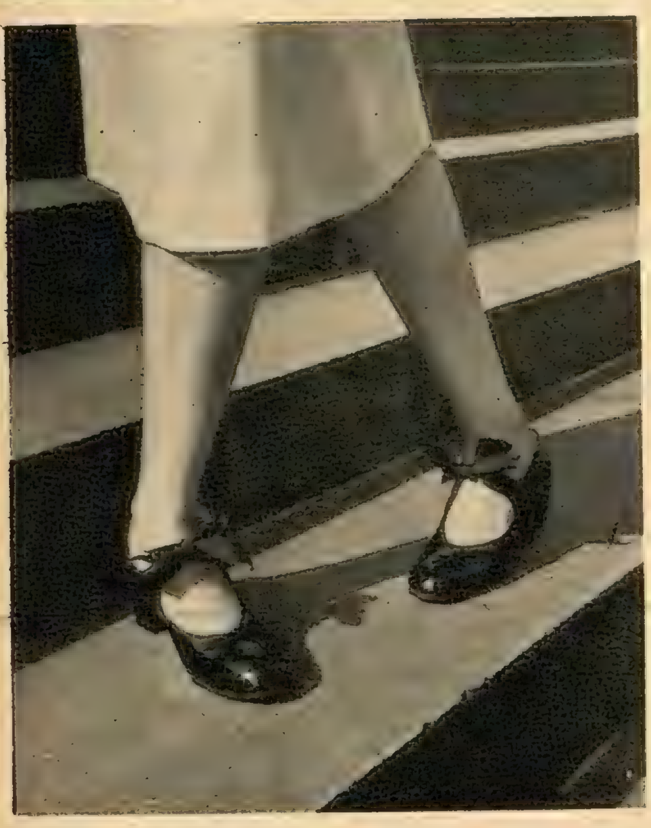




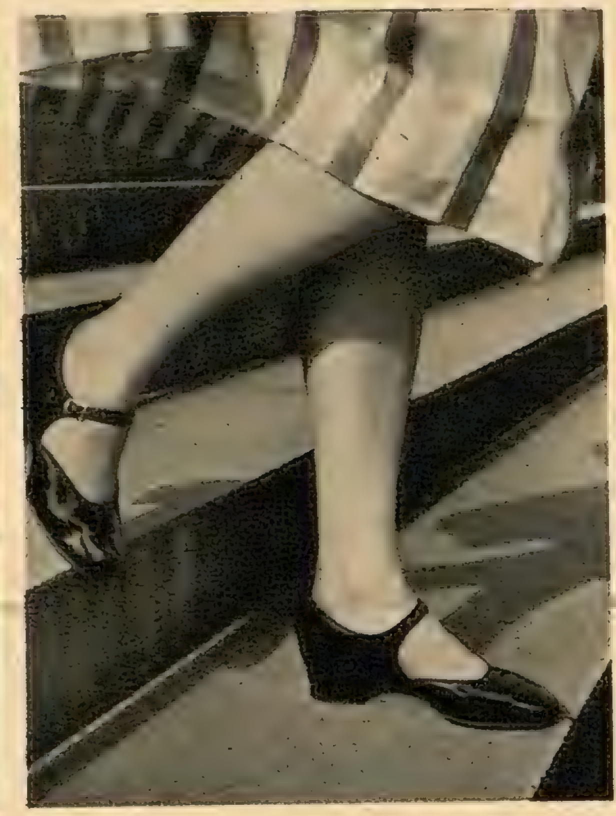
The original ballet slipper, routine on stage, became a sensation off stage.



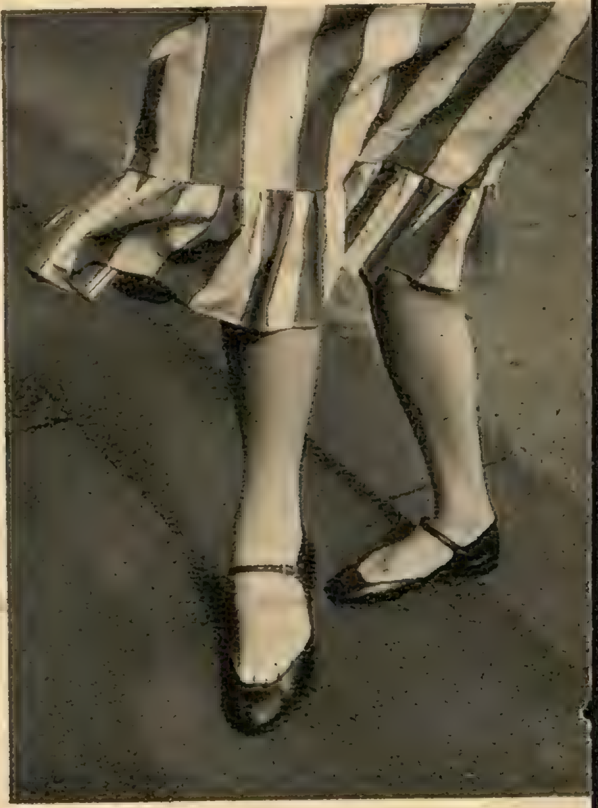
Newest looking is the cotton slipper in red and white tablecloth check.



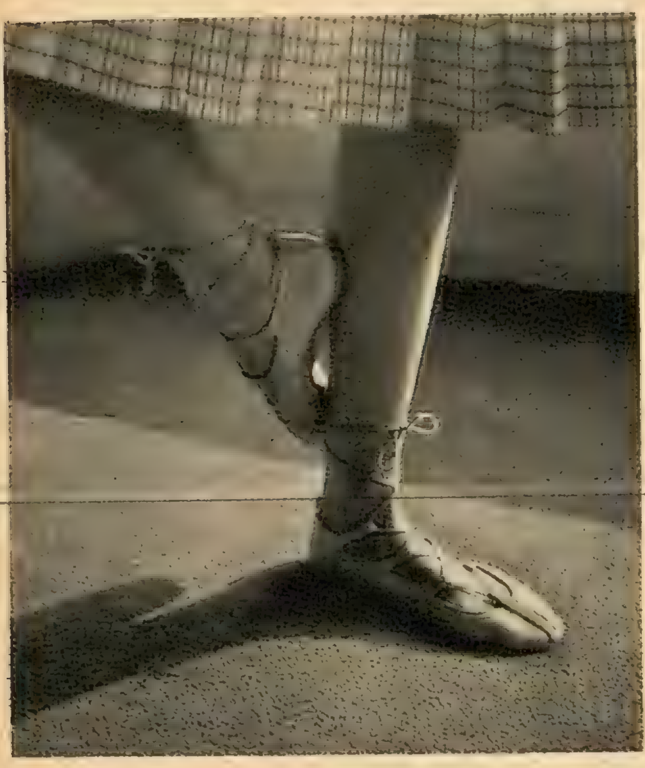
The tap-dancer's shoe with heels gave birth to the one-strap fashion.



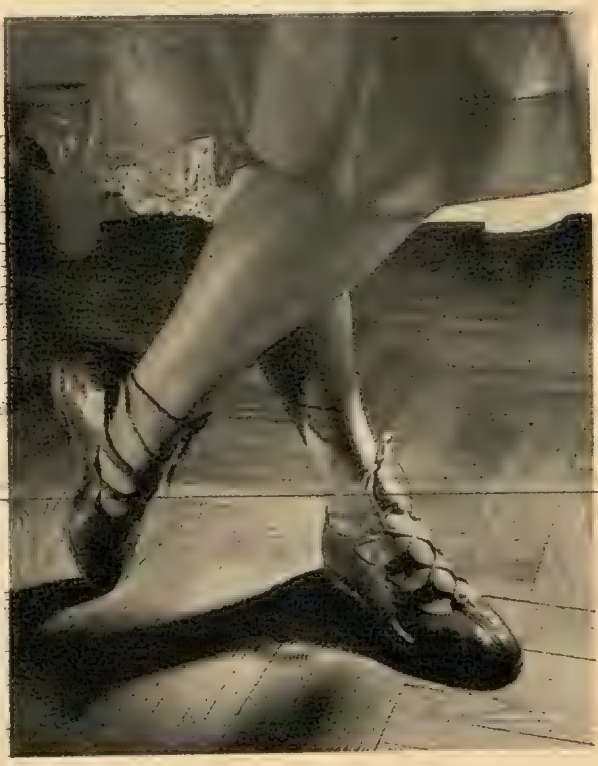
Mary Jane was a child's dancing-school shoe, now it's big sister's.



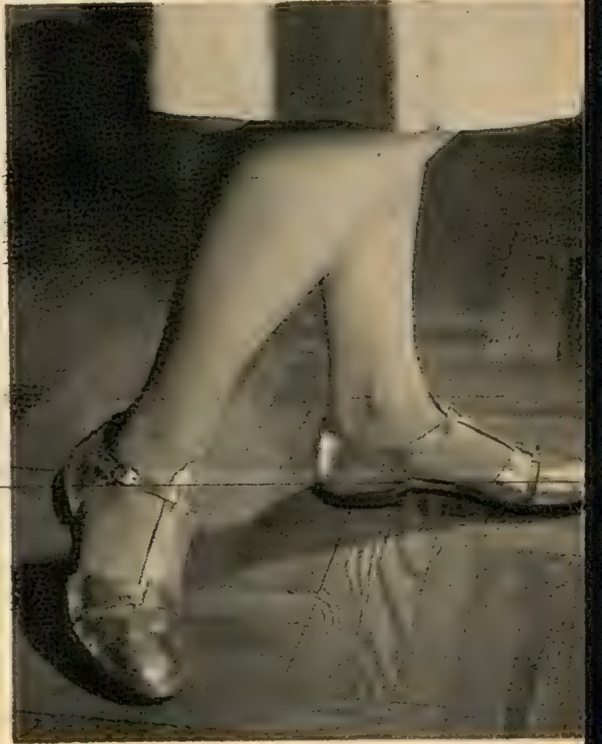
Some call the shell strap sexy with its scanty cut like a bare-top dress.



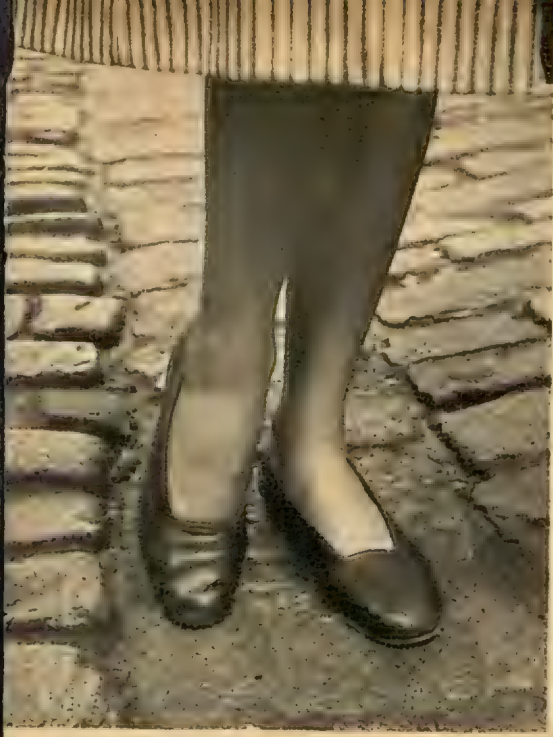
The standard rehearsal ghillie is soleless, heelless, and soft as can be.



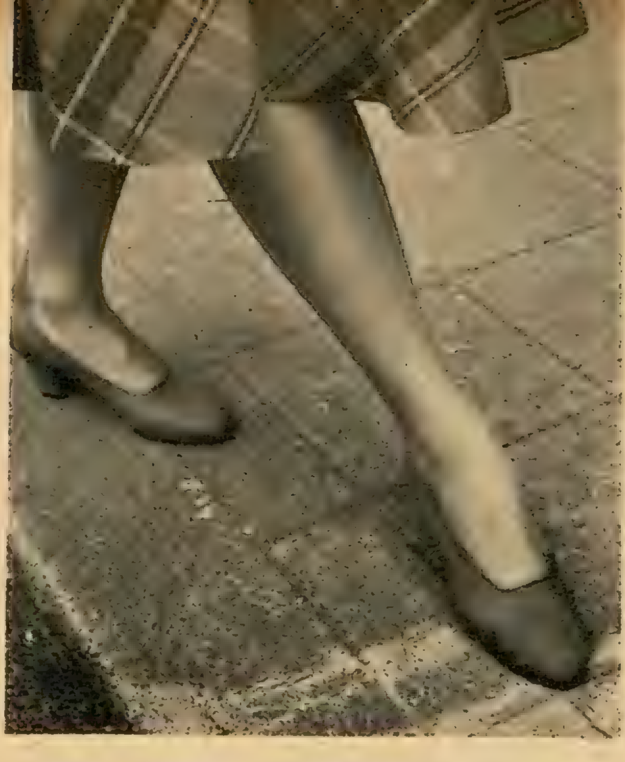
Off-stage the ghillie gets a crepe sole, a heel, and summer cottons.



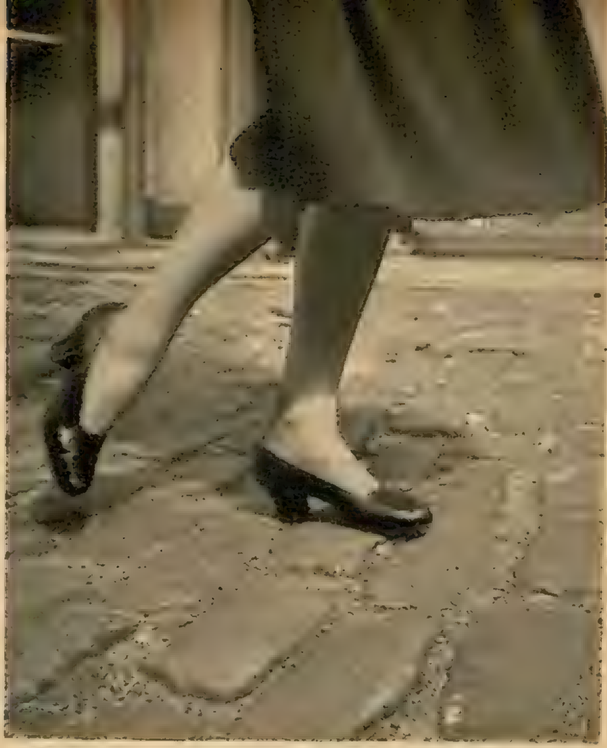
The cover-up sandal in gold kid is another version of the practice shoe



Matador—the ballet variation on a
ullfighter theme in bright red kid.

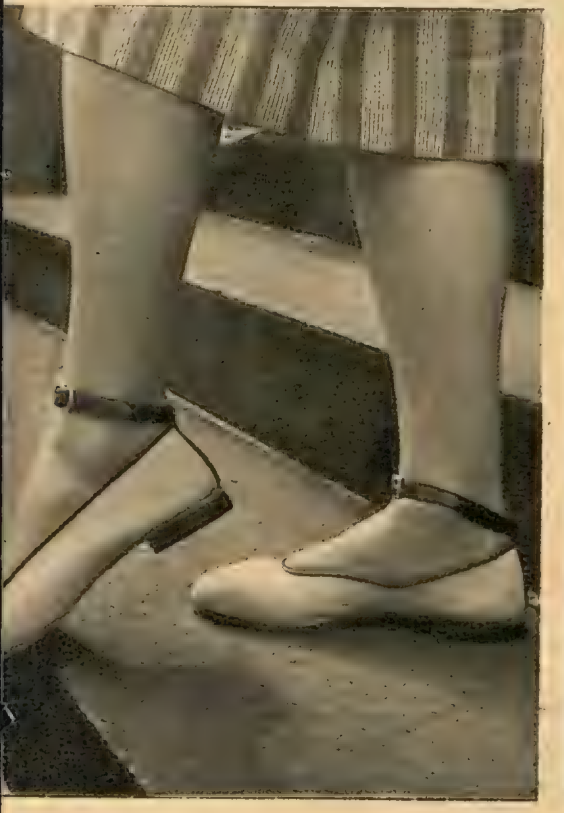


1947's rage is the ballet last on a two-inch heel to start a new trend.

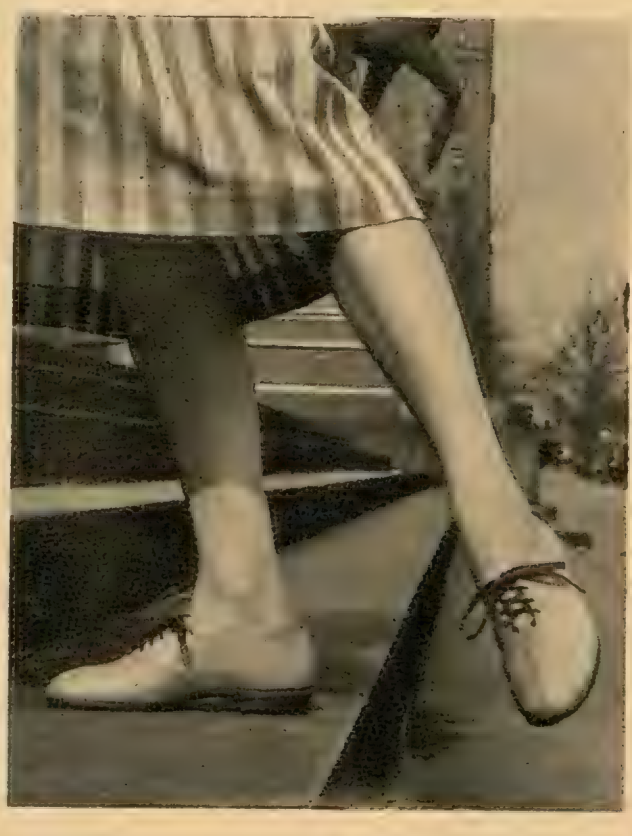


Again the high-heeled ballet pump in navy kid for sophisticated city suits.

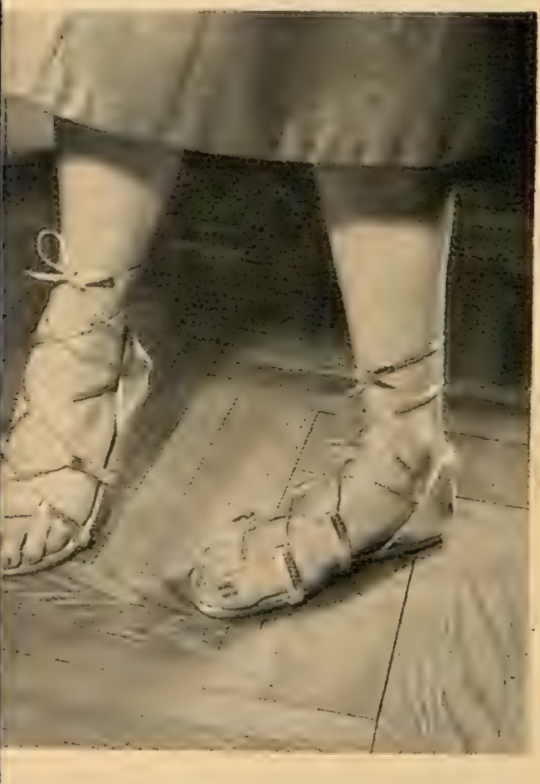
The transition from stage to you is complete. Fashion statistics now show that more and more non-dancers party in ballet slippers.



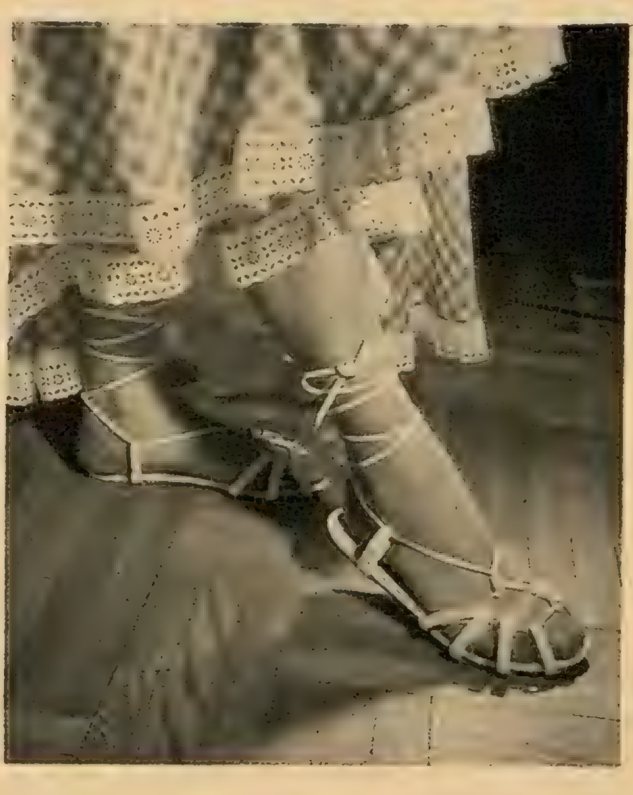
e Mary Jane anklet is a cross be-
een a ballet shoe and a one strap.



Newest idea is the ballet shoe cut like an oxford and twice as soft.

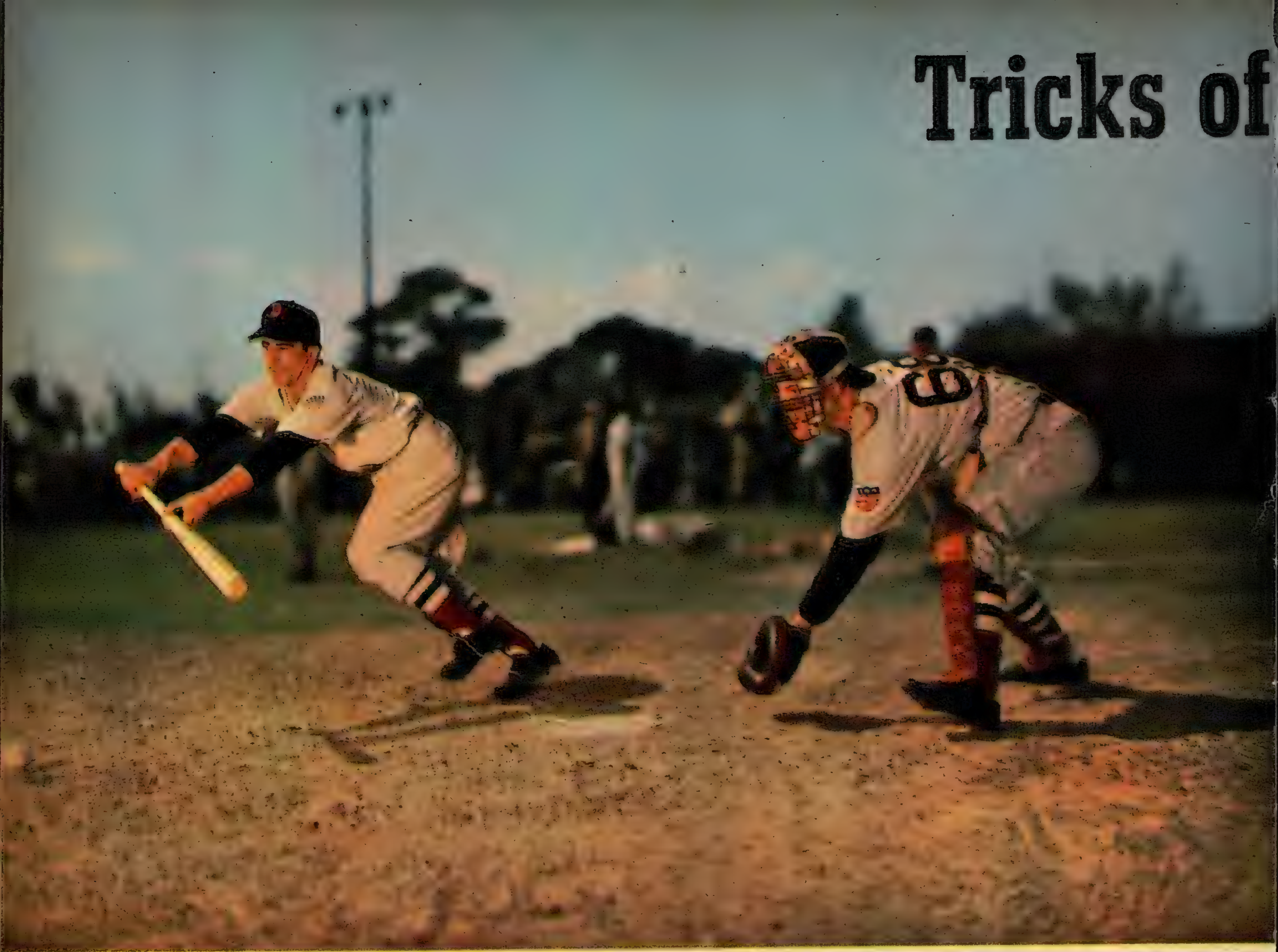


antiest covering is the Hermes gold-
onged sandal, worn for dancing.



This sandal is the first barefoot design that looks smart with nylons.

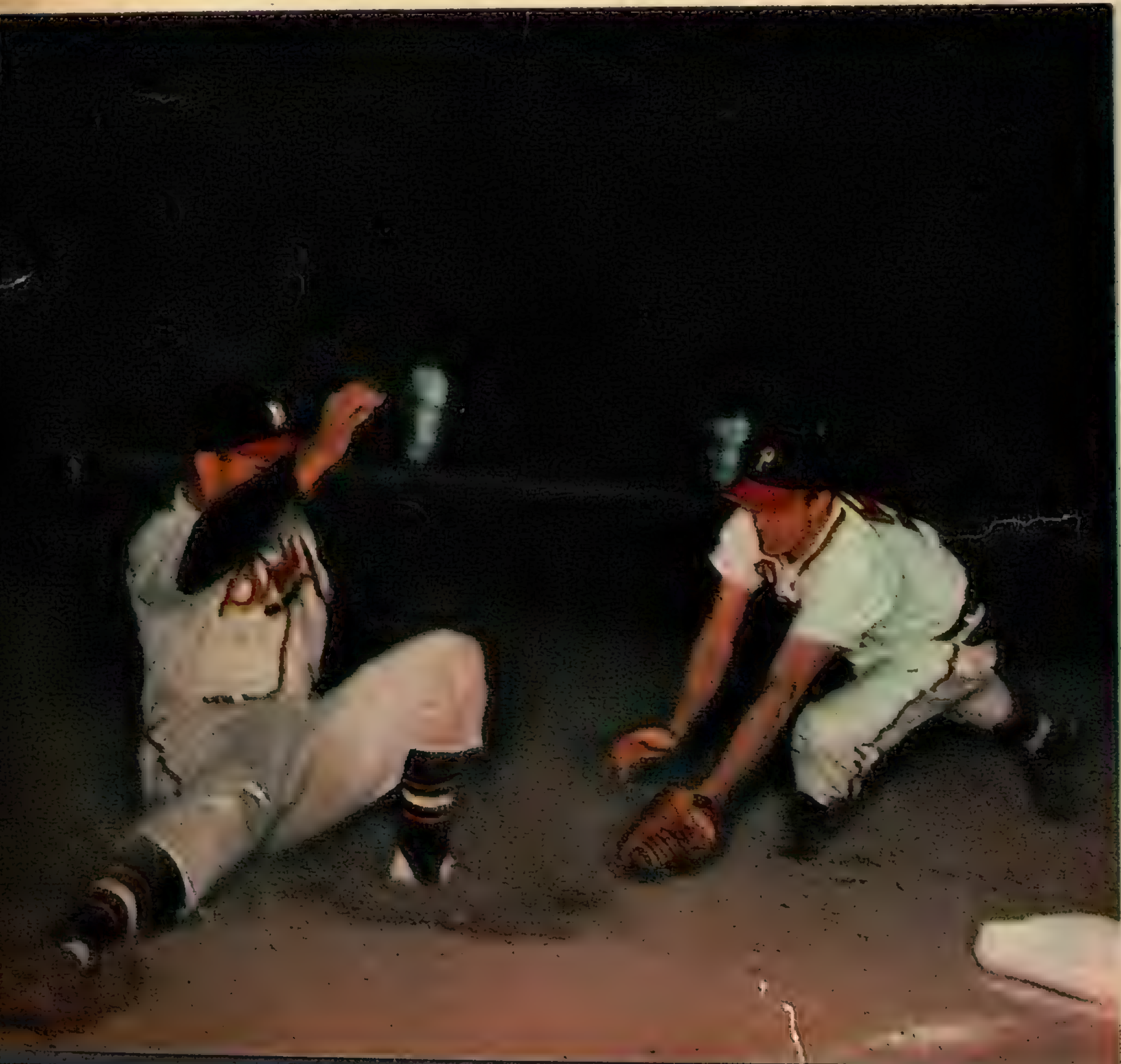
Tricks of



Perfect bunt down 3rd base line by Boston Red Sox's Pesky. Running start, loose grip on bat contributed.

Jim Tabor, Phils' 3rd baseman, short-cuts throw for putout. Poor try to avoid the tagout cost base runner twisted leg.

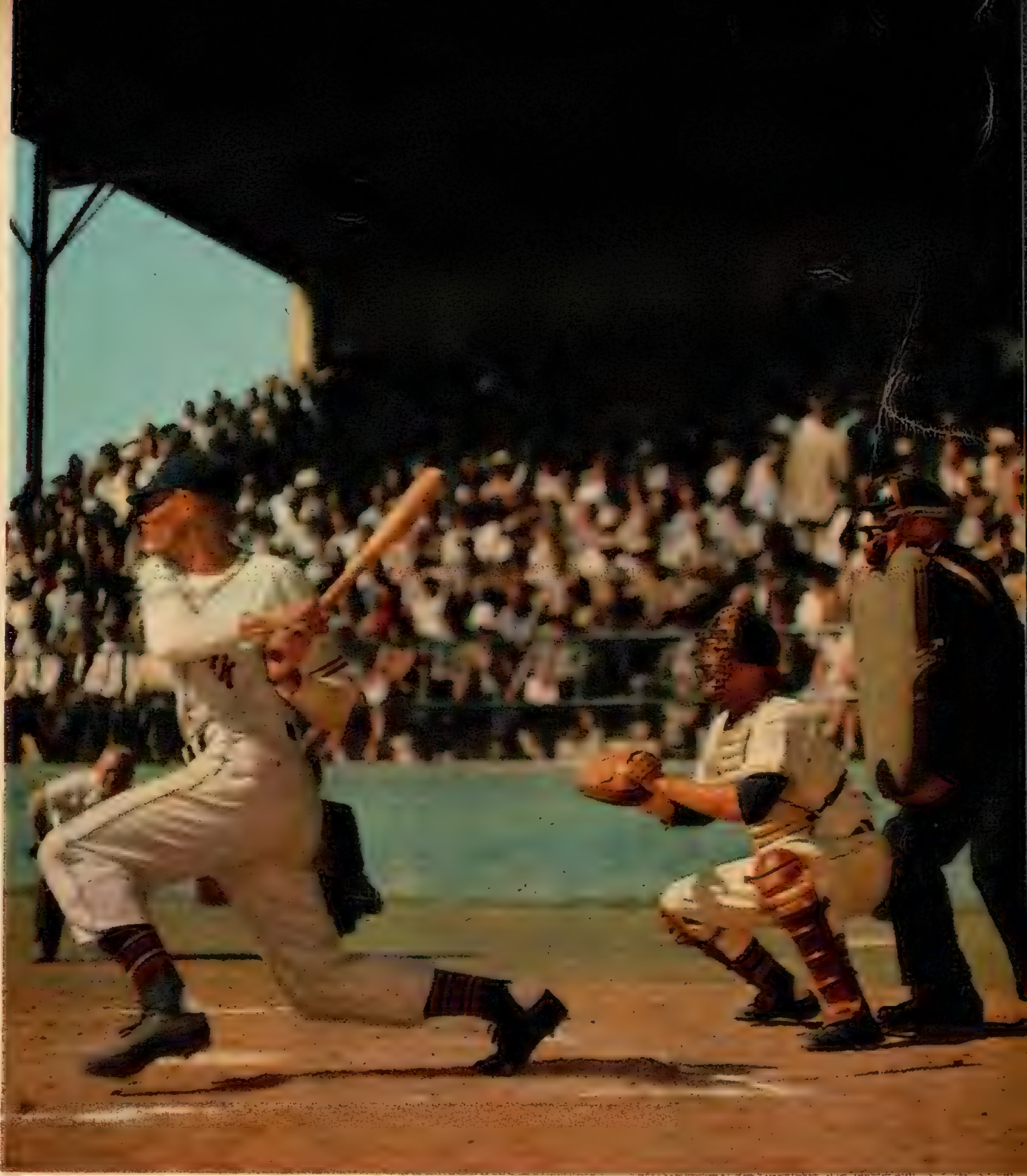
Proper approach to a short line drive. Tris Speaker demonstrates fine points of ball-hawking.



the Trade

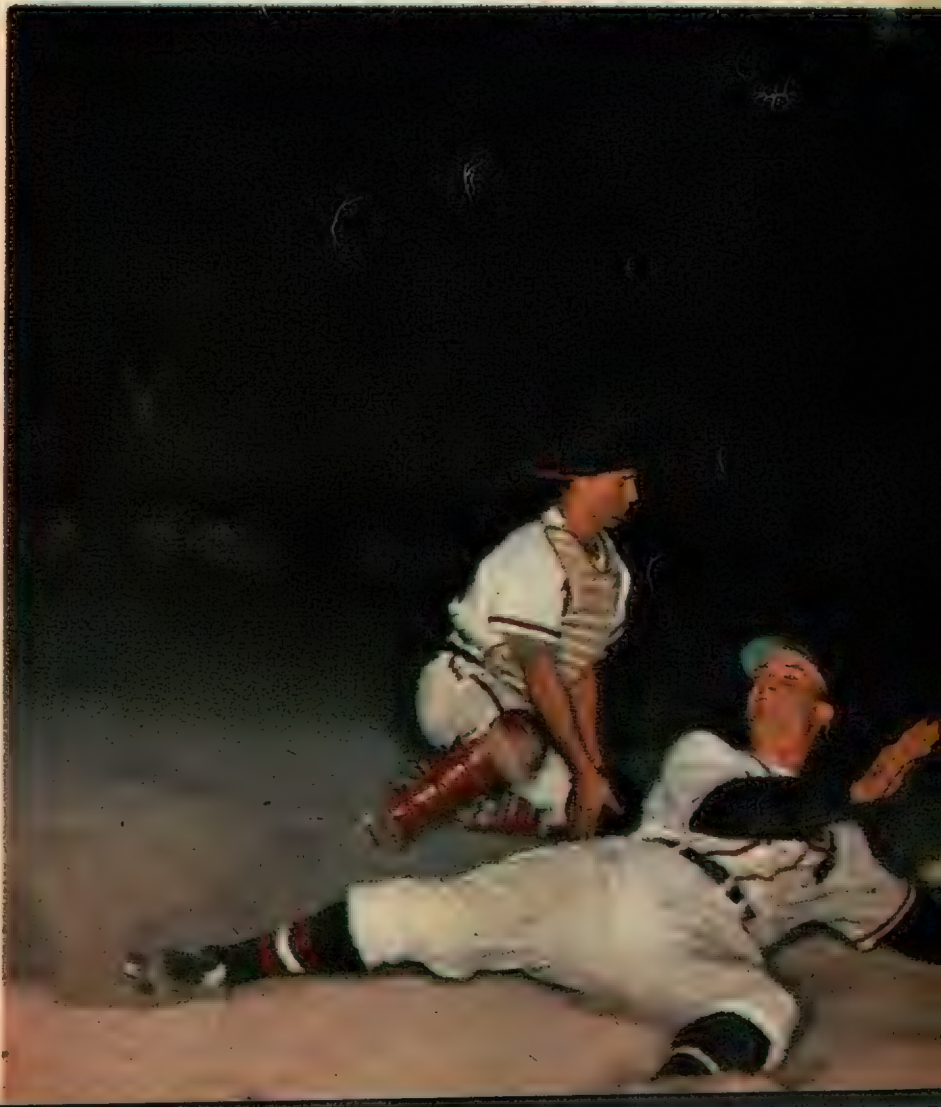
Professional ballplayers need more than muscle; it takes savvy to get around that diamond

MANY a ball player, short on physical prowess, has pushed his way to stardom by using his head. Eddy Stanky, of the Dodgers, for instance, is not an exceptional hitter or fielder, but he's tops when it comes to waiting out a pitcher for walks. Billy Herman, new manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates, is another player who is noted for his tricky maneuvers that often turn opposition base hits into putouts. Some years ago, the New York Giants' Blondy Ryan took the spotlight for his ability to out-think the other side both on offense and defense; and probably the best known "sign stealer" of all time is Charley Dressen, third-base coach of the Yankees. He can tell before they can what a pitcher or catcher is going to do. Pictures on these pages show some tricks that worked; some that didn't.



Clint Hartung, Giants' rookie outfielder, uses his head ▲ and hits to right with a team mate on first. Fielder's longer throw heightens runner's chance of reaching third.

Carden Gillenwater, Boston Braves, makes sure of his score with a fall-away slide which gives Phils' Catcher Seminick the smallest possible target for a tagout. ▼



Young Ted Morrison gets an invitation from the man at the throttle to climb up and take a ride in the hog.

Highballing the Boys' Club Special

TED MORRISON, JR., 11, of Newport News, Va., recently had the time of his life playing hookey from school—with permission. No parents were allowed when Ted, with 300 other Virginian members of the Boys' Club of America, took his first long train ride, a four-day trip through industrial America to Detroit.

Angel of the trip was Robert Young, board chairman of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, who had all arrangements made, and provided the 11-car Boys' Club Special. Each of the boys, however, who were selected by merit, had to earn $10 toward his expenses.

History and geography books came alive as Ted and the boys saw historical landmarks, watched automobiles being made, and even interviewed a state governor. Ted returned to find a traveler's greatest joy—a chance to tell of the places he'd seen and the things he'd done.

To be eligible to go on the trip, each boy had to earn $10 on his own, an easy job for Ted Morrison who had already built a thriving paper route in Newport News.

Traveler Ted is given a send-off by mother and minister father. Although the boys had to be on the train at 5:30 A.M., it was easier than getting to school on time.

Adventure finally begins when train leaves at 7 A.M. This was the second Boys' Club trip sponsored by the C. & O. Another had taken Detroit boys to Virginia.

Unlimited helpings of food for hungry travelers cleaned out railway kitchens. One sturdy youth had to be advised not to eat his fifth full dinner in a row.

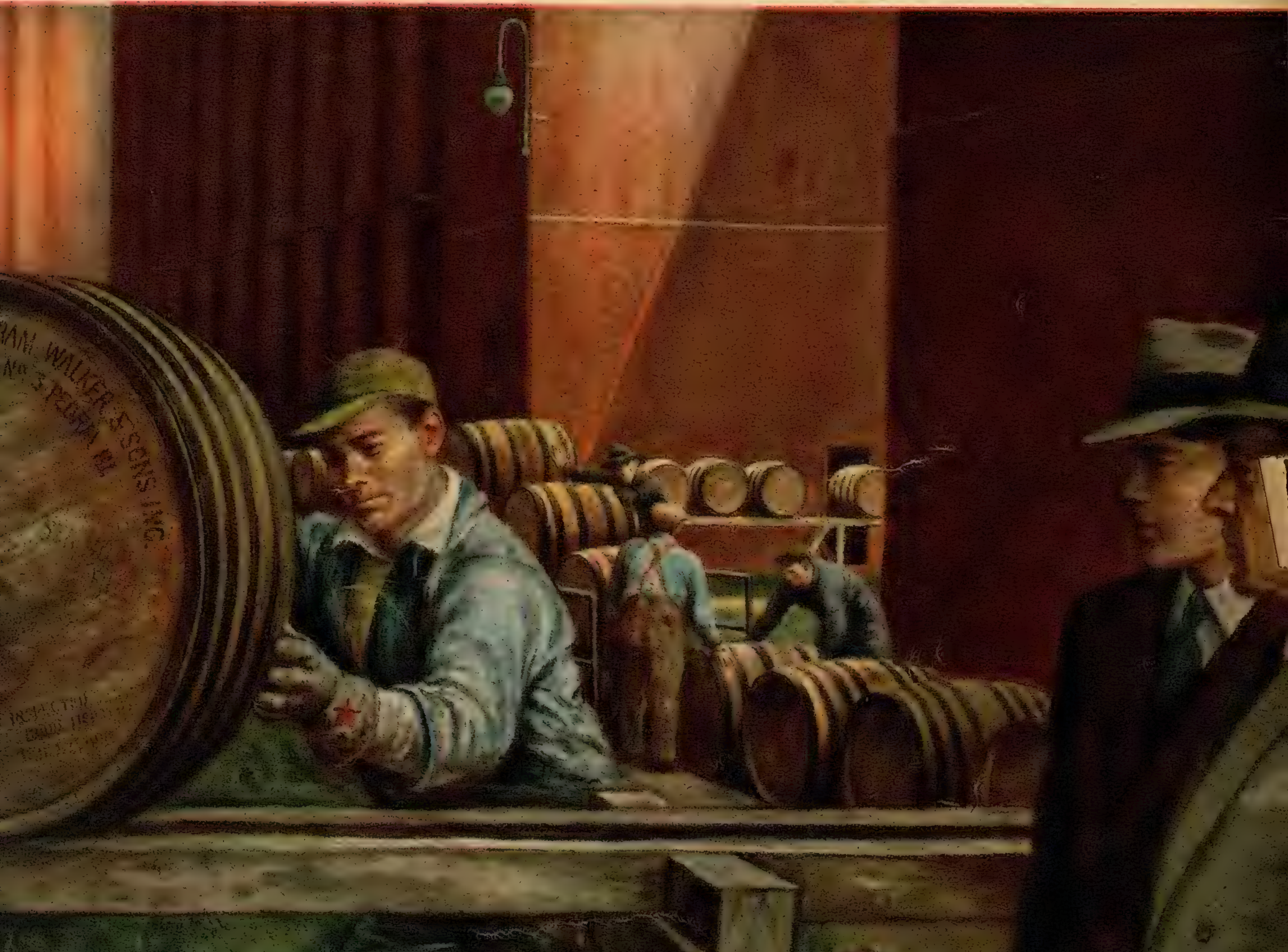
Surprise treat was bus ride into Ontario, where the boys snapped up all free literature in sight to prove they had been there. Here they view Detroit's sky line.

Free-for-all in a Detroit hotel, with no damage to boys or furniture reported, was a good outlet for left-over energy. Average age of boys taking trip was 14.

Trouble with his upper forced thirsty Ted to call for aid. Below: Boys learn state secrets first-hand from Gov. Clarence Meadows of West Virginia at Charleston.

Most popular exhibit at Edison Institute in Dearborn, Mich., was this early tractor. Below: Making plans for future, the boys relax at the University of Virginia.

Nature's way is slow—but infinitely sure. The leisurely pace of nature is perfectly revealed in the ageing of fine whiskies at Hiram Walker's distillery in Peoria. For days become months, and the months roll into years, while these whiskies age the natural way in charred oak barrels. Here artist Ben Stahl shows barrels of matured whiskies leaving the rackhouse after nature's work is done. Come one day to Peoria and see Hiram Walker's 89 years of whiskey-wisdom at work. You will enjoy the visit, just as you will enjoy Imperial—always.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WHY GIRLS GO WRONG

Continued from Page 19

with her. Her indiscriminate relations with men ended. When last seen at the Service, she was about to remarry and also was planning to make a home for her other children.

Marie was another girl who took out in sex a general impulse to cut loose; but she was going to extremes to compensate, not for having had too much responsibility, but for having had too little. An appealing, pretty, twenty-one-year-old little blonde charmer, she came to San Francisco, where she had secured a job in advance, from below the Mason-and-Dixon line. Youngest of a large family, she described herself to the worker as having been "babied"; her move to the West Coast was largely to free herself from her family's continual overprotective "do's" and "don'ts." So determined was Marie to be independent that she declared she did not want ever to get married.

SEXUAL independence was the next step in Marie's misdirected drive for emancipation. When her promiscuity led to venereal infection, she had a rude shock. It took only eight interviews for her to confess that she really didn't like going from one man to another, and to decide that she was going back home to marry a boy she knew there.

More girls become promiscuous, however, because they get too little love from their families than because they get too much coddling. Sixty per cent of the patients in the study group came from homes broken by separation, divorce, or the death of one or both parents. Many of the homes not broken were unhappy ones. In many cases, evidently, unsatisfied cravings for love during childhood became perverted, at maturity, into promiscuity, with its repetitive illusion that affection comes with physical intimacy, and its recurrent disappointment.

Among such love-starved girls was pathetic, unpopular Peggy, whose volubility and mannerisms kept her from having many friends, and who, above all, wanted to be liked and to do what was expected of her. Not too bright, she had little power of discrimination. When she was with her family, she tried to do what they wanted; and when she was with a man, she did whatever he wanted. Peggy had ten partners within six months, contracted venereal disease, and landed in jail for vagrancy and promiscuity. In so much trouble, she was greatly concerned about her behavior and wanted sincerely to change. Her mother came to San Francisco and the Clinic worker talked over the situation with both Peggy and her mother. The mother took the girl back home as soon as she was released from jail. Living with her family, having her mother's encouragement, Peggy succeeded in living a normal life and, a year after her return home, married.

Lois also went in for promiscuity as a way out of loneliness. Brought up in institutions and foster homes, she had had so little affection as a child that it was hard for her to develop affectional or even companionable relations with others. While her husband was away in the army she could not bear her loneliness, turned to other men. When she came to the Clinic, she felt so guilty toward her husband that she was at the point of suicide.

The Service's worker's calm acceptance of Lois's behavior, which she did not denounce as "wicked," and Lois's own ultimate understanding of the motives behind it, freed her of some of her terrific remorse and gave her confidence that she could go on successfully with her marriage. She decided that if ever her husband had to go away again she would solve the problem of her loneliness in a more satisfactory and sensible fashion, by going to live with his parents.

Sometimes, of course, the cause of promiscuity is so deep-rooted it is hard to treat. This was the case with Loretta, who had been rigidly brought up with very strong emphasis on "being good," and had behaved as her parents wished more out of fear than from love. She married at twenty-one and, when her husband died two years later, became morbidly depressed. Wildly trying to get out of her depression, she turned herself into a different person: one who was irresponsible, a hard drinker, and sexually promiscuous. She was supported by a man whom she frequently deceived; and all the while, because of her upbringing, she had miserable feelings of guilt.

S
FOR SALE
FOR SALE

"On the other hand, if you're just looking for a place to hang your hat . . ."
LIBERTY

Asked at the Service, "What kind of person do you want to be?" Loretta admitted she didn't like herself the way she was now, but neither did she want to go back to her equally unhappy state of suppressing herself to meet her parents' standards. Also, she said, she was afraid that even if she wanted to, she couldn't change.

THE next step was to find out what she could do to change. In time she came to the conclusion that "change" meant taking on responsibility and supporting herself. Now she is doing well at a steady job, is no longer depressed, can write to her family without feeling ashamed, and, up to the present, at least, has stopped being promiscuous. So deep-seated are her inner conflicts, however, that the Service wants to continue interviews to insure against relapse.

Unless it might jeopardize former patients' relations with their families, follow-up is attempted for six months or more after the last visit. Many among those in the study group had returned home to other states and could not be located. Some did not reply to letters. But among the 69 per cent given long-time treatment from whom information could be obtained, there were remarkable changes for the better. In a year, 89 per cent of the potentially promiscuous girls were improved or promiscuity had been definitely prevented. Of those girls already promiscuous, 60 per cent had ceased all sexual contacts (outside of marriage) and 30 per cent more had reduced promiscuity. A number of others were so changed in personality that the causes for promiscuity had been eliminated and the outlook was excellent.

As work with boys has not been going on for as long as work with girls, follow-up on them as yet affords no conclusions. Some significant facts are available, however, on those who have been studied and treated. Few were chronic alcoholics, but a substantial number drank excessively at times. The young men tended to have more partners than the young women—seven to eight a year, on the average; also, their proportion of affectional relationships was much less. Though more of them than of the girls enjoyed the sexual act, like the girls they admitted they had no joy in their promiscuous behavior, some even stating they often wondered why they bothered. All the evidence to date indicates that promiscuous men, like promiscuous women, are engaging in an unsatisfactory pseudo-solution of personality difficulties, and that their behavior does not spring largely from physiological need. This is reinforced by a 1944 British study of promiscuous servicemen which concludes, in part: "Physiological need—the 'human nature' theory—does not exist in true

(*Continued on page 74*)

This gun crew is serving the 105-mm. howitzer, used in World War II. Before perfection of recoilless weapons, six to nine men were required to operate big guns!

Impossible? Not for the Army Ground Forces!

That cavernous muzzle staring at you is the business end of the Army Ground Forces' amazing new 75-mm. recoilless rifle. It fires a 14-pound projectile — with sniper accuracy — at targets four miles away. Two infantrymen can carry it. One can put it into blazing action.

The 75-mm. recoilless rifle is just one result of the U. S. Army's never-ending search for the best in light, modern, highly mobile firepower.

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(*Continued from page 72*)

promiscuity. True promiscuity has an acute or chronic neurotic motivation. There is not the slightest evidence for the view which attractively links up health, virility, and promiscuity."

The Psychiatric Service of the San Francisco City Clinic was started November, 1942, under the auspices of the Venereal Disease Division of the United States Public Health Service, the California State Department of Public Health and the City and County of San Francisco Department of Public Health. Health officers concerned with venereal disease reasoned that if there were no promiscuity, there would be no venereal disease; and that if you could discover and successfully treat the causes of promiscuity, you could scotch venereal disease at its source. The findings have been so consistent, the results so encouraging, that other communities may well hurry to set up similar services.

"AND is there anything I can tell parents about applying what you've learned?" I asked Miss Hazle Corrigan, chief psychiatric social worker of the Service.

"Definitely," she answered. "Tell them, if they're worried about their children's behavior, not to scold or punish. The more guilty the children are made to feel, the more likely they will be to take out their conflicts in promiscuity. Tell parents that we have found that when young people, whatever their behavior, are given respect and affection as individuals, when there is an honest attempt to understand them and to help them to work out better solutions for their problems than they have found for themselves, even the habitually promiscuous can straighten out."

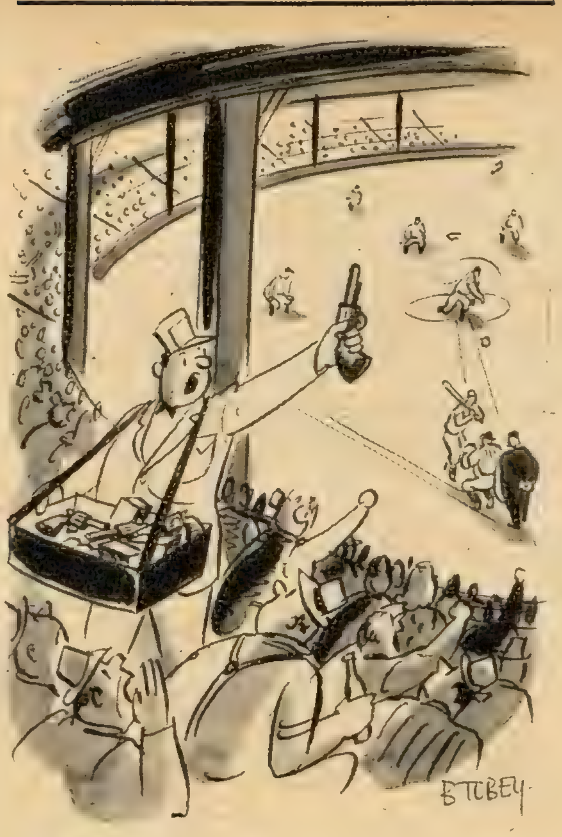
In the Clinic's summary report, there's a sentence: "The data obtained indicate that promiscuity is a problem in inter-personal relationships which, in nearly every case studied in the Psychiatric Service, was the result of conflict, inadequacy, or disorganization within the personality." Which, in non-professional language, simply means: Promiscuous girls and boys aren't inherently "bad." They aren't "oversexed." They're confused, and emotionally insecure, and unhappy, and once set right with themselves, they'll get set right sexually, too.

THE END

* * *

There are more hands at poker that will beat four aces than will beat four tens. Thirty-two hands will beat four aces—and only 24 will beat four tens. Only straight flushes will beat four aces and there are 32 possible, without the aces. But there are only 20 straight flushes that can be made without the use of the tens, and four sets of four of a kind that will beat four tens—a total of 24.
—Harold Helfer.

* * *



"Here you are, folks—kill the umpire."
LIBERTY

ABBIE'S LITTLE SISTER

Continued from Page 21

as Abbie's little sister, a carriage can be made to go by electricity, but the battery would weigh twice as much as the horse it displaces. Steam can run a carriage too, but if I should be out driving with a girl as pretty as Abigail, I'd forget to keep water in the boiler and the whole thing would blow up. There is also carbonic-acid gas, and alcohol, and compressed air. But the best of all, I'm convinced, is gasoline. Up in Buffalo I purchased a stationary gas engine. If I did not plan to use it in a vehicle, I'd rig it up to operate the tools in this shop. I would no longer need Abbie's little sister on the bicycle, and she could run and play."

"Abbie's little sister," I said in a hurry, "doesn't want to run and play. She loves to pedal. And she's now almost seventeen."

"That seems true. You are getting to be—h'm—quite the poetry of motion in that jacket and that ankle-length short skirt. Here, help me take off these buggy shafts."

We took the shafts from the Garland phaeton and Cousin Park chopped them up for firewood.

He lifted the body from its undercarriage by block and tackle. He worked and worked, packing the space between the wheels with rods and pipes and gears. Over these he bolted the engine. When we put the body back, this engine fitted right up under the seat. There was a crank, sticking out at the side.

COUSIN PARK winked at me and said, "Lally Blackwood, you are now about to witness something historic. Let us wheel this outside."

Abbie, who was as excited as I was but didn't like to get her lovely complexion dirty, took her post at our back-parlor window where it looked down into the Garland yard. Cousin Park put on a pair of asbestos gloves. He took the handle and cranked. Nothing happened. He peeped through the crank hole. He crawled between the wheels and looked up. He came out oily and cranked hard again, and there was a bang. A whole string of bangs. The body shook and the seat cushion came off, and the wheels began to move sideways.

"They shouldn't do that," said Cousin Park, running after the carriage and stopping it with his hands. He had me fetch a couple of hitching plugs and set them beside the wheels, and he put the seat cushion back and climbed up. He said, "Here I go, Lally." The carriage gave a louder bang and rolled right back into the shop, knocking over my bike.

"But it moved!" yelled Cousin Park. "Wrong direction, but it moved! Some day, Abbie's little sister, the whole nation will go rushing down the roads in carriages like this."

Abbie, who'd come out and was standing in the shop doorway, said, "Dear me, Parker, you'll be talking about flying machines next."

Cousin Park moved to kiss her, but he was greasy and she fled, and I happened to step up instead, but he didn't notice it. He pulled the carriage free of the bicycle and started making certain adjustments which, he said, would encourage the contraption to go in the direction he commanded. Next time, the vehicle ran straight across the yard and stopped beautifully.

"I have in mind," he said, "a further improvement, an arrangement for changing gears, by which I confidently predict that my invention will ascend hills." And one day he returned from a trial spin and I knew something monumental had happened. "I did it!" he cheered. "I climbed Murray Hill! Four other inventors were there, and I climbed it with the best of them. I have something tremendous here. If I could raise some capital and go into the business! If your grandfather, for instance, didn't hate me so for sending that soot into his whiskers—"

"Grandpapa Blackwood," I reminded, "is a cavalryman. He has no patience with this talk of horseless carriages."

BUT one morning I peeped into the shop to see if Cousin Park wanted me on the pedals, and he was dancing around for joy. He grabbed and whirled me too. "Lally, read this!" He pointed to a piece in the Herald. A gentleman named Mr. Walker, who published a magazine, offered a prize of three thousand dollars for a test race of horseless buggies from City Hall to Irvington-on-the-Hudson and back. "Abbie's little sister, I am going to win that prize!" I wished he wouldn't keep calling me Abbie's little sister; I was seventeen, and all that pedaling had developed me more than he dreamed of.

The judges were to be General Nelson A. Miles, commander of the United States Army; Colonel John Jacob Astor, commanding the New York National Guard; Brigadier General William P. Craighill, Chief of Engineers; Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, president of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company; and Major General Hobart V. Blackwood—my grandfather.

"They've put your grandpop on to represent the skeptics. He thinks nothing will ever dethrone the horse. What a chance to convince him otherwise!"

The race was to be on Memorial Day. Most of the judges arranged to go by rail, but grandpapa was to be official record keeper, so he planned to follow the vehicles with his stanhope and pair. He wanted to watch how often the contestants would be helped by horses or mules.

My sister Abigail was all afire to ride in the stanhope with grandpapa. She had a fetching new get-up, a black-and-white shepherd's plaid with a very full skirt and short basque and immense sleeves, and a hat with two bird wings.

I urged, "Why don't you take her, grandpapa? She won't mind the smell of gas, and she can raise her umbrella against the dust."

ABBIE turned that over in her mind and said, "Maybe I'd better not attempt it." So I said, "Then can I go with you, grandpapa?" He replied, "You girls must settle it between yourselves." But of course the thought of the smell and dust had already settled it.

And then it was the day, which was a Saturday. Cousin Park got up at dawn, and tinkered one last bit with his horseless phaeton, and I helped him, and he murmured, "Lally, if I could figure out how to make the rear wheels turn at different speeds around a sharp curve, I'd have the world by the tail. Today, though, I must take the curves wide and easy." He got the vehicle running and started off for City Hall Park. I put on my outfit of sunburnt duck with the skirt that was four and one half yards around the hem, the tiny-waisted jacket with revers like mainsails, and the jaunty collar and cravat, and the sailor hat and the dotted veil, and I knew I was pretty fetching, too.

Mama called from her room, "Eulalia, have you remembered to put on a flannelette underskirt? One must guard against summer colds."

I replied, "Mama, I have on cambric drawers, two wash petticoats, moreen underskirt, my chemise, corset, corset cover and dickey, and I shall *not* catch cold."

Grandpapa Blackwood and I drove to City Hall Park.

And there was Cousin Park and

Pity the men in her life!
...in her soft kisses..venom!
...in her tender touch..evil!
...in her warm embrace..death!

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his wonderful contraption, and the other contestants. Altogether there were nine.

Grandpapa gave me the reins to hold and he got down and inspected the row with military thoroughness. He recited the rules of the test. The route was to be up Broadway, through Central Park, and onward to King's Bridge, all at a fixed rate of speed; then boldly for Irvington and the Ardsley Country Club at whatever rate of progress the contestants were able to develop.

We followed behind the last horseless vehicle, which Park caused to be his. We passed along under the towering structures of Broadway that rose seven, eight, and even ten stories above our heads. The horseless vehicles all managed to keep ahead of our stanhope, and I thought of the wonderful prediction that Park had made—"Some day, Lally, you won't know New York's streets. Horseless vehicles will flash by at speeds up to twenty miles an hour. There will be motor-impelled cabs, broughams, tallyhos, coaches, omnibuses, milk wagons, and fire engines. Persons will reach their destinations so rapidly that few vehicles will do the work of many, and the dreadful confusion of traffic which alarms us so in this year 1895 will be no more."

I wondered how many of our city of a million souls, who watched our stately progress up Broadway, realized what it meant. Most of them were just amused at the stench, the smoke, and the clangor of gears and chains. Fully ten thousand, from time to time, shouted, "Get a horse!" Grandpapa Blackwood got most of the plaudits for the proud measured gait of his splendid bays.

At Eighth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, near the triangle occupied by Durlan's Riding Academy, mounted police were drawn up abreast to deny our procession any entry into Central Park. So the march was directed up the Boulevard to the left. Ahead of us clanked and ground the determined engines and their engineers, past the dazzling floral borders, past mansions and truck gardens, and through and among the holiday cyclists. There was a steady rise of ground and one horseless carriage dropped out. Then down the hill to Ninety-sixth and up to One Hundred and Twenty-sixth, near the great tomb that was being built to General Grant, and there was the Hudson, and the Palisades, and the Albany day boat moving by with band playing and paddles thumping.

AT King's Bridge, where grandpapa had a change of horses waiting, all the horseless buggies halted to wait for the other judges to arrive and board their special train which had steam up near the bridge. The contestants went over their machines with wrench and oil-can.

Grandpapa said to Cousin Park, "It is still a long sixteen-mile stretch to go, young man. Do you persist in this folly, or will you give it up and go home?"

Cousin Park replied, "General, I shall not turn back. I positively predict that it will one day be possible to travel from New York to Albany in one of these contraptions without once leaving the driver's seat; that motorized journeys to Pittsburgh, to Cleveland, and even farther will not be unheard of. In fact, sir, the horse will be raised and used, if he is produced at all, exclusively for food!"

This remark was very unwise of Cousin Park. Grandpapa roared, "You are an ass, young man! You have removed the shafts of a horse from your mother's phaeton and placed a donkey on the driver's seat." He reviewed the vehicles once more, lined them up for an even start, and bellowed, "Charge!"

This time Cousin Park leaped into the lead. We reached the Round House and grandpapa insisted on stopping for a glass of beer, but when we departed he touched his beautiful blacks with the whip and we rapidly overhauled the racers again. We plunged down the steep Nepperhan grade into Yonkers and up over the flank of Hog Hill, following the trolley line, and that is where we came upon Cousin Park. He had stopped because of a cow. Cousin Park had to set his brakes and get down and boot the cow. It strolled onward, switching its tail and nibbling grass, but refused to get out of the road. Cousin Park was very angry. He got in and got out of his phaeton several times. Finally grandpapa turned aside and drove rapidly over a plowed field and around the cow, and shouted back at Cousin Park, "Get a horse!"

We caught up with the other racers at Dobbs Ferry. We whirled past them all and then turned for the Ardsley Country Club, because grandpapa wanted to be there to see the leader come in.

Florist
Farias

"Have you got an olive branch?"
LIBERTY

Grandpapa gasped when he saw all the people on the club lawns.

"My word," remarked grandpapa, beginning to smooth back his whiskers, "there is Mr. Morgan! There are Mr. Richard McCurdy, Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, Junior, handsome Mrs. Oelrichs, estimable Mrs. Fish, Mr. Ward McAllister. . . ." He was impressed, and I think he began to have respect for the first time for the vehicles that could bring out such a brilliant throng.

AS we neared the clubhouse, there was a clanging and a yell behind us, and grandpapa had to grasp his reins tightly with both hands, because his horses went straight up.

For here came Cousin Park, once more leading the race. He'd got past the cow and all his rivals. He whooped to grandpapa, "Get a horseless!" And he rolled right up to the clubhouse. He took his machine on over the lawns to a place beneath the trees, and stopped, and crawled under to fix something. The stir was tremendous. Grandpapa and I heard one of the millionaires exclaim, "Fortunes in it!"

A beautiful lady with a large feathered hat called from the clubhouse steps to grandpapa, "A brilliantly conducted demonstration, General Blackwood. I dare say you will be appearing in a horseless stanhope yourself one of these days. Will you take me driving in it?"

Grandpapa, who was a widower, rose and lifted his silk hat and bowed low and said, "Thank you, Miss Russell. I hope to have such a turnout very soon, and shall deem it an honor to claim your company." He whispered to me, "That is Miss Lillian Russell. Stunning, isn't she?"

As soon as the other contestants arrived and drew the throngs away from Cousin Park, I crawled under the rig and told him that grandpapa wanted a horseless stanhope. Park was wiping his hands with a black rag. He said, "I knew I'd convince the old poodle-face."

Grandpapa came over soon after. "Parker," he said, "you've hit upon a sterling invention. I am an admirer of the horse, my boy, from way back, but I am not blind to the fact that locomotives have succeeded mail coaches and that steamboats have replaced tow barges. What will it take to get this contrivance of yours into commercial production?"

"Just two things, general," said Park. "The first is twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Those are twenty-five thousand things," said grandpapa, "but I am interested."

"With your backing in the sum of twenty-five thousand, general, I could go into mass production. Why, I could produce a dozen of these vehicles a year!"

"I would expect the first of the lot for myself," specified grandpapa, "stanhope bodied." He glanced toward the clubhouse veranda and the radiant Miss Russell. "Stanhope bodied," he repeated. "Sumptuous upholstery. Magnificent running gear. . . . Where was I? Ah, this contrivance of yours. Suppose you show me now, young man, how it operates. Can a man of my years learn to drive one without delay?"

"As you so truly said awhile back, a donkey can drive one," reminded Cousin Park. "Even Lally here understands the principles of its management. Hop up behind the tiller, Lally."

I got up behind the tiller.

"You will notice, general, a lever for steering—that is done with the right hand; and a smaller lever for controlling the engine—that is done with the left. Feet are used for brake and gong, and this arrangement over here connects engine with driving chains and activates the gears. To start, I first connect up the sparking device. Now, with this crank, I turn the wheel that starts the engine, which requires four revolutions." He showed how, and the engine banged into life. "The carriage is now ready to go ahead."

"So am I, young man!" exclaimed grandpapa. "I am ready to talk turkey. But you said, I believe, that there is a second partnership condition?"

"It is a corollary to the first," said Park. "I wish your approbation as a grandson-in-law. I am madly in love with your granddaughter, whose family are all afraid of you; but I am not afraid of you, and I wish to marry her."

"Why, as to that," said grandpapa, "I will let bygones be bygones. I have no objection in the least to your marrying Ab—"

I don't know how it happened, but my foot slipped straight down upon the gong lever. Grandpapa, who was in front of the dashboard, jumped like a startled woodcock. The engine roared and I must have forgotten to hold down the brake. Cousin Park leaped one way and grandpapa leaped the other, but it was grandpapa that the horseless phaeton took after. It chased him over a flower bed and started following him sharply around a tree. I am sure it was the first time Grandpapa Blackwood, the general, was ever routed by anything. But Cousin Park was right about the hind wheels not being perfected for fast turns. Up they reared, the vehicle bounded and capsized, and I soared through the air after grandpapa.

WHEN I next knew anything, there was a bonfire raging up through the overturned phaeton, and men were rushing up with garden hoses, and people were hurrying toward us, and somebody was tearing my collar loose from my throat. The dickey was trying to come up too. Cousin Park, between pulls at my dickey, shouted, "Are you dead or alive, Lally? Speak to me!"

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I made my lips trembling and defenseless, and he kissed them. I sat up. I grabbed and kissed him back, and he looked startled. I kissed him again, kissed him heart and soul and body, and he looked surprised and pleased. He kissed me in return, thoughtfully at first, then hard, exclaiming, "Why, Lally, Lally, I didn't know you approached life this way!"

I whispered, "If it's honorable intentions that made you kiss me like that, Parker Garland, and not idle dalliance and gay deceit, promise me you'll protect me."

"Protect you, Lally Blackwood? With sword and shield!"

I knew I'd better seal that while he was in the mood. So I called to grandpapa, who was still behind the tree, "General Blackwood, if you weren't just a poodle-faced old coward, you'd come out from there!"

"WHAT!" shouted grandpapa, coming from behind the tree.

"I saw you run from the enemy when it charged you," I said. "Coward! Poltroon!"

"I'll poltroon you, you saucebox!" Grandpapa stepped forward with his cane.

"Now!" I hissed to Cousin Park. "Up, sword and shield!"

Cousin Park came to his feet with dignity. He advised grandpapa sternly, "You will stand back, sir."

"You mean to tell *me,* young man—"

"I mean to tell you that I will guard the person of my future wife, sir, from any and all assaults, and that your further advance with that stick will be a hostile act."

"But," said grandpapa, bewildered, "I thought I heard you ask for my granddaughter Ab—"

I declared, "Grandpapa, how foolish you are! He was about to ask for Abbie's little sister. That's what he always calls me."

Cousin Park, bless his heart, stated magnificently, "She is correct, sir. This is the one I find I want, if she will have me."

"I'll have him," I said.

Grandpapa stared from one to the other of us, trying to imagine anyone wanting me instead of Abigail.

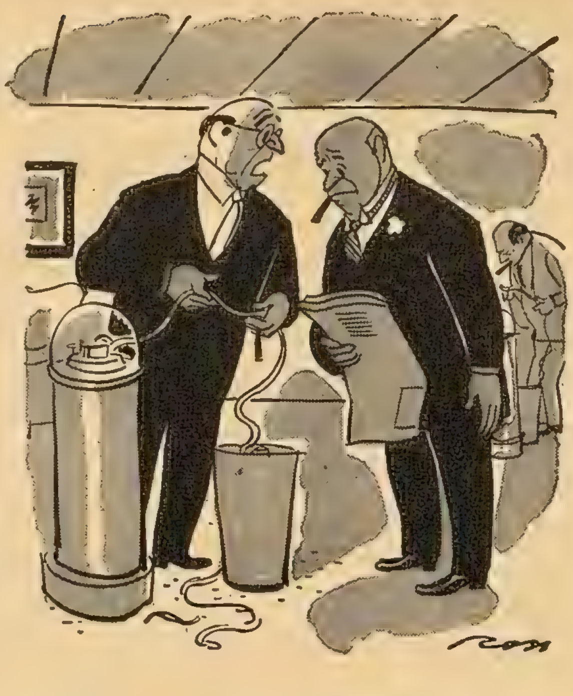
"Very well, young man," he said coldly, "you evidently intend to have her, and I vow it's good riddance. But not one cent of my money shall go to you two or your enterprises, Parker Garland, and I here and now declare your vehicle unsafe and out of the contest. It has burned up, anyhow."

THAT was fifteen years ago. Park and I often go to the foot of the Obelisk on summer evenings and watch the hundreds upon hundreds of horseless carriages go by. The East Drive is open to them now; they're called automobiles, the dashboards don't have whip sockets any more, and there's talk they'll soon have electric lights. Some have crossed the whole United States. Park says he'll never know how rich he'd be if I hadn't chased Grandpapa Blackwood with the phaeton and burned it up and called the general a poltroon. Park says if he'd kept grandpapa's backing, he'd be in mass production this minute, and a millionaire.

But I make him look beside us. There's Parker Junior, Hobart, Mary, Luck, Daisie, Wilfred, Winifred, Clifton, Peggy, John, and Little Abbie here in a row, and I say, "Mass production? Park Garland, have we produced or haven't we?"

"We have, and we're richer than Croesus, Eulalia darling," answers Park.

THE END



"All this one writes is, going down—ha-ha-ha—going down—ha-ha-ha!"

LIBERTY

WASHINGTON MURDER-GO-ROUND

Continued from Page 17

since." Ann Lyle, I saw, had no desire to discuss the Dudleys further. She put a hand on the intercom box and said, "Ever use one of these?"

"Oh, yes. Had one on my last job. Every time my boss yelled, it blasted my ear off."

"You won't hear any yells here. Mostly you'll get the private lunch-table conversation from the dining room upstairs. He's got the dining-room intercom built into a radio cabinet," she explained. "People think it's a radio and pay no attention. There's a sensitive mike that picks up even whispers anywhere in the room. You'll have to copy it all down in your office."

The thing gave me a feeling of repugnance. "Does that come under the head of journalism?"

"Garret's type of journalism."

"I don't see why—"

"He's got a reason," she said. "He doesn't trust facts and figures to his memory. On the other hand, if he takes notes at the table, or if he has a secretary sitting by with a memo pad, some people freeze up. They become self-conscious, guarded. This way, not knowing every word is being set down, they talk freely."

"Isn't it eavesdropping?"

"Why?" Ann Lyle spoke with loyalty. "We record only what people tell us of their own free will. What's wrong about that?"

"Well, it's still tricking his guests."

"Nuts! People know they're invited here to be pumped. But still they're glad to come. They want the support Ray Garret can give their causes. His column reaches ten million readers a day."

"All the same, it sounds unethical to hide a machine—"

"Look, Miss Hull." Ann Lyle's voice was gentle. "Certain facts of life you'd better know right now. Ray Garret has his own ways of getting information, and a lot of them you're not going to like. Just remember his column is called The Inside Story. He does his job in his own way. And if you want my advice, don't ever try to criticize his ethics. He's sensitive."

"My trouble," I said, "is that when I don't like a thing, I generally say so."

"In that case," Ann Lyle said, "you won't last here long."

JERRY CANNERTON called me from New York that night, at Mike's home. When I told him where I was working, he groaned.

"That's the guy you used to talk about!"

"Did I?" I said.

"Fran, what chance have *I* got?"

I laughed in a teasing way. "You've got your work, Jerry, and that nice little girl in your show—"

"Nuts to that. I'm going to write my head off, get my stuff ready a few weeks ahead, then come down there and grab you off."

I didn't believe it, of course. Jerry Cannerton always talked like that.

But within two weeks I wished somebody like Jerry would come and drag me away, because I had my first clash with Ray Garret's strange conception of ethics.

HE was walking back and forth in the study, dictating. Today he was discussing a row in the State Department.

"This nation can't afford to be stymied by personal feuds," he dictated. Then he stopped as the door opened. Eddie Lark looked in, his bulging blue eyes very big. Eddie was one of Ray Garret's two leg men, the newer one, having been on the job less than a month. He and Sam Ryker sniffed around Washington day and night for whatever information they could uncover. They foraged in government offices, in clubs, hotels, homes and bars.

"Sorry to bust in," Eddie said, "but I got something that'll lift you out of your pants!"

He came in and shut the door.

SELLING OUT
EVERYTHING MUST GO!
EVERYTHING MUST GO
SALE
TIES
Dick Ericson

"By the way, that includes you!"
LIBERTY

Though short and slight as a boy, he was past forty.

"Know who I got outside? A guy who works for Walter Evans Legrue!"

The name of Irene's husband must have jolted Ray. It certainly did me. Ray asked, "What does he want?"

"He's offering you Legrue's scalp —that's all!"

"Is that so? For how much?"

"Five hundred dollars!"

"Too cheap. But what's the story?"

Eddie Lark said, "It seems Legrue was hired to lobby for a Mexican cattle syndicate. These Mexicans want to see a law passed here that will allow Mexican dressed beef to be shipped into the United States."

"Old stuff," Ray said. "Luis Carazel heads the syndicate. I know."

"Sure, but did you know they've been handing out a lot of hot cash? The guy I got outside—Warren Bly, he's Legrue's file clerk—he says they authorized Legrue to slip fifty thousand dollars to any influential congressman he could get to sponsor such a bill and push it all the way through, with a ten-thousand-dollar down payment to said congressman the day the bill is offered to Congress. Could you ask for a nicer piece of criminal collusion?"

Ray frowned. "Too pat. I don't believe it."

Eddie Lark ignored that. "And you know who's got a Mexican beef bill pending, don't you? Your red-headed pal, Congressman Wilbur I. Rashton! Legrue paid him the ten thousand, Bly says."

Ray Garret looked hard at Eddie. "That's crazy," he said. "Rashton doesn't go for crooked money."

"There's proof that says different, Ray—documentary proof."

"Where?"

"In Legrue's files. His correspondence with the Mexican crowd. His reports to Luis Carazel. Every detail about how he bought Rashton."

THE stocky red-haired congressman was one of Ray's close personal friends. I liked him myself—a jovial sort of fellow, with intelligence behind his laughter.

"How did you get to Bly?"

"Oh, I've known him for months. The guy earns only forty a week, and he's got a wife to support. He says he can give me the whole Mexican file tomorrow night. For five hundred bucks."

"You ought to know better than to bring him here, Eddie," Ray said.

"But he wants to talk to *you*. He wants your word that you'll return the file to him as soon as you've made photostatic copies, so he can put it back."

"I see."

Ray Garret went to the window. For myself, I had a feeling of revulsion. The deal was too raw.

Ray looked out into the garden. It was secluded inside a high brick wall, the kind you can still find in Georgetown as a reminder of a more gracious era. Now, in November, the eucalyptus trees were barren and there were no flowers, but the garden preserved for the house all the charm and privacy it had known when it had been built in 1885.

When he turned back, his voice was flat. "Make the deal, Eddie. He gets the five hundred when he delivers."

I had a shock of disappointment.

"Aren't you going to talk to him?" Eddie asked. "It would make it a lot easier—"

"No. Get him out of here."

Eddie Lark hesitated, then went to the door. I started to follow him.

"Come back, Fran," Ray said.

I went back and sat down.

"What's the matter?" he said.

"Nothing."

"You look pale."

"It's just that I've been kicked," I said, "in the illusions."

His eyes turned to me, curious. "I believe you're shocked."

"This thing is horrible! I ought to keep my mouth shut, but I can't."

"What's horrible about it?"

"Getting a man to steal letters. Compounding a felony by buying them. And what for? To get out a column?"

He smiled. "I've never seen you angry before, Fran."

"Makes me sick," I said.

"Mike warned me you'd be outspoken."

"Does Mike know how you operate?"

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

LESSON IN PHYSICS

No matter how much push a person has, he'll find the going easier if he also has a little pull to go with it.—*Richard J. Bennett.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

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"No. I don't advertise my methods."

"How right you are!"

"Wait," he said. He dialed a number on the telephone. A moment later he was talking to Congressman Wilbur I. Rashton, asking him to come to lunch tomorrow. When he put the telephone down, he turned back to me.

"I don't want you to be unhappy here, Fran," he said. "Let's get a few things straightened out. Look. We stumble on evidence that the government is being swindled, that somebody is trying to buy a member of Congress. I don't believe for a second that Will Rashton took such money. But I *do* believe that crooked money may be lying around and that Legrue may be trying to use it in some way. We've got it in our hands to show up a crime and send a few crooks to jail. Isn't it my job, as a citizen as well as a reporter, to uncover the dirt?"

"You're confusing yourself with the F.B.I."

"Not at all. This won't be the first time I've bought information to make my column worth its keep. It performs a public service."

I said, "Are you sure you're not doing it this time because those letters happen to concern Walter Evans Legrue?"

Then I was sorry.

But it was too late. When he spoke again, Ray's voice was tired.

"To hell with making all these explanations," he said. "I don't owe them to anybody." He pointed to my note book. "Read back that last paragraph. Where was I? . . ."

SAM RYKER, the older of Ray's leg men, was in my office when I came out of the study. A long bony figure with melancholy eyes and wispy hair, he was reading a batch of Interior releases, but he gave me a quizzical glance.

I liked Sam. Where Eddie was excitable, he was phlegmatic. Where Eddie lived in a carefree way, without family or responsibilities, Sam was rooted in a family, with a pleasant wife and a lanky son in high school. He had started life as an instructor at some small Ohio college, but he'd come to Washington to try his hand at a newspaper career.

"You look upset," Sam said.

"I've had a run-in with ethics."

"Oh, that. You mean Eddie's deal?" He smiled. "Things like that have their value, Fran. Maybe you miss their point."

"Which is, I suppose, everything's all right if you don't get caught!"

"You're too cynical. Have you read the column the last year or so?"

I assured him I'd been a regular reader of The Inside Story.

"Well, then, add up the score." Sam tossed the releases to the desk. "For instance, there was that time Ray nailed a guy—a government employee—who'd made almost half a million crooked dollars in kickbacks, selling surplus property. And then there was that civilian working for the War Department who got twenty-five thousand for swinging a contract to some Midwest manufacturer. Remember that one?"

I conceded both triumphs in irritation.

Sam Ryker said, "How do you think Ray got his dope for all those exposures?"

"I can *see* now."

"It's done for the public good," Sam said, "and for the good of the column. Information is like any other commodity: you want it, you got to pay for it. I'll grant you this is an unusual case," he said. "Maybe it doesn't smell kosher, but you'll feel different when Ray shows up a bunch of crooks trying to corrupt a few gentlemen on the Hill."

HE went into the study, and I started typewriting. It's strange how your eyes and fingers can be occupied with one task while your mind works at another. I considered quitting the job. "If you don't believe in what you're doing," I told myself, "you ought to get out." But how can you cope with a situation by running away from it?

Besides, for all my sense of outrage, Ray Garret and his way of thinking fascinated me. He was a riddle I couldn't leave unsolved. Part of him was clear-thinking, hard-slugging reporter, and part seemed to be ruthless conniver.

During his lunch-table conversation with Congressman Rashton the next day, he didn't switch on the dining-room intercom. But I could see, when the red-haired Rashton left, that he was flushed and angry.

As he and Ray passed my office on the way to the outer door, the congressman said, "Even a *rumor* like that can ruin a man! I couldn't drag Legrue into court without starting a lot of talk!"

BASEBALL TODAY
ENTRANCE
BUS STOP
STALO

"Oh, excuse me, sir. I didn't realize I was blocking your view."

LIBERTY

"You can't do anything," Ray agreed. "We'll have to see what happens."

A few seconds later he came back, brisk. This was the day for his weekly cigarette-sponsored broadcast. We spent the afternoon in preparing it. Just before five, when I sat down to type the final script, the Dudleys came in.

Mrs. Dudley's trim little figure looked very nice in a blue wool dress; Nick Dudley, grinning at me, had his fingers at his plaid bow tie. The woman knocked at the study door before I could even rise.

"Yes?" Ray called.

She opened the door. "Hello," she said. "Busy? Can we come in?"

He seemed vaguely annoyed. "Yes, I am pretty busy," he said, and added, "didn't know you were back."

"Just got in. If we could have half a minute—"

"Well—come in."

She went into the study. Nick Dudley stopped at my desk and whispered, "Nice seeing you here."

Then he went on too, still fussing with the bow tie. He seemed nervous. He closed the door behind him.

WHILE I typed I could hear their voices dimly. I had got to the bottom of page two when Ray opened the door and pushed them gently out of his study.

"Talk to me about it tomorrow," he said. "I'm busy right now."

"But look," Nick Dudley said, "I promised them an answer in a day or two—"

"You can't expect me to make up my mind on a thing like this in a few seconds," Ray said.

"It's a chance of a lifetime—"

"It's fifteen thousand bucks," Ray said. "That's a lot of money."

"But look—"

"Talk to me tomorrow."

Ray Garret ushered them across my office, and as they went up the stairs, he came back, frowning. He didn't do more than glance at me, but it was a dark glance, angry; and then he went back into the study.

That evening I went to the studio with him. He liked to have me on hand with a portable typewriter for any last-minute changes the news of the day might make necessary. This time, however, there were no changes. He went on the air at ten, and by ten twenty-five we were in his car again, driving home in a November rainstorm.

"How did it go?" he asked.

"Perfect. I'll bet you molded a million opinions."

"I'll bet," he said, "I sold ten million cigarettes."

I sat in my corner of the seat, a green slicker buttoned up to the neck, my hands in its pockets. The portable typewriter lay between us.

As we approached Connecticut Avenue, I said, "Drop me at the Mayflower. I can pick up a cab."

He seemed startled. "Eddie will be bringing those letters tonight."

"I haven't forgotten."

(*Continued on page 82*)

What's new

in bathing suits that excite the eye... flatter the swimmer... add fun to the swim? Esther Williams and other luscious lovelies pose in the newest swim-abbreviations. DON'T miss this highlight of the 24 page picture section in the June 7th Liberty.

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(*Continued from page 80*)

“Don't you want to see them?”

“Only if you think I should.”

He considered. “We'll stop at the house. Let me have a look. Then I'll drive you home.”

That surprised me. “Why, thanks,” I said.

“You really ought to find a place in town.”

“I'm on the list of every real-estate agency in the book.”

“What do I have to do to make you stay at the house when you work late?” he asked. “Marry you?”

“That's right.”

He smiled. “We'd fight like hell,” he said. “You'd try to reform my ethics.”

“You bet I would!”

He laughed, and then was silent again. But I felt better.

When we turned into Ray's block, Eddie Lark's little car, a 1937 model, was already at the curb. The rain hammered on its top. We pulled in behind it. As I stepped out, my foot slid in mud, and I'd have fallen if I hadn't been holding to the door. Ray caught my arm. He held it tight for a second, till I had my footing. Then we went through the gate in the high brick wall.

But we didn't go far.

Halfway up the flagstone path Eddie Lark lay on the ground. We almost stumbled over him. He lay face down, arms stretched out.

The thing shocked all speech out of me. It wasn't until Ray had carried Eddie into the house, where I switched on the lights of the foyer, that we saw the terrible bruise on the side of his head.

“Get Dr. Teal!” Ray said.

MY nerves hammered as I ran to the phone. Dr. Teal lived only a few houses along the street. When I finished talking to him, I hurried to Ray's bedroom in the rear of the lower floor. He had put Eddie on the bed.

“If he had those letters with him,” Ray said, “they're gone! They're not in his pockets. Will you look in the garden?”

So I ran out again, switching on the door light. The only thing I could find was Eddie Lark's hat.

When I went back, I found Ray sitting on the edge of the bed. A bottle of whisky stood on the floor. He was pouring some of the liquor into Eddie's mouth. The little man groaned, winced in pain.

“This is *something,*” Ray said.

“Maybe,” I whispered—“maybe he didn't *get* the letters tonight.”

Eddie opened his eyes and looked around in a daze. When he saw Ray, he started to speak.

“Damn him!” Eddie moaned. “Oh, damn him!”

“Who did it?”

“I— don't know! He”—Eddie drew a hand across his eyes—“he must've been—behind the tree—”

“You didn't see anybody?”

“No.”

“Did you have the letters on you?”

“I'll give you everything a girl could want—roasts, stews, soups, pastries—”

LIBERTY

“Sure! I got the whole file from Warren Bly.” Remembering, Eddie opened his eyes wide in sudden horror. “They *gone?*”

“Yes.”

“Holy smokes!”

The doorbell rang. I hurried out to admit white-haired Dr. Teal, and as I led him back to the bedroom I saw Solomon coming down the stairs. Solomon's black face became frightened at the sight of the physician. He must have heard the bell, for he was tying a bathrobe over his pajamas. Now he followed us.

“Well!” the doctor said. “How did *this* happen?”

Ray answered, “He slipped in the mud. Fell on the flagstones.”

I PARTED my lips in amazement. Then I understood. To tell the truth would mean the story would be relayed to the police. Dr. Teal would *have* to report being called on a case of criminal assault. And if the police were informed they'd want to know why the attack had happened. Ray Garrett couldn't afford to explain. He couldn't involve himself and the column in a matter of buying stolen letters.

Watching the doctor work over Eddie, I felt grim. I could have dispelled the whole fraud with a word, but I knew I wouldn't. Once I glanced behind me. Hannah, the huge housekeeper, had joined us.

When Dr. Teal finished bathing and dressing Eddie's bruise, he rose. “The gash is pretty deep,” he said, “but he'll be all right.”

Eddie asked, “Will it be O.K. for me to go home, doc, after I rest a while?”

“No reason you shouldn't.” Dr. Teal turned to Ray. “I'd get him into some dry clothes first. He's soaked.”

Ray crossed the room to open a closet. He took a suit out, put it on the chair. It was going to be far too large for Eddie, but it would have to do. I was standing near a chest of drawers, and Ray said to me, “Will you throw out some underwear? Second drawer.”

So I opened the drawer while Ray went out of the room with the doctor. Solomon came in to help change Eddie's clothes. I picked up underwear, started to hand it to him—then checked myself, staring at something in a corner of the drawer. It was a revolver. An ugly little weapon, black and squat.

Seeing my surprise, Solomon grinned. “Don't let that gun worry you none, Miss Hull,” he said. “Mr. Garret never uses it.”

I shut the drawer, gave him the underwear. “You take care of Mr. Lark,” I said. And going out of the room, I had the feeling that the more you learned about Ray Garret's type of journalism and its hazards, the more bewildering it became.

He was calling good night to the doctor as the outer door closed. No doubt I should have called a taxi and gone home—it was almost eleven thirty. Yet I wasn't ready to leave. Too much was happening.

A SMALL mirror hung inside a closet door. I was in front of it, fluffing my damp hair, when Ray came in to the office.

“Wouldn't surprise me,” he said, “if Warren Bly has those letters.”

First it seemed incongruous. But then, as he explained, the incongruity vanished. Warren Bly knew Eddie would come here with the file. He already had his five hundred dollars, and this was hardly the sort of affair anyone would be likely to report to the police. Why not retrieve the correspondence and replace it before Legrue discovered it was gone? That would give Bly a feeling of security, plus the cash.

I began to see it required a certain type of mentality to cope with a situation of this sort.

Ray went off to Eddie and I waited, thinking. In a few minutes Hannah and Solomon glanced in to say good night before going up to their top-floor room. By this time, I supposed, Eddie must be dressed. So I started for the bedroom.

The doorbell stopped me.

Because I'd never before stayed quite so late, I didn't know whether visits at this hour were commonplace in the home of Ray Garret. I opened the door.

A heavy-set man stood in the rain. His hands were in the pockets of a brown topcoat. Under the rim of his hat I could see graying hair. He was big, with a senatorial dignity about him. He had a straight, hard mouth, and there was an orator's clang in his voice.

“Mr. Garret home?”

“Why, yes,” I said. “May I have your name?”

“Walter Evans Legrue.”

To be continued in the next issue.

THREE FOR THE MONEY

Continued from Page 31

member how Kentucky breeders, with a full century of race horses behind them, smiled at the notion.

Of all the horses of the American turf, none was fleeter or more willing than Domino, a racer of the '90s celebrated in his time as the "Black Whirlwind." No line has done better in the stud, as is proved by such great performers as Equipoise and Bimelech and Commando and Pennant and Blue Larkspur and Colin and countless others. So it was Domino on which Mr. Kleberg fixed as the basis of his line breeding of race horses.

For his stallions he got Equestrian, by Equipoise, four equine generations down from Domino. And he got the Derby winner Bold Venture, whose dam was a great-granddaughter of Domino. Kentucky would have none of Equestrian, because he had raced so little that his class was not proved; and Kentucky had had Bold Venture for years and was quite ready to turn him loose.

Kleberg took them off to Texas and began bringing the blood of Domino back to them. Bold Venture, from a mare by Equipoise, got Assault. Equestrian, from another mare directly descended from Domino, got Stymie. Texas has produced good horses before, but never two like these. If the Kleberg breeding theory isn't sound, the burden of proof is on the opposition.

STYMIE, indifferent as a two-year-old, just fair at three, and a great distance-running champion at four and five, has developed a high-headed slow-starting way of racing that is still characteristic. More often than not he runs last of all through the first six furlongs, then goes to the outside for a sustained sweeping rush that few horses can withstand. And the faster he goes the higher he carries his head. When he cuts loose around the upper turn, he's a heart-lifting sight.

At his peak he comes to a crackling vitality, a physical fitness that even the best horses seldom match. He becomes almost unbearable to his handlers, wanting to rear, to play, to strike, to do anything to ease the pressure of the tremendous energy that has been built up in him.

Assault's history was a little different. He was a better two-year-old than Stymie, and he was last year's acknowledged three-year-old champion. At Jamaica in April, 1946, he started a march which carried him past Gallant Fox's 16-year-old record for earnings in a single season. The Experimental, the Wood, the Derby fell like ripe plums, the latter won with a triumphant surge that brought him to the finish eight lengths in front.

The Preakness and the Belmont Stakes rounded out the American Triple Crown for him, and the Dwyer was another brilliant victory. Nothing could run with him, it seemed, and most of the leading three-year-olds stopped trying. The rich midsummer three-year-old races seemed at his mercy.

Then, in the Classic Stakes at Arlington Park, Assault met a stunning defeat. He went well enough in the early furlongs, but when Warren Mehrtens set him down, he faltered, struggled briefly, and fell back to finish last. The next day investigation showed an acid condition in his system, evidently caused by faulty elimination. It was September before he ran again.

FOR a while it seemed the golden thread was broken, for he was beaten four straight times. These were all legitimate defeats. He was usually giving weight to the winner, and always was second or third. Just the same, these defeats took the bloom from the colt's reputation. Then on October 26 came the Gallant Fox Handicap, with $75,000 in the purse.

Up to this point Assault had stuck rather closely to races for three-year-olds, and Stymie had of course been in the older division, being six. But in the late fall the barriers go down, and the three-year-olds and the older horses race together.

The Gallant Fox wasn't supposed to be Assault's race, or Stymie's either. George D. Widener's Lucky Draw had come up to it from a smashing series of seven victories, in six of which he had set new track records, and in the Narragansett Special he had equaled the world record for 13/16 miles. He started at odds of three to four.

This was the public's doing. Horsemen felt a bit differently.

Came the race and out went Lucky Draw in a blistering duel with Speeding Home. Assault was in good position a few lengths behind them, and Stymie was galloping along tenth in a field of eleven. With five furlongs to go, Lucky Draw shook off the speedster, and as he did so Assault moved to the attack. For perhaps a furlong it was hammer-and-tongs, and then Lucky Draw reached the end of his tether and fell away. But Stymie was rushing now, and around the welter of silks on Jamaica's turn you could see the salmon-pink colors—circling, circling. Then Stymie was clear of the others and was charging Assault. He beat the three-year-old in a dozen strides and pulled clear, and was only galloping at the end, having set a track record of his own for the 13 furlongs. Assault, spent in the attempt to hold Stymie, yielded second place to the Argentine-bred Rico Monte.

This seemed conclusive, since Stymie was giving Assault five pounds by the scale. But it didn't convince Bob Kleberg. "Mehrtens started with him over there," he

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said, pointing to the five-furlong pole. "Why should he run down Lucky Draw when Lucky Draw was going to stop anyway? If he'd waited to move with Stymie it would have been different."

So when Assault came out against Stymie in the weight-for-age Pimlico Special on November 1, the brown jacket with the white "running W" was worn by the nation's top jockey, Eddie Arcaro.

"Look," Max Hirsch told him, "this horse can beat Stymie at any distance. Never mind those other horses. You watch Stymie. When James makes his move on Stymie, you move with him. Stymie will outrun you for an eighth of a mile, but no more. After that, he's yours."

The other two starters, Turbine and Bridal Flower, went off together. Arcaro let them draw a full 15 lengths away, while Assault was galloping easily, 4 or 5 lengths ahead of Stymie. They went along that way for a full 6 furlongs, and the leaders began coming back. Assault closed on them gradually, merely because they were tiring, and Stymie was still waiting with that prodigious run of his. He cut it loose going into the far turn. He closed on Assault, but Arcaro waited till the blazed face was at his saddle girth. Then, with less than a quarter mile to go, he asked Assault for the finish run that had won the Triple Crown. Down the upper stretch the two came almost together, Assault always slightly in the lead, and inside the furlong pole Arcaro and Assault came triumphantly away, winning by six lengths.

THE Westchester Handicap, on November 9, was to have provided a third meeting between the two, but just before it Stymie got a knot on one of his fore cannons. It was trivial in itself, though very sore, and Jacobs reluctantly withdrew the horse. Assault, again with Arcaro up, ran down Lucky Draw in the upper stretch and won without difficulty. Stymie went to Virginia to spend the winter turned out at Jack Skinner's farm at Middleburg, and Assault went south to rest at Columbia, South Carolina.

So the big one—the rubber meeting—is yet to come. The Pimlico Special may have proved that Assault can handle Stymie every time at 1 3/16 miles. But whether he can do it at longer distances—whether he can unloose that burst after going 1¼ miles—still has to be proved. Stymie can, we know. And in the Special, Arcaro was able to disregard the others. In the big handicap this year Assault will have others to beat besides Stymie. If he ever lets Armed get 15 lengths ahead of him, he'll never find which way Armed went. The problem of staying close enough to the leaders to catch them, and still saving a run to match Stymie's finishing power, is going to tax even Arcaro's skill.

THE END

Woman-Talk

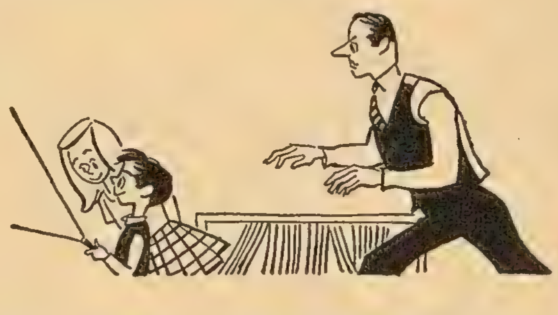
BY MARGARET FISHBACK

ASSORTED FASHION SHOWS: Three smart girls from the golden West came East not long ago and staged an unusual fashion show in New York. They were Elsie and Louise Frankfurt, and their married sister Edna Ravkind, from Dallas, Texas, whose "Page Boy" maternity clothes were appropriately shown at the Stork Club. Their business started back in 1938 after Edna with a baby en route, got so depressed by the maternity wear offered her, that Sister Elsie designed a dress for her which was so successful, other ladies-dressing-for-two clamored for copies. "Page Boy" clothes feature such clever devices as the Mandarin jacket, with neck outlined in gold braid to create "above-the-table" interest, drawstring waistlines hidden by accordian pleats and sashes, and stripes manipulated so as to create an optical illusion of slenderness. . . . A spring collection by Hermes of Paris was shown to the press at the Prince Matchabelli Crown Room. The occasion was the introduction of the new Prince Matchabelli lipstick color, "Paris Original," a rich rosy shade featured in many of the Hermes creations. Among them was a red corduroy velveteen jerkin that buttoned onto a soft blue linen dress. Another ingenious fashion was the three-tiered full-length coat that converted into a three-quarter length job by zipping off the bottom tier, which then amiably became a hood. . . . A collection of new cosmetics and party dresses for debutantes was shown at a luncheon in the Hotel Pierre's Cotillion Room. Bona fide debutantes, instead of professional models, wore the flatteringly feminine gowns designed by Ceil Chapman, to launch Daggett & Ramsdell's new line of "Debutante" beauty preparations, modestly priced, and especially prepared for young women between the ages of sixteen and twenty-nine.

MAN OF THE HOUR: It's not too early to start shopping for Father's Day, Sunday, June 15. Yardley offers a gift set he's bound to enjoy every morning—it contains a shaving bowl filled with quick-lathering soap, and lavender-scented after-shaving lotion. . . . Dad may have considerable difficulty keeping the new small-size Bright Star flashlight for himself. "Starlet" comes in jolly colors, is six inches long, and proves that flashlights need not be bulky to be useful.

YOUNG AT 89: The Young Women's Christian Association is 89 years old this year. The Y.W. is the oldest and largest international organization of women, and has affiliates in 69 countries. Women of 30 countries will receive leadership training and education for citizenship through the Round-the-World YWCA Reconstruction Fund Campaign for $2,100,000. Adults all over Europe are worried over the plight of their teen-agers. Taught that it was patriotic to lie and cheat and steal during the war, in order to outwit the enemy, the children cannot understand now the need to return to normal moral standards. Contributions to the Round-the-World YWCA Reconstruction Fund may be made through local YWs or through National Headquarters, 600 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. 22.

DANGER! KEEP OUT! One of the wisest of all pediatricians advised: "Never put anything into Baby's ear smaller than your elbow." In other words, don't probe for wax or dust with match sticks, even though well wrapped in cotton.



IT'S BEEN NICE KNOWING YOU

And now this correspondent sends
A fond farewell to all her friends
Who've dutifully read this column
Through years that ranged from gay to solemn.
We've coped with war and peace together,
And sparred with rationing and weather,
And shortages, and baby-rearing,
And found the skirmishes endearing.
My five-year-old, who's capered through
These pages, likewise wishes you
Good luck, both worldly and ethereal
Complete with sugar for your cereal!

BIG SPLASH

Continued from Page 41

If Billy Rose had difficulty in persuading Esther to be a star, Louis B. Mayer had greater difficulty. Agent Johnny Hyde was commissioned to talk business with her. He persisted for a year, finally persuaded her to meet Mr. Mayer.

Mayer was disarmingly nice. Esther raised her objections: She couldn't act; she didn't want to be hurried into a picture; and finally, if she did accept, she wanted $250 a week. Mayer met one objection after the other and Esther signed a seven-year contract.

There began a period of grooming for stardom. Esther was taught diction, how to walk, sit, dance. One day she was swimming at the Beverly Hills Hotel pool when she received a phone call that Mr. Mayer wanted to see her *right away*. Esther, her hair wet, no make-up on, and wearing sweater and slacks, raced over to M-G-M to meet — Clark Gable. He wanted to make a test with her. "I can't act!" wailed Esther. "A girl who looks like you doesn't have to!" grinned Gable.

When the test was run off, L. B. was enthusiastic. Esther was told she would be Gable's leading lady.

"I don't think I'm ready to be Mr. Gable's leading lady," Esther insisted stubbornly. So, instead of Gable, she was teamed with Mickey Rooney.

TODAY, Esther still doesn't think she is an actress, but she is working at it. She learned to dance a professional samba for Easy to Wed; and she sings.

But her marriage could not survive so great a divergence of interests. After four years, she and Dr. Kovner were divorced.

In private life Esther wears no make-up except lipstick. Year round, she is a beautiful coppery tan. Her hair is a natural brown, her eyebrows unplucked. Today, married to personable 6'5" Ben Gage, she declares comfortably, "I've found my guy." Ben is a radio announcer and singer for the Meredith Wilson and other shows.

They are both home people. They like to work on their English-style two-story house in Pacific Palisades. The one Hollywood touch is a swimming pool, but that's a training necessity with Esther.

Esther is a delight to Irene, head designer for M-G-M. Her unstuffed charms delight sports writers. And script writers? Well, before an eagle-eyed clerk discovered the happy possibilities of the wording, the original script of Esther's next picture innocently read:

"FADE IN:

"The girl [Esther] is a sensation on the beach wearing a pair of shorts and a string of pearls."

We should think *so!*

THE END

NORTHERN LIGHTS— MADE IN AKRON

Continued from Page 23

to Akron to see if it would work. I found that big rigid airships, with sufficiently great range and carrying capacity to make them suitable for polar exploration, are on the drafting boards of the engineers at the Goodyear Aircraft Corporation. The first one can be launched within two years of the receipt of an order backed by hard cash. Sister ships can then be turned out at the rate of one a year.

The men of Akron believe in airships. They never lost faith during the dark years when, due to the avoidable loss of the experimental navy airships Shenandoah, Akron, and Macon, and the burning of the hydrogen-filled Hindenburg, the public put airships in the same class as Darius Green's flying machine.

Clearly it was uneconomic, to put it mildly, to build your airship first and then see if it worked. Even the most careful calculations could not foresee all the possibilities; it was necessary to make actual tests. Since the days of the Romans, men have used models to try out new devices. But there had never been a reliable method of testing model airships.

The problem was to simulate the effect of an air current or gust on a 950-foot gasbag. These gusts can toss an airplane 1,000 feet up in a few seconds. In an airship, the greatest strain is experienced when the forward portion is being struck by a gust while the stern is still in comparatively static air. Turbulent air, combined with inexpert handling, broke the Shenandoah in two and ripped the stabilizing fin off the Macon.

Dr. Karl Arnstein led his engineering force to attack the problem. They worked out a three-phase program in conjunction with the Guggenheim Airship Institute in Akron and the Bureau of Aeronautics under the sponsorship of the U. S. Navy. First, a model airship was hitched to a whirling arm and swung over the blast from an open-end wind tunnel. This answered some questions, but it was not precise enough. Second, an articulated water-borne model was devised, held rigid by springs and powered by an electric motor. The model was started in still water in a special model tank at the Guggenheim Institute and sent through a controlled-speed crosscurrent. This simulated the effect of an airship moving from static air into a gust. Scribers recorded the amount of stress at varying speeds by measuring the relative angle movements, and these were translated into the equivalent of stresses for a full-size airship.

The third step was to build a model airship frame 18 feet long by 3 feet in diameter at the Goodyear

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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

laboratories. Forces similar to those of the gusts were applied to this frame, and minute measurements of the distortion produced were made by reading rotating mirrors attached to the miniature girders. In this way the engineers learned how much strength they had to build into the full-scale girders. Other experiments included the application of stress to a large model gas-cell bag and to full-scale sections of frame, and the use of an ingenious resonance fatigue machine for testing the endurance of different alloys.

ARMED with this knowledge, the engineers went to work on the designs for the big airships which, if the navigators have their way, will sail on Arctic voyages of discovery. They will be 950 feet long, with a displacement of 300 tons and a capacity of 10,000,000 cubic feet of helium—about one third more than the hydrogen capacity of the Hindenburg. Use of new alloys and new designs in the girders will give 70 per cent more strength for the same weight as those used in prewar ships. The gas cells will be made of fortisan rayon proofed with neoprene, weighing only 4 ounces per square yard, as against 6 ounces for the goldbeater's skin formerly used. This new material is 50 per cent stronger than the other and its diffusion (gas leakage) is virtually zero, which means that helium can remain in the cells for about two years before it has to be purified. The outer covering, of fortisan rayon doped with an improved acetate preparation, is equally superior to the doped cotton formerly used, and in addition its slick surface will cut down skin friction. Filled with noninflammable helium, their engines using difficult-to-ignite fuel oil, these ships will be almost fireproof. They will be able to carry up to 100 tons of useful load, and stay aloft for a month.

The new ships are expected to attain a speed of 90 mph, aided by improved engine and propeller design. The use of stern propulsion may lift the speed to about 100 mph. This design, still in the experimental stage, calls for two 40-foot counterrotating propellers mounted at the stern. They would be built like helicopter rotors and might be powered by Diesel-electric engines. The electric motors would be mounted as far aft as possible, and the Diesels would be placed forward of amidships to distribute the weight.

The tentative plans for opening the polar routes are being worked out with due consideration for the technical difficulties. It is proposed to base the first exploration airships on mooring masts in northern Canada, possibly at Churchill, the railhead on Hudson Bay. From there they could range the entire polar region, remaining on station for three or four weeks at a time. They are expected to carry numerous scientists and all the necessary equipment for continued and accurate observation of the virtually unknown meteorological and electrical phenomena of the Arctic. Their powerful engines can supply current for all the needed electronic gadgets. In addition, they can land shore-based parties, equipped with helicopters and all the bulky paraphernalia for their observations, anywhere in the Arctic.

When their work of exploration is done and the polar skyways are established, the ships will be used as lightships of the air, guiding the air liners across the Arctic wastes by radio. As one enthusiast said, "We may hang one over the pole itself and then everyone will know the true north."

OPERATING airships under Arctic conditions presents certain problems, but none that is insoluble. Air Force experience in Alaska and the Aleutians taught us many things that will come in handy. Airships actually become more efficient in polar weather, because the density of the cold air gives them more lift. They will be strong enough to ride out the storms of the Arctic front, and behind that front, over the pole itself, is a comparatively stable air mass, ideal for their operation. Airships have been successfully operated under rigorous winter conditions by both the Germans and ourselves. Twenty years ago the little semirigid Norge carried Roald Amundsen, Lincoln Ellsworth, and Umberto Nobile safely across the North Pole, while in 1931 the Graf Zeppelin made a successful trip in the Arctic. Electrical manifestations will not affect the ships themselves, as the frames will be bonded against them. Many hydrogen-filled airships have been struck by lightning without exploding.

The principal problem of Arctic operation is an overload of snow or ice. When an airship is in motion the airstream prevents snow from accumulating on its envelope, and icing conditions may be avoided by a change of altitude. It is when a ship is moored to a mast in the open that it faces the danger of a heavy snowfall in still air, putting a backbreaking load on its 950-foot hull. The navy is experimenting with two methods of combating snow load. One is by covering the top of the envelope with huge electric pads. The other is a hot-air jet attached to the mooring mast. Both methods promise success.

"For goodness' sake, stop fidgeting around!"

LIBERTY

Rear Admiral T. G. W. (Tex) Settle, who heads Navy Lighter than Air, gives the polar project wholehearted support. Admiral Settle knows what he is talking about. Ever since 1923, when he was ordered to the Shenandoah, then operating at Lakehurst, he has been with the big gasbags continuously except for such interludes as his command of the U. S. S. Portland in the final offensive against Japan in 1944-45. Only two men have flown higher than he, for in 1933 a navy-sponsored stratosphere balloon carried him to the then altitude record of 61,200 feet. Nor does cold weather worry him. He deliberately trained his body to ignore it, and daily walks to his office in winter without an overcoat.

LOOKING through the big windows of his office at Lakehurst Field, dominated by the huge airship docks, Admiral Settle talked with the enthusiasm of conviction.

"Our airships would be like the weather ships that the United Nations maintain in the Atlantic," he said. "We should like to have at least six stations in the Arctic, each manned by two airships, one constantly on station, the other going back for servicing and supplies. Those ships would be stationed either in the Arctic front, where the storms that sweep the Northern Hemisphere have their genesis, or beyond that front in the stable polar air mass. They would broadcast weather reports to all nations, from which the meteorologists could forecast the weather far more accurately than now, with tremendous savings to people everywhere.

"At the same time those ships would serve as beacons to the commercial planes and airships of all nations using the polar routes. And if a plane went down, they would be on hand to rescue the survivors.

"Later, we envision establishing ground-based loran stations in inaccessible spots that only airships could reach. These loran groups consist of a master station and a number of so-called 'slave' stations situated some hundreds of miles apart. Airships could take in the whole installation. Then they would be used to bring supplies and personnel to the master station, from which these would be forwarded to the 'slave' stations by helicopter.

"In time of war or international tension, the airships would become sentinels guarding our long, undefended Arctic frontier. Their radar would pick up the approach of hostile aircraft or rockets, and warn our defenses before they struck our industrial centers."

The admiral said some of the airships would probably be lost to airplane attack or homing missiles, but not before they had flashed the vital warning. "If we had had airships off Oahu," he said, "Pearl Harbor could not have happened. We don't want the next war to start with a 'New York Harbor.' "

He explained that airships in an offensive role would provide splendid launching platforms for guided missiles. Steady as a rock in the air, they could discharge an earth-shaking salvo of huge rockets 1,000 miles from enemy country, and make off at 80 knots before the enemy fighter defenses could reach them.

Like all lighter-than-air enthusiasts, Admiral Settle believes that airships have a commercial future because of their superior efficiency in long nonstop flights. "And if uranium is found in Antarctica," he said, "airships could be the pack horses to bring it out."

IT is significant that the Russians, with their vast distances subject to bad flying weather and their long Arctic frontier, are intensely interested in airships. They are the only other country that has an adequate supply of helium. At present they have two good-sized experimental airships, the Victory and the Patriot.

The Russians are also vitally interested in Arctic meteorology. They maintain a chain of weather stations within the Arctic front in Siberia, from which broadcasts are made available to the whole world. They may be expected to play their part in opening the polar skyways.

In fact, the three great wartime allies, Russia, Britain, and the United States, border the whole perimeter of the Arctic. The sponsors of the polar exploration project feel that it should be carried out by these nations, together with others that stand to benefit by it. It should be a joint international project, like the North Atlantic weather ships which are sponsored by nine nations.

As to America's part, Mr. Atwater says, "The ability to build and operate big airships is part of the natural resources of our country. We should utilize those resources we *now* possess to help solve the vital problem of polar navigation."

So far, this project is only in the idea stage; but it may not be many years before the passengers on the New York-Shanghai air liner will crowd to the windows to see the great polished hull of the Western Range Lightship glistening in the frosty starlight as she cruises slowly on station at 89° north latitude.

THE END

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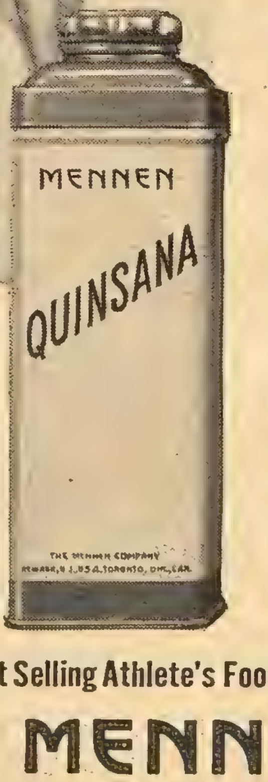

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MENNEN QUINSANA

OUT OF THE DARK

Continued from Page 34

spurn the very ground he stood on.

Just before noon Jud Aiken saw his son come out of the small ravine half choked by wild plum thicket, driving before him a dozen fat steers. Aiken put his horse into a gallop and came up to David at the precise moment when an old steer who had weathered many round-ups attempted to break back to the safety of the thicket. Aiken's trained pony put him alongside the animal and, snapping his trailing rope, he drove him back among his fellows. He glanced at David. Their eyes met and David smiled. A surge of pleasure went through Aiken, and to hide it he frowned and murmured, "You have to watch those old-timers. He's pulled that same trick before."

The smile faded from David's lips and he said shortly, "Yes, sir."

It needed all of Aiken's lifelong habit of restraint to keep him from riding close beside David and putting a hand on his shoulder. Instead he asked gruffly, "How many did you find?"

"I don't know. Maybe twenty."

"That's all right," Jud said.

"This little old mare's no good. If I had the line-back I could bring in as many as the others do."

"Forget about the line-back," Jud said sharply. "He's a bad horse. I'll have one of the men ride him before you climb on."

David's head jerked up. "I can ride my own horses."

Aiken started to reply, then halted. After a moment he said, "I won't tell you not to ride that horse, but I wish you wouldn't. He's five years old and he hasn't got a saddle mark on him. You know what that means."

"Yes, sir," David replied stubbornly, "but I can ride him."

UNEASINESS stayed in Aiken's mind as they made their way toward the day's camp. He kept thinking about the line-back.

At the new camp Vance Felton glanced up as they rode in, strolled over to David's mare and began loosening the girth. "See you use a center-fire," he said, man-to-man fashion. "Never did care for them fancy double cinches myself. They're all right for nesters and suchlike, but top hands use center-fire."

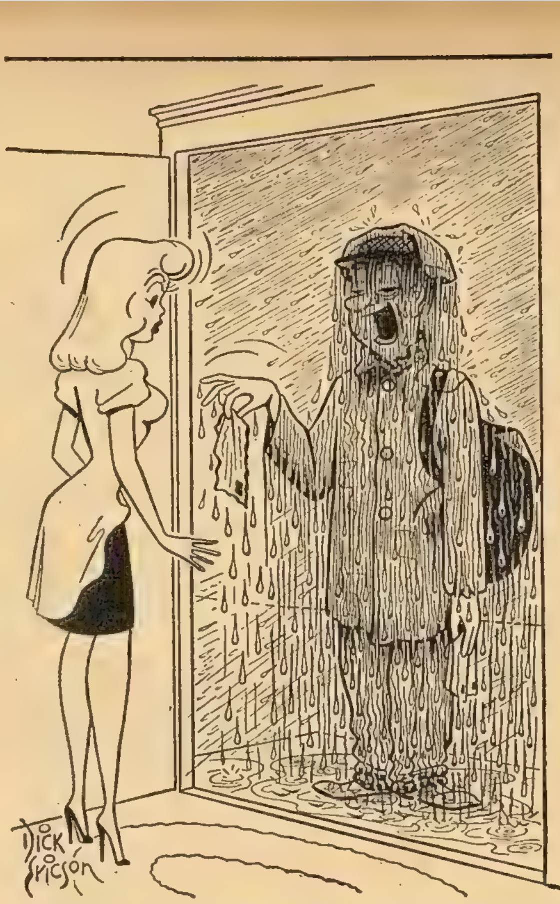
They walked together toward the rope corral where the sorrel stood with his noble head lifted proudly. Aiken gazed after them. He heard Felton say in the friendliest voice, "Like to ride him sometime?"

"Sure would," David said.

"Well, we'll let him rest today and then maybe you can try him out. Cook tells me you're honin' to ride the line-back."

"I can stay with him," David said.

"Sure you can," Felton replied, putting his hand on David's shoulder. "Well, we'll see."



"Neither rain nor snow and all that sort of thing . . . ."

LIBERTY

During the noon meal at the chuck wagon Jud ignored Felton, but he could not help observing the pleasure David took in this stranger's apparent sympathetic understanding. Once Aiken heard him whisper, "Would a regular rider hobble his stirrups in a tough ride?"

"No-o-o," Felton replied judiciously. "I don't think he would. Don't give a bronc much chance for his alley, looks like."

"I wouldn't hobble mine," David said.

"I didn't guess you would—the kind of feller you are."

Aiken saw with a stab of pain the flush of pleasure that came into David's face. It was clear that the boy was drawn to Felton.

That afternoon, as he rode slowly along the twisting course of the Goose, he knew if he should lose David, nothing would be left in life for him.

Coming into camp near dusk, he saw that supper was over. Some activity was going on near the rope corral. The hands were grouped there, staring eagerly at the milling horses. At that moment he saw David. The boy was moving in and out among the swirling pack, the loop of his rope trailing behind him. Suddenly it flicked out and fell in a perfect circle about the neck of the blocky buckskin with the dark line running down the center of his back. As the noose tightened, the animal reared, its forefeet fighting the air. Even as Aiken swung down from his saddle, Felton stepped into the corral, grasped the rope from David's hand and began moving forward calmly toward the pony. The buckskin stood quietly, his legs spread wide, trembling with apprehension. "Been handled before," Felton murmured to David. "Knows too much to fight a rope. He's an old hand."

Aiken spoke then: "David, come here."

The boy turned. He dropped the end of the rope which he was still holding, and came out of the corral. "Yes, sir?"

"It's getting on to dark," Aiken said quietly. "If you're figuring on riding him, maybe you'd better wait till morning."

A quick smile broke over David's face. "All right," he said. "I'll try him then."

AFTER the hands and David had rolled into their tarps, Aiken sat staring into the dying fire. Across from him Felton crouched on his heels. Aiken spoke suddenly: "You're after something, Vance. You want to see the boy break his back on that outlaw? I think you put him up to it."

"No," Felton said gravely. "But I got sense enough to know that you can't stop him from doin' a thing if he wants to bad enough. Looks like you ought to know that, too."

"You're after something," Aiken repeated. "What is it?"

Felton said, "I'm ridin' out in the morning. Before I go you'll know why I came."

He rose and started to move out of the circle of light toward his rolled-up sugan. "Wait, Vance," Aiken said sharply. "Maybe I'd better tell you. If you try putting any ideas into David's head, it wouldn't be like the other time. I'd kill you, sure."

Felton stood looking down at him, a slight smile on his lips.

Stars were still in the sky when Aiken awoke. Before throwing back the tarp, he felt beneath his rolled-up coat and brought out his gun. He spun the cylinder, making certain that all the chambers were filled. Then, dressing quickly in the morning chill, he slipped the weapon through the waistband of his trousers inside his shirt.

Breakfast was eaten in almost complete silence. David's face reflected the excitement that was shaking him.

When, with an attempt at studied indifference, he walked to his saddle and took down the rope coiled against the pommel, Felton said, "Let me have your rope, Davie."

Wonderingly the boy surrendered it. Felton sauntered over to the corral where the wrangler had penned the horses to be used that day. Felton moved lightly, delicately, among the scrambling animals. The buckskin, wary and full of guile, waited until another pony was between them, then made a dash to regain the safety of the swirling group. Suddenly, with the barest flick of his wrist, Felton made his cast and the loop dropped over the buckskin's head. The pony stopped as though pinned in his tracks and stood trembling as Felton fashioned a hackamore and led him out of the enclosure.

David came forward then, carrying his saddle by the pommel, the blanket beneath his arm. Felton shook his head gently. "Will you get *my* saddle for me, Davie? You see, boy, I'm leavin' today and I'd like for you to do me a favor. I want you to let me top off this hay bailer before I go. I guess you'd do that, wouldn't you, for a friend?"

David retreated a step. There was a hurt look in his eyes, and Felton added softly, "I ain't got much time, Davie. But I reckon you'll let me do this, won't you?"

David turned then and came back a moment later bearing Felton's saddle and bridle. "Just the saddle, Davie," Felton murmured. "I'll use the hackamore. I want to whip this line-back fair and square."

THE pony trembled as Felton eased the saddle down upon him. He did not rear or fight back as the cinch was tightened, and only the quivering of his legs betrayed the terror that was in him.

When the saddle was in place, Felton turned to the curious cowboys who had drawn close, absorbed in the technique to which they gave professional attention. "I won't need no hazin'," he said. "This is goin' to be a wide-open ride."

Suddenly his foot found the stirrup and with a single fluid motion he swung into the saddle. The pony made no move but stood with his legs widespread. Felton leaned forward and fanned him lightly across the head with his broad-brimmed hat.

It was as if this were the signal, a seemingly necessary preliminary to the drama to follow. The line-back's head dropped, a high-pitched anguished scream burst from him, and in the same split second he shot into the air, landing with his head and four feet so close together that they could have been contained in a basket. With each leap during the next few moments he gave vent to that hoarse blatting scream. There was something demoniac in the cry. One of the hands murmured, "Gentlemen, hush. This looks like a killin' —not a ride."

The fight required only a few square yards of earth. It was as if the animal was aware that he had no energy to waste in useless action. He went straight into the air and came down almost in the tracks he had left. And each time he touched the ground he did so with a jarring impact that snapped Felton's head back and forth.

It was not until it seemed that bone and sinew could endure no more that the line-back suddenly adopted a new method of attack. He allowed himself to fall as if to land on his side, only to regain his feet at the last possible instant. "Sunfishin'," one of the hands murmured admiringly. "I never seen no better." The only sounds were the thud of feet hitting the hard earth, the slap and creak of saddle leather, and the sobbing grunts from the crazed animal. As Aiken's searching gaze swung to Felton's face, he saw that blood was streaming from his nose and mouth, that his lips were contorted with pain. One of the men whispered softly, "I guess he's about through."

But the rider was not beaten. He began to grab for the quirt which hung from a thong at the saddle pommel. When it came free at last, he lashed the buckskin across the neck and withers. Once, as the frantic animal reared up, determined to hurl himself backward to the ground, Felton brought the shot-loaded handle squarely down between the pony's ears. It plunged forward, dropped to its knees, then in a flash was up again, spinning in a tight circle, only to leap upward again with a twisting, writhing movement. Felton rode as easily, as loosely, and with the same rhythmic balance which had been instantly recognized by the others, themselves men who knew a master of their craft when they saw one.

The struggle ended as abruptly as it began. The buckskin stopped in his tracks, head hanging between trembling legs which seemed about to buckle beneath him. The rider jerked on the hackamore rope which he held in his left hand and dug the pony with his spurs. There was no response. The animal stood with heaving flanks, his hide dark with sweat.

"That," one of the hands murmured in an awed voice, "was a ride. You won't see a better one."

Felton slid from the saddle then, dropping the hackamore rope to the ground and swaying slightly as he walked. He came over to where David was standing, paused, and wiped the blood from his face with the back of a hand. "You wait till you're a growed man before you fork a line-back that ain't been rode," he said gently.

"Yes, sir," David murmured.

The cook came forward with a basin of water, and a rider, rummaging in his war bag which had already been loaded onto the chuck wagon, produced a bottle of whisky. He handed it to Felton, homage plain in his eyes. "Drink her," he said, "drink all of her."

THE other riders grouped themselves about Felton, their faces grave with admiration. "Sure was a ride," Dahlburg said.

"He was rode into the ground," another murmured.

Felton handed the half-emptied bottle to its owner, and scooping a double handful of water from the basin, sloshed it over his face. The cook held out a square of flour sacking bleached by many washings, and Felton said apologetically, "I bled like a stuck pig. I never done that before."

Then, as the hands turned away to their own horses and the business of the day which awaited them, Felton looked at David and smiled.

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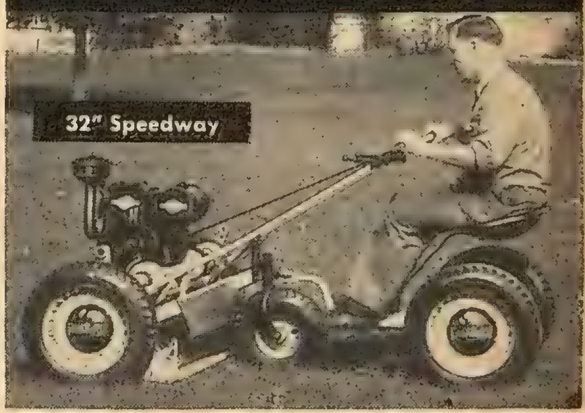

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There was sweetness in the smile and a longing which brought a light shining in David's face. "Well, Davie," he said softly, "I reckon I won't see you again. I'm ridin' out today. But I'd like to leave you something to remember me by."

He took David's arm and led him to the corral where the sorrel, his beautiful head held high, came mincing forward. "I'm tradin' him to you for the line-back," Felton said. "A feller like you needs a horse that'll carry him high and proud."

Tears welled in David's eyes and his lips moved with words he could not express. At last he whispered, "Sure thank you."

Felton nodded and led the sorrel to where David's saddle lay upon the ground. He grasped it by the pommel and swung it to the sorrel's back. Then he turned to David. "Good-by, feller," he said, taking David's hand in his. "You're goin' to be a lot of man. I'm goin' to keep thinkin' about you."

David looked up at him with trembling lips. "I'll think about you, too," he said.

Then he swung up on the sorrel and trotted away.

FELTON stood looking after him for a long moment before he picked up his bridle and thrust the bit between the buckskin's teeth. When he had buckled the throat-latch, he came back to where Aiken stood. "Reckon I'll be driftin' along, Jud," he said. "But I got somethin' to tell you before I go. I promised Ellen, but it sure has taken me quite a time to get to it." He paused a moment and then went on quietly: "When Ellen and me pulled out of your place it was late June, like I guess you'll remember. David was born on the *fifteenth of the next November.*"

Jud Aiken stood quite still, feeling the heavy beating of his own heart. Words crowded up in his mind but he was unable to utter them. Felton swung up into the saddle. "So long, Jud," Felton said.

"So long."

He stood thus until Felton had ridden away down the valley of the Goose, until a twist in the trail had hidden him finally from view. Then he walked over to the tongue of the grub wagon and dropped down upon it. He drew a muslin sack of tobacco from his vest pocket and began to shape up a cigarette. But the tobacco spilled between his shaking fingers. At last he let the paper flutter to the ground and clasped his hands together. When the cook came with an armful of gear to be stowed in the wagon, he glanced at his employer, surprise plain in his face. "Thought you'd pulled out," he murmured. "Well, sure is a nice day."

Jud Aiken started as though he had been roused from a deep sleep.

"Sure is," he said. "I guess it's the nicest day I ever saw."

THE END

IRON MAN

Continued from Page 25

breath, and they stayed where they were.

The foghorn bayed dismally, and a P. E. train from Los Angeles disgorged another crowd of bluejackets to jostle those already waiting on the wet dock. Motor sailers stood in from Man-o'-War Row, engine bells chiming sharp and clear out of the mist, choppy water making a muffled stutter of the exhausts. The duty C.P.O. at Fleet Landing megaphoned "What ship?" in a hoarse bellow, and the answers floated back across black water that slapped the pilings and the mole and danced where the lights of the creaking gangplank sparkled.

The answers were proud and beautiful names, like Oklahoma and Idaho, like Tennessee and Texas and Arizona. Some of them are gone for awhile, now, from the navy's roster; but they went with the pride that Iron Man felt that night, and with the love of their men—the strange and fierce love that Genevieve could not understand.

"Nevada!" an answer said, and Petey Dwyer slid down from his stool.

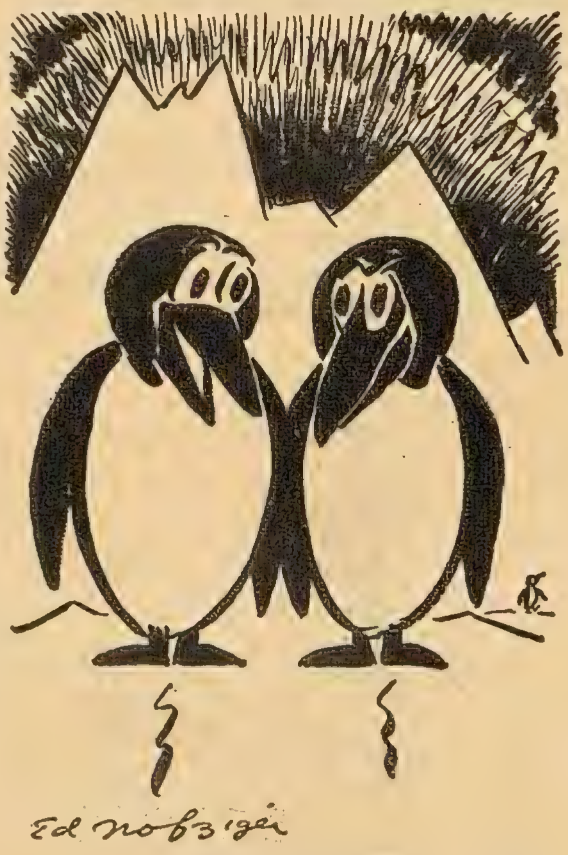
"Shake it up, Iron Man!" he urged. "Let's get back to the ship."

"The hell with the ship," Iron Man said in a tone that was strange to Petey. "I'm going to throw a speed run. I'm going to get drunker than I ever got in my life!"

Pop Howard came over quickly. He was the owner of the Harbor Light.

"You can't do that, Iron Man!" he protested in alarm. "You can't break training! We're—we're counting on you."

"Well, don't," Iron Man advised. There was a glitter in his eyes.



"We go together, dear! Like salt and pepper shakers."

LIBERTY

"But I got a lot of dough on the Nevada!" Pop said. "I covered practically the whole payday on the Tennessee and the Idaho—two to one. I lose ten thousand bucks if you don't win that race!"

"Tough," Iron Man said. He pulled his white hat on square, and his wide shoulders sagged as he went out. Petey Dwyer shook his head sorrowfully.

"There was a great guy!" Petey said. "There was the greatest all-around athlete in the fleet till he got serious about a dame. And if I see Chuck Sanderson when she ain't with him, he better stand by for a ram!"

BUT even Iron Man, beginning his dissolution with a double whisky-and-soda, and feeling no change in the dull ache around his heart, didn't blame Chuck. Things with Genevieve went back further than most people knew—back to high school in Kansas, and his joining the navy because he couldn't afford college, and telling her that it was only for four years. He had broken that promise, but he thought Genevieve ought to understand. She ought to see how the salt of the navy got into the blood of a man in four years; how its steam and steel became a part of him, until he would never be happy on the Outside.

She was newly out from the Middle West, and hadn't been here last year when he won his name by bringing the Nevada out from behind to capture the "Iron Man"—the fleet athletic trophy. She hadn't seen him pitch for the Cheer-up ship's baseball team, or win the swimming championship, or pile up a total of nineteen touchdowns on Trona Field.

He drank the next double whisky without soda, and thought of Chuck. Chuck was lucky in more ways than one. He had bet on the Nevada teams because the Nevada was his ship, and all navy men bet with their hearts instead of with their heads. That way, Chuck had doubled his money, and now he owned a harbor tug. It probably would be the first of a fleet of Sanderson tugs, with Chuck in the big money.

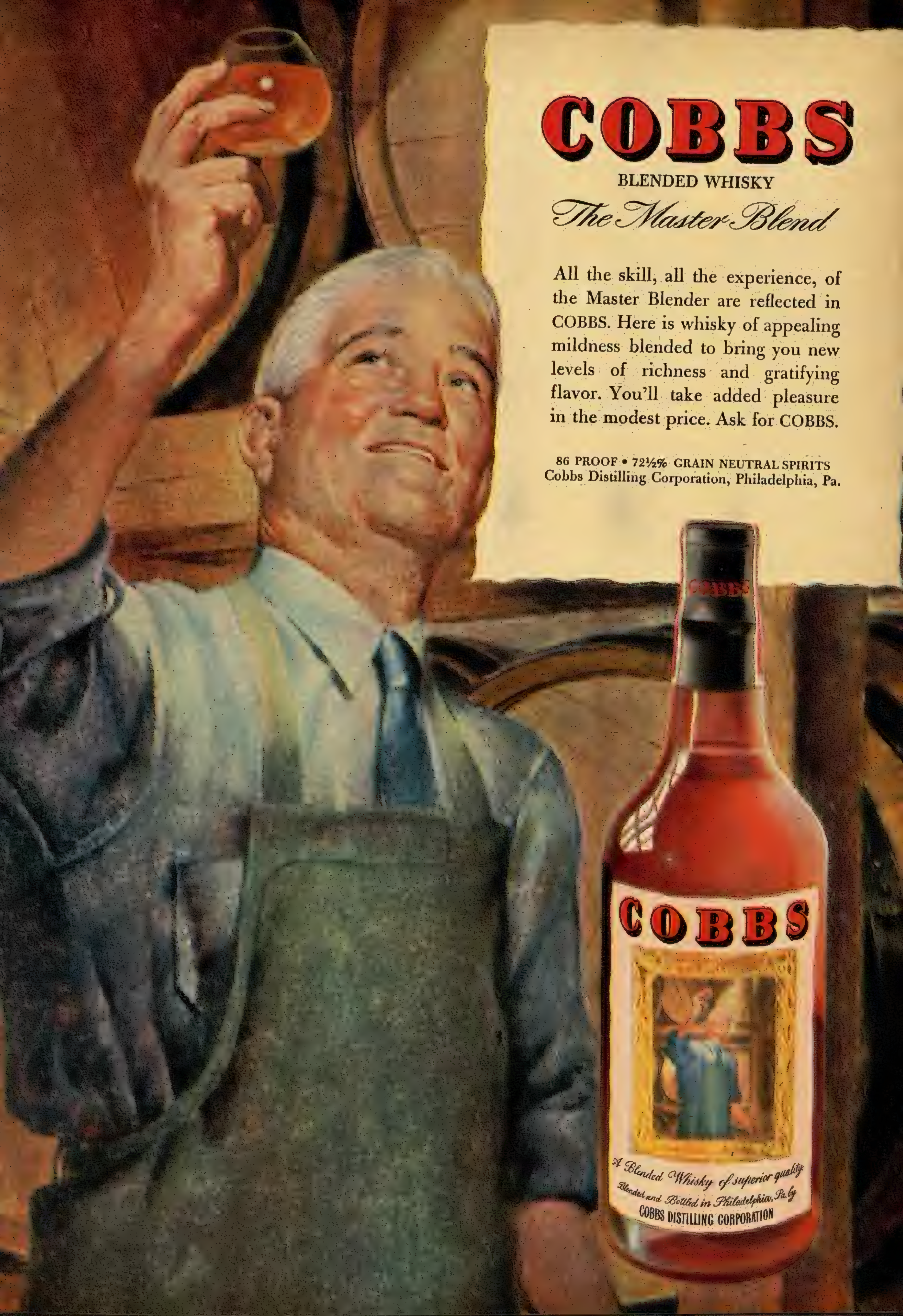
Iron Man looked down at the hash mark on his sleeve. That and a first-class rating. Four years.

"Double whisky," he said again.

That first speed run brought momentary forgetfulness and took him from San Pedro to the Long Beach Pike. Somewhere along the way he steered a collision course for a big marine who was having a speed run of his own. Iron Man was on the dock at 0800, when liberty expired, but his right knuckles were swollen twice their size, and he couldn't grip an oar for a week.

The scuttlebutt was working long before that, and the odds began to drop. The scuttlebutt said Iron Man had tried to quit the crew, and that the athletic officer threatened to run him up to the stick and get him

(*Continued on page 92*)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Cobbs Distilling Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa.

(*Continued from page 90*)

busted. Pop Howard heard that Iron Man folded up on the last quarter mile of a practice run, with Petey Dwyer having to ship the stroke oar.

"That's a lie!" the little cox'n said loyally, when Pop cornered him. "Training or not, he can still pull an oar. Besides, there's twelve men in a whaleboat crew."

"There ain't but one stroke, and you can't tell me anything about boat racing," Pop said. "I was in the outfit with Fighting Bob Evans. I've passed more lighthouses than you have telegraph poles. But I've got ten grand on this race! And I hear you guys pulled your hearts out and took twenty-eight minutes for the course! What kind of time is that?"

Petey swallowed. "The same kind of time everybody will make two weeks from Saturday if the water's choppy!" he said.

"H'm!" Pop said. "Nevada still got the outside lane?"

Petey nodded. "You seen Iron Man?" he countered.

"He was here half an hour ago, lit up like a church. There ain't but one way to handle him, Petey. Get him restricted to the ship until the race is over!"

That was an idea, but Petey had another one. He hurried to Genevieve's apartment. She opened the door eagerly and was looking at a spot a foot above Petey's head, as if she expected a taller man.

"Oh," she said, "it's you."

"Look here," Petey began. "About you and Iron Man—"

"That's over," Genevieve said. "He loves the navy. I don't. That's all there is to it."

She sat on the sofa, and Petey swung a chair around and straddled it, his chin jutting over the back.

"The navy is sure something to be jealous of!" he said sarcastically.

"He broke his word. He wasn't going to re-enlist—but he did, and without asking me what I thought about it!"

SHE got up and went to the window. Petey made another try. "So he didn't ask you if he could ship over," he said. "He ain't the kind that will ever be tied up to a dame's apron. You throw him overboard, and he can't understand why, and he's eating his heart out. We'll lose the points we need to cop the Iron Man two years hand running."

"I can't help that," Genevieve said. And then the doorbell rang.

"You could help it plenty, sister," Petey said gently.

Chuck Sanderson came in, glancing sharply at him and smiling at Genevieve. He wore a neat gray suit and his dark hair was slicked back.

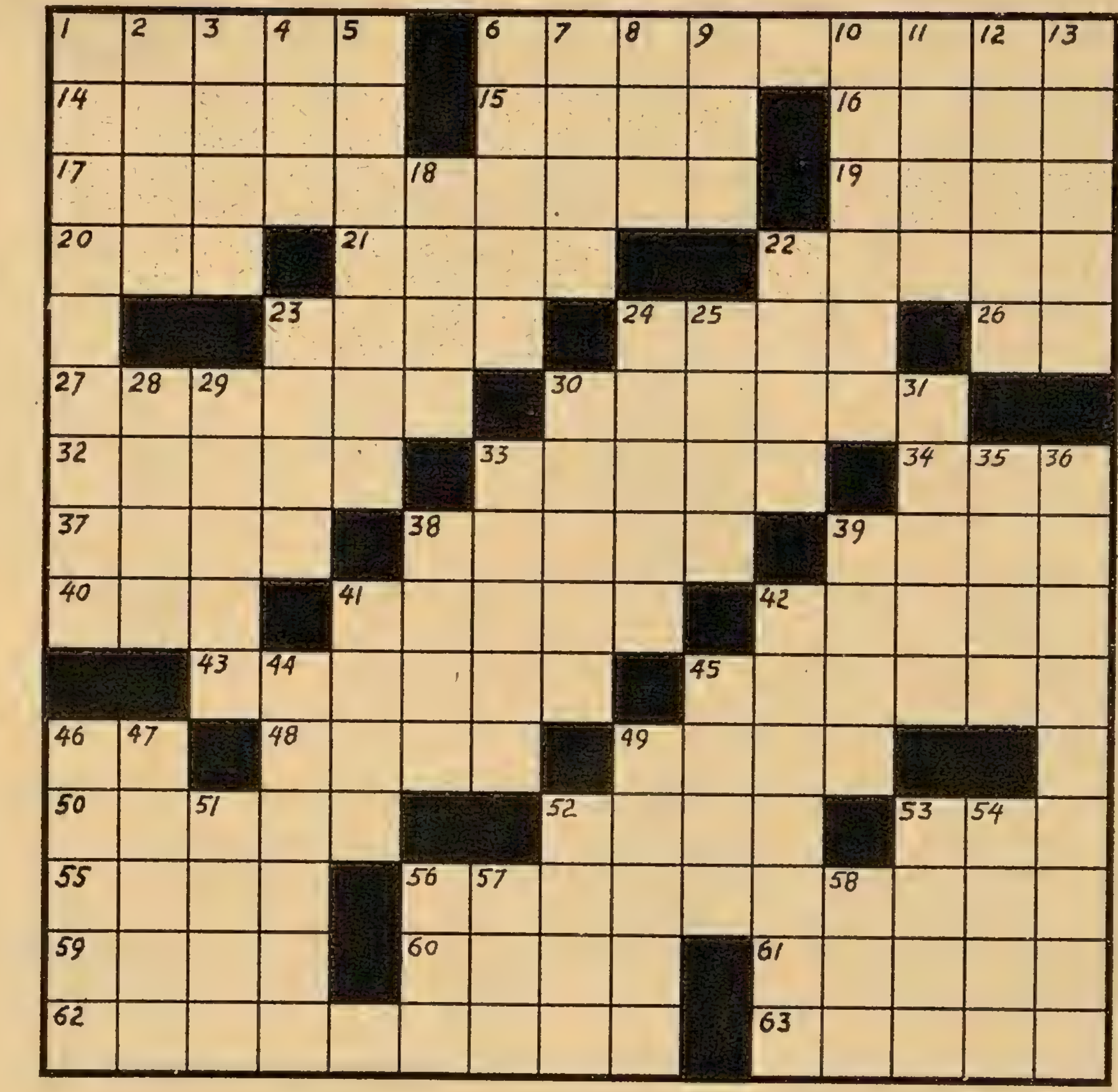
"Hello, babe!" he said. "Hi, Petey. How's everything on the old wagon?"

"Shot to hell," Petey growled. "But what do you care?"

"Aw, you guys will win!" Chuck grinned. "You've got to. And I'll be alongside, pacing the course in the

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 That man from Mississippi
6 Hotel Hobodorous
14 Latitudes times longitudes
15 What the prospector had on for Saturday night
16 Hell of a river
17 June-moon-croon goon
19 This has a present value of about $.004
20 Oak Ridge has outdated this (abbr.)
21 You've got to put them on to gain social elevation
22 Many a man has carved a niche in himself with it
23 Kind of machine, nickel fed, has yet to return profit for operator
24 Apple with goiter
26 For him, crime does pay (abbr.)
27 Damp dames
30 This can cause a terrible swelling of the head
32 Two-legged Scottie—
33 —and a wee-wee edition of same
34 Republicans Ain't Synchronizing (abbr.)
37 Children and gangsters play around with this
38 Wet X-roads
39 What Bing Crosby's hair is almost
40 Anyway you look at it, it's negative
41 Termite that attacks locks
42 What she began to do after 40
43 Gov't agency begins to take you out of this world
45 What glamorgals may become after marriage
46 Witchhunted Reds (abbr.)
48 They're giveaways
49 This never made a millionaire out of anybody
50 Sticky green stuff you see around Christmas
52 Highbrow robins
53 Numbskulls Overrule Lilienthal (abbr.)

B	U	B	B	L	E	G	U	M	■	A	S	S	E	T
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C	R	I	S	S	■	E	T	N	A	■	T	E	N	T
E	X	I	S	T	■	S	O	D	A	J	E	R	K	S

May 10 Answer

55 Nutty notion
56 Walkie-talkie
59 Personal piazza
60 What a summer can do for the figure
61 Important drop in the listener field
62 Bridal boodle-holder
63 The more you sit on them, the broader they get

VERTICAL

1 Some poor old sole's taking an awful beating from this
2 The more the temper, the tougher it gets
3 Easily ——, hardily returned
4 Paper thing sissies can't fight their way out of
5 Rabbits found in a state of animation
6 Roguish Rebecca: made T's with the I's
7 Amount of sugar guests shouldn't be urged to take
8 Rhymers made *doe* of this (anag.)
9 Part Persian
10 Most popular, eagerly-sought guys in Hollywood
11 The colonists had no this for these tough reds
12 *No Syd*, it's a congress (anag.)
13 Star of the one-hundred-thousandth magnitude
18 They're held in check by South American banks
22 Its downfall may be expected momentarily in England
23 Biblical character
24 Personal elevator, often falls
25 They should be pinned back on people with big I's
28 Article and preposition in one
29 This house is like an icebox all winter
30 Dissect grammatically
31 Wot John Peel, 'e did! (two words in one)
33 Map-altering sessions in fighting areas
35 Kind of hat any woman likes (two words)
36 Kind of person without feelings
38 Beer cap
39 June-muniversal kind of trouble
41 Plant you're planted with
42 The Voice of Mrs. Hush
44 Mouth organ
45 Take off and hit the air with a yell
46 Kind of fulfillment the dreamy ghost suffered from
47 Track meet with fertilizer
49 Except for an oliver two, he had a dickens of a time getting enough tweet
51 What the year 1948 will be for the pedestrian
52 Things on the minds of our mutuel friends
53 Fighting star
54 !ereh 1 ot 2 s'tI
56 Kind of deal the pro football fan gets
57 George the Thirst
58 Have—a little Scotch?

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

Harbor Princess, rooting for you. Pop Howard chartered the tug."

"Don't bet on us this time," Petey warned.

"I already have, Petey—I've got my shirt on you. I waited till the odds turned, then I hocked the tug."

"What?" Petey yelled.

"She's my old wagon, ain't she?" Chuck said simply.

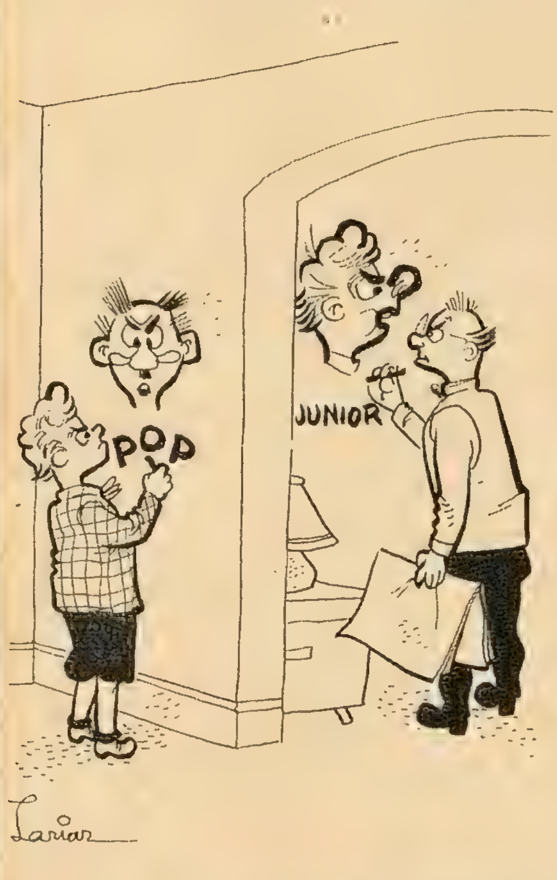
Petey was thinking what a snafu this could turn out to be. Now, if Iron Man lost, everybody lost right down the line. Including Genevieve.

Iron Man Marshall was restricted to the ship the next day, after Petey talked to the athletic officer and the athletic officer talked to the exec. It was admittedly a trumped-up business, and would not be put on his record. But nobody imagined it would do a great deal of good. Iron Man no longer cared who won.

BRISK wind whipped across the long gray fingers of the breakwater, kicking up whitecaps on the blue-green brightness. Iron Man tightened his jaw and tried not to think of Genevieve.

Oar leathers scraped nervously in the rowlocks behind him. He braced his feet against the stretcher and wished the race would start. Get it over with, he thought. The waiting was worst of all—worse than the sickness at the stomach's pit after you had pulled a mile and a quarter, stepping up the stroke until there was one continuous breathless effort, one mighty ache.

He heard shouts to the left, to leeward. Six other boats jockeyed the starting line. Oklahoma, Idaho, Tennessee—the latter two almost evenly favored to win now—Texas, Mississippi, Pennsylvania. On the right, a motor sailer sputtered by, and band instruments aboard it flicked the sun into Iron Man's eyes. Those were the Nevada rooters, getting out in front—out where they expected their boat to be.



LIBERTY

"Take it easy, gang!" Petey Dwyer was pleading, but he looked into Iron Man's eyes. "Take it easy and get your breath. We'll show 'em!"

Show them, Iron Man thought, and the old thrill nearly came back before he remembered. Another motor sailer went by with a yelling crowd that packed it to the gunwales. Launches and tugs and water taxis stretched down the line.

The starting gun was a clean sharp crack through the numbness of his brain. Petey tensed, leaning forward. "Give way together!" he barked, and mechanically Iron Man let his blade dip and bite the sea; mechanically he pulled the oar handle against his ridged stomach muscles and feathered. Spray whipped his body. There were eleven oars behind him, moving as one. Pandemonium broke on both sides of the seven-lane course.

"Stroke!" yelled Petey Dwyer. He rocked with a slow, steady rhythm. "Stroke! Stroke!"

Petey's ugly face was a blur before Iron Man's eyes, advancing, receding; his voice was an insistent, quickening beat in the clamor. Iron Man saw a whaleboat falling astern and thought it must be the Mississippi's. It was pitching, a black silhouette in the sun streak; it was like a twelve-legged bug turned on its back, threshing.

"Stroke! Stroke!"

The breathlessness was coming too soon. Iron Man's blade scraped shallow as the boat slanted over a trough. The lost drive was like the lagging jerk of a dead cylinder, and it went through the boat. Iron Man could not look forward, but he knew the Idaho and Tennessee boats were up there.

"Snap into it!" Petey pleaded. His face was thrust toward Iron Man's. "Get the lead out and lean on that oar, you big ox!"

Iron Man grunted. Spume drove over the gunwale and the boat lurched under a backhanded slap of the sea. Rough—too rough to make any speed, Iron Man thought. His stomach was a tight, rebellious knot; a dull ache climbed his spine and spread, gnawing at his shoulders. He couldn't see Petey any more because the sea stung his eyes.

He shut his eyes against the burning, and pulled and feathered and dug, and pulled again. The sea shudder ran up through the oar and made his hands tremble. Sweat and brine bit at a new blister on his palm. Time and distance became torture, never ending.

"IT'S Chuck!" Petey said. "It's the Harbor Princess!" And above the dull hammering of blood in his temples, Iron Man heard the tug's gasoline engine coughing. *Stroke! Stroke!* Rowlocks to leeward, a sound overtaken and left behind. They had passed somebody's boat. Whose didn't matter. Nothing mattered.

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"He's leaving me—and he won't tell me where!"

LIBERTY

The engine's cough was closer, riding the wind, and the wind brought a sharp acrid odor—the smell of unburned oil. Petey was swearing strangely, profanely keeping the rhythm of the stroke.

"Pop Howard's there too," he said. "Give out, Iron Man! We can win—do you hear me? Listen, Iron Man! They're spilling oil on the water! They've got a whole cargo of drums dribbling over the side!"

Iron Man's eyes flew open, but the brightness stabbed them shut again. He didn't need to see. He heard the Harbor Princess pacing the boat, and now the boat was riding more smoothly, with less lost motion on the oars. The wind was spreading an oil slick that reached the Nevada's lane first.

That's not fair, Iron Man thought sharply, and he knew that Pop Howard had talked Chuck into this, out of his desperate anxiety for his ten thousand dollars. Iron Man started to gasp a protest, but his wind was gone, and then he remembered that he didn't care. Win, lose, or draw, he didn't care.

"Listen, Iron Man!" yelled Petey, bending his face close. "Listen!"

It was Genevieve's voice, faint and yet clear in the clamor. It lifted his heart. It said, "Come on, Joe! Fight, Joe, fight!"

SOMETHING of his strength came back. He couldn't see her. "She's forward on the tug," Petey said. "Rooting for you! Pull, you damned knuckleheaded baboon—pull! Don't you see she's really nuts about you?"

Iron Man heard her voice once more. Then a sound that didn't belong drowned it. A dull wind-flattened roar, more felt than heard, and after that, one scream.

He jerked open his eyes. The bright water had turned lurid, and the rhythm of the oars broke helplessly. Petey's face was frozen.

"Fire!" Petey choked. "My God—the tug's on fire! Her gas tank must have exploded!"

Iron Man swung around. Wind drove pungent smoke into his face and a vivid whip of flame lashed along the sea. It flashed once over the oil-scummed water as the tug lost way; it went out, leaving the sea smoking and sullen. Then it flashed again, and caught, and the dribbling oil drums fed it. Beyond the low bright burning on the water the Harbor Princess was a column of fire.

"Genevieve!" Iron Man shouted in a sick breathless panic. He jerked halfway erect. Petey's hand hit his shoulder, pushing him down.

"Man that oar, you fool!" Petey yelled. "We'll get caught!"

THE low flame was already spreading into their path and black smoke shrouded the water. A bright tongue curled over the gunwale and ran up Iron Man's oar, licking his arm. He called Genevieve's name again, and Petey swung the tiller hard.

"Pull!" Petey barked. *"Stroke! Stroke!"*

Petey was trying to reach the tug. They moved into the fire, and the oars dug dull little furrows into the brightness, and flame dripped from their blades. The blaze mushroomed over the bow.

"Way enough!" Petey croaked.

A dozen blackened men rested automatically, oar handles hot against the pits of heaving stomachs. The flame was nearly a gunwale high, and a boat could not live long in it.

"Back oars!"

Iron Man jumped to his feet. "Keep pulling, damn you!" he roared. "We've got to reach that tug!"

"Sit down, damn you!" Petey bellowed. "I'm in command of thi boat!"

Iron Man remained standing, threat towering over the other men He heard the hiss and sputter of oi burning on the water; he listened t the shouts of loaded boats beyon the rim of the fire, and none of then was near enough. The fire on th water would not last much longer— he saw a dull spot come and go an flicker and smoke by the boat's por quarter. But the Harbor Princes was burning yonder with the fierceness of gasoline-fed flames, perhap forty feet away.

"Back oars!" Petey commande again, and the other men obeye Iron Man sucked in a deep breat and flung himself over the side in twisting dive into that dull spot. H went deep into a blessed coolnes and turned toward the tug; he swa under water with powerful sweeping strokes. Once he came near th surface, and opened his eyes to se the brightness above him, and fough frantically for depth again. His lung were bursting when an outflun hand struck barnacles with a forc that tore skin from his fingers. Th shadowy bulk of the tug's hu straggled fore and aft in the flame lighted dimness.

IRON MAN went down until th barnacles scraped his back. The was wind on the other side, and chance of clear water unless the tu had drifted too far.

He came up, only half-consciou and nothing had ever tasted half sweet as the air.

The burning tug was within arm reach, but he could see nobod aboard.

"Joe! Iron Man!"

The scream came from behi him. He swung around, and sa Genevieve in the water. Pop Howard's bald head glistened near h and a motor sailer was bearing dow on them for rescue.

"Save him, Joe—save Chuck! H was at the wheel!"

The waves chopped between, a he saw Genevieve's white strain face and her hair plastered again the paleness of her forehead. H grunted and turned, and splinte scraped his belly as he pulled himself aboard. The deck was hot and plank on the superstructure co lapsed and showered him with stin ing sparks.

Chuck Sanderson lay huddled the deck of the little wheelhouse, n moving when a finger of brillian reached out from the bulkhead a touched his shoulder. Iron M jumped to the deck beside him, a got one arm between Chuck's le It took all he had left to rise und the limp burden, to fight his w through the flame-rimmed door, a topple into the sea.

There was a cold, reviving sho He made surface, holding Chuck the hair, and sea water ran crims from a gash on Chuck's temp Somebody caught Iron Man und the armpits and heaved. He found himself lying on the bottom of a motor sailer, with a blur of faces against the sky.

One face came into focus and bent down to press a thrilling sweetness against his lips.

THAT evening Genevieve and Iron Man looked at each other across a table in the Harbor Light. This time the whole whaleboat crew—eleven big sailors and one small ugly one—perched on the stools to watch and listen.

But Genevieve didn't seem to mind. She was holding Iron Man's hand, and she still held it when Chuck came in. He wore a bandage on his head, but he smiled cheerfully enough.

"Well, Pop and I sure fouled things up, Iron Man!" he said. "I guess we lost the race for you, instead of helping you win it. And I lost the Harbor Princess. That's what comes of being smart!"

"But there's going to be a run-off," Pop Howard put in. "I still got a chance for my ten grand—the Nevada can still beat the best time made in today's race if Iron Man just stays in condition!"

"They won't let you in two miles of this race, after what you tried to pull," Petey Dwyer warned Pop. "You ought to know that navy races are on the up-and-up." The little cox'n looked curiously at Chuck Sanderson. "What goes with you, Chuck?"

Chuck shrugged. "Another four years," he said. "I'm shipping over. And after that, I might as well make it sixteen or twenty. Me—the guy who was going to stay out of the navy!"

Genevieve faced him, and Iron Man held his breath. Outside, the P. E. whistles shrilled, and they heard bells in the engine cockpits as motor sailers and officers' boats stood in to make the Fleet Landing. Those names that were the pride of the navy rang out across the dark water.

A group of shore-bound sailors went by, laughing.

"Chuck," Genevieve said softly, "I've changed my mind too—about us, and the navy, I mean. And about Joe—Iron Man. I'm going to marry him, Chuck."

Petey Dwyer thought, You have to hand it to Chuck! because he took this without losing his smile. He had known it was coming.

"I understand about the navy now," Genevieve went on. "I think I began to understand the way a man can feel about it today, while we were watching the race. I think it's wonderful!"

"It is," Chuck agreed, and Iron Man breathed again, and Genevieve's look made it plain she thought he was wonderful too. And Petey Dwyer's ugly face screwed up in puzzlement.

"Dames!" Petey said, shaking his head. "Dames!"

THE END

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THE BORDER LORD

Continued from Page 45

ter, stood calmly with the reins of both horses in his hands.

Bothwell sauntered forward to the house of the Chancellor Maitland. "Ahoy, there," he shouted.

One of the double doors opened slowly; a servant peered out.

"Tell your master an outlaw is here to see him. Lord Bothwell."

Presently the Chancellor looked out warily.

"Ah, Maitland," said Bothwell. He came nearer. "I hear you wished to speak with me."

Maitland clutched the edge of the door for support. "Your Lordship," he stammered; he cast a hasty glance into the hall behind him, but it was mysteriously deserted. "Help!" he shouted, to the crowds of men that were gathering around Gibson.

"I'm calling on you, Maitland," said Bothwell. "I consider I've been put to your horn, and not King Jamie's."

The increasing crowds behind Bothwell's twenty men were breathlessly silent, their eyes fixed on the tall figure of the Border lord.

"I thought you knew I was coming, Maitland. I hear you would like to lay hands on me!"

"My lord—" Maitland tried to keep his dignity—"you wish to surrender yourself?"

"I do. To you, personally." He waggled his finger at Maitland. "Come out here," he invited.

Maitland didn't release his hold on the door; he was ready to bang it shut.

"A warning for you, Maitland. I expect to be in the city again on Monday next—that will be the twenty-sixth of the month. I expect you to convey that information to your fellow-plotter, Lord Morton." The mention of unpopular Morton's name brought loud jeers.

Maitland slammed the heavy door shut and threw the bolt. Bothwell turned his back on the house and motioned to Gibson. Gibson cupped his hands for Bothwell's boot and the Earl was up in the saddle.

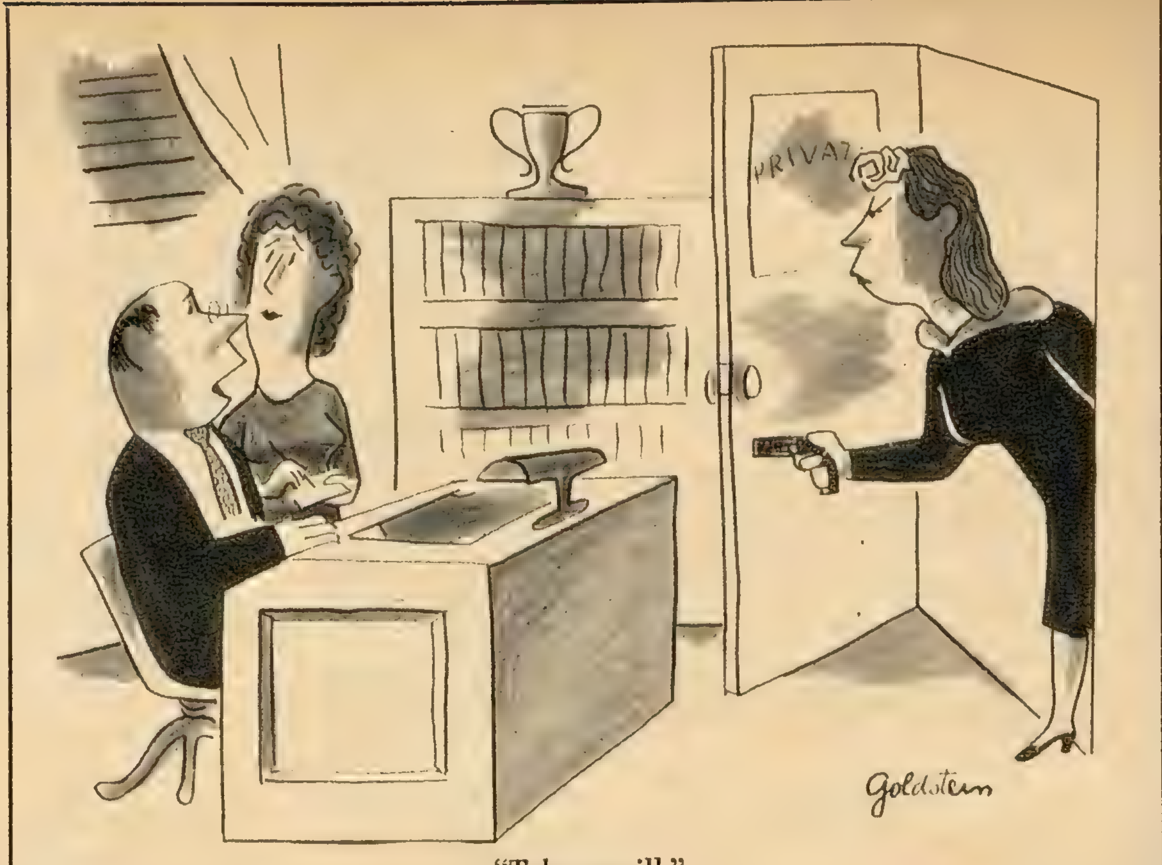
The earl waved his hand. "A Bothwell!" The shout was his farewell; he and his men moved off.

BEFORE dawn on the twenty-sixth of July, a group of horsemen received last instructions from the Earl of Morton. If Bothwell came into Edinburgh, as he had so impudently announced he would, he must be captured. If he didn't come, the preparations must not be so well known that everyone would laugh at Morton's credulity.

That evening, Patrick's cousin, Lady Galbraith, was giving a dinner party, and Morton was a guest. Anne was seated next to him.

"If they catch Lord Bothwell, will they bring him here?" she asked.

"Aye, they will," Morton replied. "They have orders to bring him to me first."



"Take a will."

LIBERTY

"Oh," said Anne. "But aren't you afraid to have him brought here? Aren't you afraid some of us might rescue him?"

A servant whispered discreetly in Lady Galbraith's ear, and she said sharply, "Well, tell Sir Patrick to join us."

"Sir Patrick sends his regrets, your Ladyship."

The man's tone was low, but Anne heard. She said softly, "He probably isn't hungry. He is too much in love."

She had never seen Patrick's Janet, but he had confided to her how their first chance meeting had led to others and that when he had made his formal request for her hand in marriage he had failed to win the consent of the elderly, impecunious savant who was her father. But Patrick was determined to wear down Master Applegate. Anne caught herself smiling, thinking of her handsome young cousin's discomfiture.

Then she glanced at Morton. He was staring at the door. He rose to his feet, set down his napkin, saying, "I crave your pardon, madam. There is a man who I hope has news for me."

Out in the hall he listened to what the messenger had to say, and then beckoned to a house servant.

"Take me to Sir Patrick," he ordered.

Patrick was in his room. In a chair by his bed, Bothwell lounged easily, and watched two servants pack clothes and help their master. "You may saddle the brown gelding for me, and Lord Bothwell's horse," Patrick said finally.

The servants left, and then Patrick started for the door. "Do you wish to lock this after me?" he asked. "I'll be in the next room writing. I must leave instructions for some matters."

"It won't be necessary," said Bothwell. He was sitting next to a window, and when Patrick left, he stepped over the sill and out into the garden. He wanted to sound out a means of escape should their plans miscarry and his presence in the house be discovered. He started past the window of Patrick's study, but a door opening opposite his line of vision made him stop. Morton stood in the doorway. At sight of him, Bothwell leaped back to the window out of which he had come.

"My dear Patrick, I beg your pardon for this intrusion, but I have a very good reason for looking in on your privacy," Morton began.

Patrick looked up from his writing.

"A few minutes of your time is all I ask, sir," Morton went on. "I hold a commission from His Majesty; on the strength of that commission, which has to do with a certain outlaw, I am going to search this house!"

"Morton." Patrick found himself standing up and edging around the table.

Morton took one step backward, his eyes not leaving Patrick's face. His hand was on the door. As he threw it open, Patrick met Bothwell's eyes over Morton's shoulder. Bothwell put one arm around Morton from behind, catching his wrist.

"Walk forward." Bothwell's low voice was in Morton's ear. The pain in his twisted arm made him obey, and Bothwell kicked the door shut. "Linen, to gag him."

Patrick darted from the room and returned with a bolster case from his bed. "You hold him," he whispered.

"Hold on, sir, don't suffocate him," said Bothwell. "And don't wriggle, Morton; I'll break your arm. Now sit down. I know that you are behind that charge of witchcraft—you and Maitland. I understand you have been pouring into King Jamie's ears stories of my so-called attempts on his life. I have never made such an attempt, and for that lie alone I should kill you now."

Morton struggled to speak, but Bothwell said suddenly, "I don't want to hear you talk! Your lying answers would drive me to murder!"

"Bothwell!" Patrick's tone was frantic.

Bothwell forced Morton to his knees and his big hands were on Morton's throat. "You whoreson coward, I'll open the gates of hell for you!" He reached one hand for the dagger at his side.

Outside the door, Anne was now standing. She heard his voice. She knocked lightly, said "Patrick," and opened the door.

With incredible swiftness Bothwell sent his fist crashing into the side of Morton's face. Morton crumpled like a cotton doll. Over his fallen body Bothwell looked into Anne's white face. "Now close that door!"

Anne obeyed. She stared at him; then dropped her eyes to Morton. "Is he dead?"

"No!"

Bothwell's eyes went over her bare shoulders, the soft honey-colored curls; he forgot Patrick. "Well—lassie, you know me at my worst." He caught her by one arm; he could feel her shivering. Instinctively he pulled her into his arms.

"Don't swoon," he said urgently. "On my word of honor, lass, I hit him because I didn't want him to see you. It would be too dangerous for you."

Patrick chuckled. "I think there is hardly a need for formal introduction between you two."

Bothwell took his cue; he released Anne. He was a courtier now, educated at two universities, a peer of the realm. "I fear I frightened your cousin, sir. I fear she does not have a very high opinion of me. Do you hate me, lassie?"

"Aye," said Anne with vigor.

"You should have your backside warmed," went on Bothwell, his smile very slyly pleased, "if you continue wandering about gardens, I mean houses, and coming in doors unannounced." Then he asked Patrick, "Would you fetch me some good stout rope, sir?"

Patrick disappeared, and Bothwell dropped to one knee beside Morton and was fixing the gag on his month.

"My lord," Anne whispered, "you said gardens! You should be more careful!"

He didn't look up. "You mean you should."

ANNE took a step toward him; his dark head was next to her hand. Suddenly she fastened all five fingers in his thick short hair and pulled hard. He yanked his head backward. Anne didn't let go, and she flew forward at him, landing on top of him on the floor. Then she began to laugh.

Bothwell put his hands on Anne's waist and rolled her over to the rug; he looked down at her face. "You always want to ravish me, you rascally wench!" He jumped to his feet, held out his hand. "Stand up. I hear your guardian!"

Anne didn't move. "Pick me up, my lord."

He scooped her up easily. When Patrick opened the door he was on his knees beside Morton. He took the rope from Patrick's fingers.

"We'll not have any trouble leaving the city, sir. Not with your name," he said.

Anne sighed. "Where are you going, my lord?"

"To Crichton Castle." He flipped Morton over.

"I wish I could go along. How far is it?"

"About eight miles." As he said it, he smiled. "And if I find you behind the door when I arrive, I won't be surprised. Morton didn't see you—if he had, you would have had the very devil of a time explaining why you hadn't given an alarm. You know nothing. Remember that."

Anne said happily, "I'll remember, my lord."

He had bound Morton's hands behind his back. He hoisted the limp man to his shoulder. "I'm going to tie him to a tree in my garden. Un-

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doubtedly he will be delivered to King Jamie in a somewhat sad condition.”

Patrick opened the window for him. “Goodnight, lass,” he said as he stepped over the sill, and Anne didn't hear Patrick, too, say goodbye. She was listening to Bothwell's voice as the two of them walked away from her.

IN THE library at Crichton, one of Bothwell's three castles, the young Laird of Logie was talking to Patrick, and across the rosy-tiled floor Bothwell paced. He had just come today from Hermitage, another of his holdings.

“Poor Jamie Stewart moves from castle to castle, too,” Patrick remarked.

Bothwell frowned. “The accomplished liar, Maitland, makes him live in fear of me!”

Logie and Patrick watched as he took a letter from his pocket and tossed it into the fireplace. The sealing wax flared up redly, showing the numerals 887, with which the Earl of Logan signed his missives.

“Jamie is at Dalkeith Palace, sirs, and that is where we are going tonight. Not to see James, but to see Her Majesty. I've decided that is the best way to counteract Maitland.”

He had decided that it wouldn't be safe for Patrick to enter the palace with him. Johnnie Logie would be a far better guide, for probably Logie had traveled these ways before—to see the Queen's new lady-in-waiting, the Danish wench with the red hair who had been a childhood friend of the Queen.

So much against his will, Patrick waited outside with Gibson and the horses.

Bothwell and Logie separated on the castle grounds. Logie went around a side wall and into a narrow door. He asked the guard a question, and slipped a coin into his hand. The guard smiled, answered, and watched Logie walk softly away. He gained the second floor, and knocked on the fourth door down. It was opened and he stepped into the room quickly.

“Hello, sweetheart,” he said. “Are you glad to see me?”

Margaret Vinstar had a blue robe flung over her petticoats, her bare feet were thrust into velvet mules, and her thick red hair was unbound.

She let him take her in his arms.

Logie felt very masterful. “Only one kiss, wench, before I lock the door. I came with Francis.”

“Bothwell?” she whispered. She let Logie kiss her, she was soft in his embrace, but when he released her, she got to the door before he did and stood with her back against it. “Her Majesty wants me now. Oh, Johnnie, why did you have to come tonight?”

Logie scowled. He took a step toward her and she opened the door.

“I don't want to send you away, sweetheart.” She sighed, but she was leading him to the door. “Goodbye, and be careful,” she murmured. Her gray eyes were narrow. “You'll imperil Francis, if you are not careful.”

Bothwell, meantime, had made his way to the Queen.

“Come sit here, Francis,” she invited him; she was trembling with excitement.

“I brought you a present.” He sat down and opened the fingers of one hand, letting her see an intricately carved miniature dagger, with a jeweled hilt. He said, “Murray gave me your message, Madam.”

“It's perfect!” She took it from him, turning it over in her hands. She leaned closer to him. “I shall keep it always.” She said something else, softly.

As they talked further the Queen put one hand over his, and he raised it to his lips and kissed it. At length he rose. “Your Grace,” he said, “I shall remember what you have said. I am grateful for your goodwill.”

The Queen said seriously, “Together we will find a way. Francis, I shan't forget your loyalty, or your courage. I know you would never desert my cause, or Scotland's cause!”

“By my honor as a Borderer, Madam, you have only to call upon me. You have only to ask and my sword belongs to you!”

NEXT morning, in Master Applegate's flat on Edinburgh's High Street his daughter, Patrick's Janet, was talking to her serving maid.

“But I've been to see him at least a hundred times and he's never home! If only, Martha, I knew where he might come when he is in the city, I could leave a message.”

Martha said slowly, “I shouldna tell you this. You won't like it. But it's the truth, miss. Your Sir Patrick sometimes visits a young woman on the fourth floor of a tenement I know about.”

“A nickel! Take another look at those eyes, those lips!”
LIBERTY

“What is her name—the one he visits?”

“Edwina Black,” said Martha slyly. “It's two streets down from my street, lass.”

Janet's face was composed. “Well, Martha, I appreciate your aid.”

She went to her room, found pen and ink, and began to write. “Sir: By happy coincidence I shall be in Berwick, at the dwelling of my uncle, Mr. William Applegate, for the Yuletide. If you would come to the back gate at nine on the morning of the twenty-sixth of December, I might speak with you alone. God keep you, sir.” She signed her name carefully, and picked up her cloak.

THIRTY minutes later, she knocked on Edwina Black's door.

“Mrs. Black?” she asked when it opened, thinking jealously that Mrs. Black was rather beautiful.

Edwina nodded. “I don't know you.”

“I know you don't, madam. I came to beg a kindness from you. I have a letter here which must be delivered to Sir Patrick Galbraith. He comes here, does he not?”

Edwina frowned. “What if he does, miss?”

Janet produced the letter and Edwina looked at it belligerently, wishing she could read.

“If you see him soon, could you give it to him for me?” Janet's eyes fastened on Edwina's face hopefully.

Edwina smiled. “I could, mistress, but he's gone back to the Borders; you're too late.”

“He was here?” Janet clutched the letter.

“Last night,” said Edwina, sly triumph in her voice. “He's gone now.”

Janet's eyes blazed with fury. “You're lying! And I wouldn't trust you with this letter!”

“So I'm lying, am I?” said Edwina truculently. “I would have given him your precious letter, much good it would do you! But now I won't! You'll never get that letter to Sir Patrick now!”

“Won't I?” asked Janet.

“Cat eyes,” sneered Edwina.

Janet tilted her head. “He loves green eyes,” she announced. “Good day, madam!” She turned and walked straight into Gibson who had just come flying up the steps.

“Hello,” he said to Edwina. “I came back.” He was staring at Janet.

Edwina stood inside the door. “Why don't you come in? She was going.”

“Sir Patrick left,” said Gibson, “but Lord Bothwell sent me to escort Mistress Galbraith. His Lordship wants the blonde baggage delivered to him safely at Fastcastle. They're of a party that's spending Christmas there as Lord Logan's guests.” He grinned. He was past Janet, and the door almost closed.

“Sir!” Janet's voice was frantic.

Gibson stopped, he turned around. “What's the matter, lass?”

"You know Sir Patrick! Will you give him this letter?"

He grinned again, his eyes went sideways to Edwina. "Give it to me, wench." He put out one arm to keep Edwina away from the letter. "I love to carry letters from bonnie lassies. What's it say? How much you love him?"

Janet smiled at him. "If you do it for me, sir, I vow I'll never forget it! Never!"

Gibson laughed. "Ah, love." He closed the door, and Edwina stepped back, eying the piece of paper in his hand. He laid it on the table before he took her in his arms.

ANNE GALBRAITH thought the dining hall at Fastcastle looked like a woodsy fairyland, decorated for Christmas with great bunches of holly, shining ivy, and clusters of mistletoe. Great fires blazed on the hearth. In traditional fashion, the boar's head on its massive silver platter dominated the table.

Anne was sitting near the head because Bothwell wanted her beside him, and he was entitled to the place to the right of his host on account of rank. Dinner lasted a long, long time. The minstrels sang the old carols; the Yule log, stripped of its bark, was dragged in.

After dinner servants cleared away the tables.

"Lassie," Bothwell said, "I'm going to leave you with Patrick for a few minutes."

The musicians had begun a stately dance, and Anne watched him cross the room to Margaret Vinstar. She saw him bow formally, and ask her to dance. Anne turned her back. She faced Patrick. But he was talking to the man who had brought her to Fastcastle.

"Where did you get this, Gibson?" He tapped his coat, and paper crackled underneath it.

"From a wench at Mrs. Black's." Gibson grinned.

Patrick started away. Anne called, "Where are you going, sir?" and he turned back to her; he had the oddest expression of delight on his face.

"I have an appointment," he said.

"Now?"

"No, Anne, not now, but I've not got too much time. I must get to Berwick." He left her standing alone, watching Bothwell and Margaret.

"You received my message, my lord?" Margaret Vinstar was speaking low to her partner. "I asked you to come to my chamber."

"It is better thus, madam." Bothwell swung her around. "It is better to talk while we're dancing."

She lowered her eyes. She said slowly, "Before I left the palace Maitland came to see me. Lord Murray is not safe, sir. I cannot tell you more than that. Only that I know it, and that the King himself may not be innocent of plotting."

Bothwell almost stopped dancing. "Madam, I thank you for your warning. You see it was best this way, that we should talk without

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my endangering your good name."

"It was most thoughtful of you, my lord."

"It was my privilege."

Bothwell spied Patrick almost at the door, talking to someone. Patrick beckoned, and he waited for Bothwell to come over with Margaret. Then he said without preamble, "Francis, I'm borrowing that alarm clock of yours. I need its wakening call tomorrow."

"It's yours, sir." Bothwell turned to Margaret. "Sir Patrick had it sent to me from France. . . . I thank you for the dance, madam, and here is Lord Murray, wanting the same pleasure." Bothwell bowed, turned to go to Anne, and Margaret said to Murray, "I fear Lord Bothwell anticipated you, sir."

Murray shook his handsome head. "You know very well I wanted this dance with you. I made a point of asking them to play it again."

Margaret said suddenly, "I carry a message from Her Majesty. Give me your word that not a syllable of it shall pass your lips."

"I swear on my oath."

She said softly, "Her Majesty knows of your decision to end the feuding with Maitland. Her Majesty approves of it, my lord, because you will be able to be one of us again. Her Majesty needs all your aid."

"I know that, madam."

MARGARET looked over toward Bothwell, who was standing with Anne, laughing with her. She raised her eyes to Murray's face. "Her Majesty thinks that if you would stay at Donibristle, at your country home, it would be near enough and yet just far enough for safety. Your Highland castle of Downe is too far away. That is all my message, my lord, except that my mistress sends her felicitations and begs you guard you and yours." Seeing the young Laird of Logie coming toward her she whispered, "I cannot talk longer."

Murray said quickly, "I thank you, madam. Ah, Johnnie, are you usurping my lady?"

Logie clapped Murray on the back. "Leave my damsel to me," he said. "Would you dance, madam?"

She watched Murray go away from her; then she turned to Logie with a small smile. Abruptly, he kissed her, holding up one mistletoe berry. He put the berry in her hand. "My payment. Can we leave now?"

"No," she said coldly. "Much later. Now I want some wine."

It was almost midnight. The Earl of Logan was presiding over a barrel of oysters to be cracked and eaten raw, along with cold pheasant and bowls of steaming punch. Anne didn't like raw oysters, but Bothwell did; he and Logan were cracking shells with gusto. He filled a cup with the hot punch for her.

"Hold it to the flames, sweetheart," he whispered, "and when it reflects the light of the Yule log, you make a wish."

LOCKSMITH
JB

She held the cup close to the burning birch log, adding a silent prayer to the Virgin.

"Why did you leave me, to dance with Margaret? I felt so alone. I was afraid," she said.

"Afraid?" He frowned, puzzled. "There is nothing to be afraid of, Annie, my bonnie Annie. . . ."

Later—after the castle was quiet—he came to her room; and when he lay beside her in sleep she realized that now her whole world was bounded by him and him alone.

SNOW fell heavily the next day and during the night. Logan told Anne during dinner on that second day that Patrick had sent word he might be very late.

After the meal she sat by the fire and watched the men gamble, never taking her eyes from Bothwell, listening for his ready laugh. She and Margaret Vinstar sat side by side.

At ten, Bothwell looked up from the table and caught Anne's eye. She smiled. She stood up and made her excuses to Lady Logan. Bothwell stayed at the table half an hour longer. Margaret Vinstar's gray eyes followed him from the room, and then they shifted to Logie.

" 'Snails," he said petulantly, "I've lost a fortune to the Border lord. I'll see if I can win some back from you, Murray." He filled his wine cup to the brim. "Francis walks off with the money, and the mistress Anne, too."

Murray frowned. "Hold your tongue, Johnnie," he said sharply.

Margaret, deliberately irritating Logie, put in, "Lord Bothwell stays sober while he plays, and takes the money from the wine-bibbing fools."

"And takes the wenches from the court gallants," said Logie.

Murray stood up. "I asked you once to hold your peace!"

Logie went over to the fireplace; he drained off his wine and set the cup down on the mantel. "It's the truth," he said to Murray, drunkenly earnest. "She's lain with him for these two nights!"

Murray took a step toward him one hand on his sword, and Logan leaped to his feet. "Apologize, sir!" Murray's voice was low.

Logan interrupted. "Johnnie's drunk, Murray." He motioned to two servants, who came to stand on either side of Logie. "You'll seek your room, sir," he ordered. "Now!"

Logie leaned against one of the men. "I'll go," he said sullenly. "I've no wish to defend a whore's honor Let Patrick Galbraith do that."

THE short January days went by In Edinburgh the town houses of the Earl of Bothwell and Patrick Galbraith stood, side by side, empty and shuttered. Maitland and th Queen were open enemies now; an the preachers of the Kirk inveighe every Sunday for their champion Bothwell. Who else could drive th Catholic Earl of Huntly from hi strong position at court? Huntly' friendship with Maitland was on that the Court eyed with misgiving

From her English throne Quee Elizabeth watched the career of th Earl of Bothwell with a smile c satisfaction. The Border lord wa the Protestant "lamb" and good luc to him.

On the sixth of February Bothwe rode out from Hermitage with on hundred horsemen. Patrick staye at the castle until the next day. was the seventh of February, 159

At Aberdour, on the coast of Fif across the Firth of Forth from Edinburgh, the Earl of Murray was a his residence of Donibristle, as pa of his plan for a truce between himself and the Earl of Huntly. Tha morning, Huntly set out from Edinburgh castle on a hunting expeditio of sixty men. James Stewart watche him go; and from another windo Maitland saw the last man ride o of sight, with slyly satisfied eyes.

Margaret Vinstar was seated nea Maitland. She said impatientl "More than six weeks have passe since I gave Lord Murray the message that he should go to Don bristle."

"The lapse of time was regre table," conceded Maitland placatin ly, "but unavoidable, madam."

"Much could have gone amiss. have a small neck." She put h hands to her throat and rose. "Th next time I brew a pot for you, yo shall have to thicken it more quickly, sir."

Maitland rushed to open the doo "It shall be as you say, madam."

He stood looking at the do she had passed through, his ey thoughtful. "A man's a fool wh places his trust in traitors," he mu mured, "especially if they walk wi the shape of Eve."

The truth about that hunting expedition was soon known. Patrick went at once to report it to his uncle, the old Lord of Usher.

"Lord Murray did not stay at Castle Downe, sir, as he had promised Francis and me. For some inexplicable reason, he went to Donibristle, and from there he intended to pass over the Firth to meet with Huntly and sign a truce. He started off on his mission, and he was turned back. James Stewart had ordered that no boats cross the Firth that day. So Murray went home to Donibristle, and in the meantime Huntly had crossed that Firth, with sixty men. He surrounded and attacked the house. Murray and his servants barred the doors and got the muskets ready. But Huntly, not wishing to spend his own blood, and knowing that Lady Murray and the children were within the house, set fire to the dwelling."

"Murray came out then," said Lord Usher slowly, "to spare his family."

"Aye." Patrick was pacing the floor. "And fought like a lion, sir, through a circle of Maitland's hired murderers, and he would have been safe, sir, but that somehow the long tassel of his helmet caught fire, and they perceived him down among the rocks at the water's edge.

"They surrounded him and Huntly himself drew his dagger and stabbed him in the face. He had been already mortally wounded by gunfire. 'Ah, George,' Murray said, and smiled—you know his smile, sir—'you have spoiled a better face than your own.' Thus he died, sir."

Lord Usher lifted his eyes. "But why Murray, Patrick?"

"He was of our party. He was loyal to Bothwell, beloved by the common folk, beloved by the Queen."

"So Jamie Stewart is part guilty?"

"Aye, sir."

The old Earl held out his hand and Patrick took it in his firm grip. "God guard you and keep you. Remember I have no other heir. Patrick, why did you not marry Master Applegate's daughter?"

Patrick looked down. "Master Applegate did not approve the match."

"You mean he deemed his daughter too low-born?"

"Aye, my lord. He feared for her happiness."

"You should have insisted. Certainly you loved her. She would have brought you no dowry." He grinned at Patrick knowingly, and Patrick smiled back.

SO Patrick left; and during the long ride to Edinburgh he saw how Murray's clan had wreaked their vengeance on Huntly and the Gordons. Village after village lay smoldering, looted and abandoned. Gibson, riding next to Patrick, threw him a look that Patrick answered. 'Next time, it may be Bothwell." And he was thinking that Master Applegate must be persuaded to let Janet ride south with him tonight. Crichton Castle would be safe; he could leave her there. He must make her father see that Edinburgh wasn't safe for her.

As soon as they reached Edinburgh he left Gibson in charge of the fifteen men who were his escort and went on foot to seek Janet. He returned alone.

"She's gone!" he said bluntly. "I went to find Mistress Applegate. A neighbor told me that her father died and that she has gone. And no one knows where."

IN A small apartment off the great hall of Hermitage castle a Border captain, writing at a table, looked up as one of his men said, "Here is Tammie Elliot, Captain. The lad was here once before."

The Captain looked from Tammie to the small cloaked figure standing beside him. "And who's that?"

Tammie said, "It's a French page. He has a letter from Mistress Anne Galbraith for his Lordship."

The Captain said, "Give it to me."

"Mais non." The page drew back. "My lady, the Mistress Galbraith, said this letter must be put into his Lordship's hand. I, I must bring it to him."

The Captain shrugged. "Gregory, take these two lads up to Lord Bothwell."

At the top of some stone steps Gregory stopped. Two guards stepped aside and doors opened on a huge room. Gregory went slowly forward. "My lord," he said, a bit apprehensively.

Bothwell was sitting with his men, dining. "Well?" he said.

"There is a letter for you, sir. From Mistress Galbraith."

"Give it me."

Gregory motioned and the page came up and put the letter in his hand. He gave it to Bothwell. As the Earl began to open the letter, the page came closer to him.

"All right," said Gregory. "You saw Lord Bothwell get the letter. Come along." He seized the page by the shoulder.

"Release me!" It was Anne's voice. Tammie drew his knife and, at his action, the two men near the door leaped forward toward him.

In two long strides Bothwell covered the ten feet that separated him from them. With one arm he sent Tammie backward out of danger; Tammie stumbled and fell, his head striking the stone floor with a thud. Anne ran to him, kneeling beside him, crying, "Godamercy!" and then, as he moved, "He's alive!"

"Stand up," muttered Bothwell. "I ought to beat you!"

Anne got to her feet slowly. She had lost her cap, her cloak was lying on the floor. The silence was broken by a low whistle from the back of the room. "It's a wench!" said a deep voice.

Bothwell gave no indication he heard anything. "Hand me her cloak," he ordered the amazed Gregory. "And see that the lad is taken care of." He put the cloak over

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Anne's shoulders; his back was to the room.

"I will beat you," he murmured, guiding her out. "Patrick is not here. You were well aware of that, were you not?"

"Aye," said Anne. "Francis—" She stopped on the stairway; she was two steps above him, and her face was level with his. "You'll not beat me, will you?" She put her hands up to his face; she leaned forward until her lips touched his.

He didn't kiss her; he didn't move except to turn his head and when he did her soft hair brushed his cheek. She smiled. "I warrant you're too much a milksop for kissing!"

"We'll test that soon enough. Take my arm."

They went on down the steps. Anne walked, as slowly as she could, toward the apartments in the left wing of Hermitage. At their entrance a servant jumped to his feet.

"I want a tray of food, some wine, some ale." Bothwell turned aside to inspect the brightly burning fire.

Anne glanced around her. The stone floor had no rugs, and the bed was the biggest bed she had ever seen.

Bothwell leaned against the mantel. "I suppose it has not yet occurred to you that Tammie was almost killed. And also that you have acted like a little whore."

She flushed, her violet eyes darkening. "And do you care, my lord?"

He said evenly, "I? Why no, madam. To tell you true, there's no one I'd rather see in my room tonight than a lady."

There was a knock on the door. A servant brought in food and drink and left. "Now you may continue," Bothwell said.

She spat the words at him. "You can sleep alone in that bed."

He bowed again. "You desolate me madam."

"Oh, I hate you! I came all the way here—" Her voice was shaking. "I came to tell you I am with child!" She threw herself into his arms. As he lifted her she whispered, "I do love you so."

THE next evening Patrick arrived at the castle. He brought bad news.

"All men between sixteen and sixty," Bothwell repeated Patrick's words. "Just how many do you reckon will respond to the royal orders?"

"Let's say four thousand."

"And James will march himself—against me. It seems I'm the only man can move Jamie Stewart to battle."

"Jamie is commanding the foot; Maitland and Morton the horse. They should be in Kelso now. That Border town was their first objective. What are you going to do? Are you going to quit Scotland?"

"No," said Bothwell bluntly. "Man, should I run from Maitland? And with four hundred Borderers, would I be afraid to tackle James with ten times that many? Besides," continued the practical Border lord, "James may not be able to raise that many troops, and he'll lose some in line of march."

He summoned his captain and his voice was low as he issued the first orders. Then he turned to Patrick again. "There's just one more thing I want to talk to you about—Anne."

Patrick's face was inscrutable. "Yes?" he inquired.

"I don't want you to blame her. Although she came here to me, I pursued her first." He thought he was speaking the truth. But Patrick knew Anne.

"You pursued her?" he asked.

"Aye, and that's the truth. I almost took her the first night I met her."

"And why didn't you?"

"Because there wasn't time."

The blunt answer made Patrick grin. Then he was impatient. "You have more important problems, Francis, haven't you? You may not live much longer."

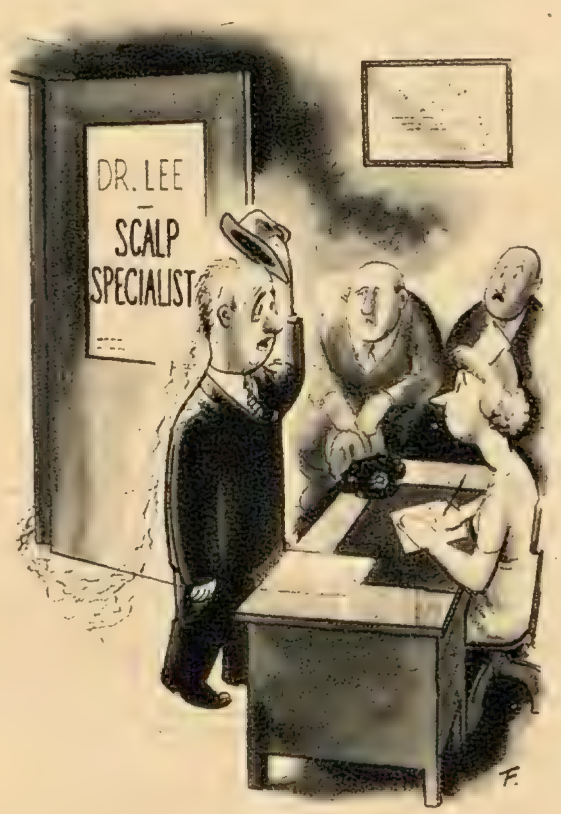
"That's why this is important, man. Anne came here to tell me she's going to have a wee bairn. Mine."

Patrick stiffened. "Yes?" he said.

"Yes. That's why I'm approaching you. It's time I had an heir. I want to marry her tomorrow."

IT was a strange wedding, in the ancient chapel up the hill from Hermitage. Through the deep snow they'd ploughed their way to it. When the ceremony was over Anne put her hand in Bothwell's arm, gazed up at him worshipfully. "I love you," she whispered.

He winked; he was in a far from reverent mood. He strode out of the little chapel so fast that Anne had to run to keep up with him, and then he picked her up in his arms. His boots squashed deep into the snow as he ran down to the small back gate of Hermitage. "Listen, lass, and you'll hear the bagpipes even now. They're playing for you!"



"It's sort of an emergency." LIBERTY

The castle garrison had done their best to please their lord and his bride. Large bunches of holly and pine branches festooned the walls of the dining hall. Red wine filled the cups and on the hearth the ale warmed. Bothwell set Anne on the table, and the men raised their glasses to the Border bride.

They looked at her and approved of her. They sang her songs of the Border. But she couldn't keep her eyes from Bothwell's face, and she tried to smile when it was time for him to go. She watched while his armor was buckled on.

Then the first troop clattered out, their banners waving, their trumpeteers sounding the horns gaily, the reckless notes echoing to the rafters.

"They are wonderful," she cried.

He said lightly, "They're my 'lambs.' And now it's time to go, sweetheart."

She ran into his arms, but he held her away from him gently and said, low, "Anne, I want you to take care of my wee bairn. You must stay at Crichton. You will have an escort thither; I've ordered a horse-litter for you."

"I will take care, my lord; I swear I will." She put her hand over her heart. "By my faith as a Borderer."

"Good lass!" He squeezed her shoulder, took the reins of his horse, Valentine, and swung up into the saddle. He waved his hand, and was gone, and the sound of the horns came echoing over the Border hills.

THE raid was a success and Bothwell, back safe at Crichton with Anne, was wondering whether he had succeeded in demonstrating to James that he, Bothwell, had no designs on the life of his young monarch. But that was something only time would reveal. In the meantime Maitland was out, hiding in one country house after another; the Stewarts were back at court, in all their flamboyant glory. What difference this would make to his fortunes, again only time would tell. Politics was a dangerous and unstable game. And shortly that game took Bothwell to England.

It was during the weeks he had with Anne before he set out that tragedy shocked the households of Crichton and its neighbor castle, Borthwick. Johnnie Logie was found near the path between the two, murdered. Beside him lay an unknown girl who had shared his fate. All that night Patrick and Francis talked in the library. When Bothwell left for England the murderer had not yet been found.

At Bewcastle, Captain Musgrave, warden of the English Marches, was glad to receive his Scottish guest; and in between the hunting, drink-ing and gambling, Bothwell saw to his rising political fortunes, fortunes now enhanced by the goodwill of Her Majesty, Elizabeth of England.

One morning in late August the house party were returning from a hunt. The noonday sun was hot, and lazily Bothwell and Margaret Vinstar, who had been riding together, dropped behind the rest.

Suddenly she reined in. "Could we stop here?" She pointed with her riding crop at a swift flowing stream.

He helped her dismount, and they walked over to the burn. "I'll tether the horses," he said.

He disappeared, and when he returned, she was sitting near the water; she had taken off her hat. He sat down beside her, stretched out his legs, and then lay full length on the soft grass.

Margaret said suddenly, "I used to love you." She watched his face. "Then I hated and despised you. It made me cruelly unhappy, and I knew it was wrong to hate you so much. . . ."

He raised himself on one elbow, lifted his hand and took her by the chin, meeting her eyes. He said slowly, dropping his hand, "I do not know what you mean."

"Well, my lord, 'tis very simple. I wanted to hurt you. And now I know I am making you uncomfortable by speaking thus. My intensity—you prefer lightheartedness, laughter."

"You are wrong, mistress. There are some things you do not know about me."

"But if I could just make you understand I love you every way. I like nonsense, too, Francis. I like to feel alive, and laugh. I know if I could just be with you sometimes, like this, that is all I can ever have, and all I really want. It's worth waiting for. You are."

"You might change your mind."

"I might," she agreed.

"Then quick, before you change it, give me your hand."

She put her hand in his, and he encircled her waist with one arm, drawing her over beside him on the grass. "Oh, Francis," she whispered, "I love you. . . ."

THE next day Patrick appeared at Bewcastle. He ate first, then he went to the gardens, where the guests were. He spied the Earl's dark head, and Margaret was with him.

Patrick hardly spoke to her. He said, "Francis, there is a little surprise for you at Crichton."

Bothwell took a step forward. "You mean Anne—"

Patrick laughed. "No, not that. The Laird of Cessford's at Crichton."

Bothwell felt a surge of relief, but he was suddenly aware that he should be at home. Young Cessford had always been of the King's faction. "Why has he come to Crichton?"

"I do not know. Perhaps it would be best for you to discover that, unless he has already fallen in love with Anne."

"In that case, perhaps it were better Francis did not discover it." Margaret smiled, but she was puzzled. Why was Cessford at Crichton? A quick fear went through her.

Bothwell paid no attention to her remark. "Are you ready to ride back to Scotland, sir?"

Patrick looked down at his boots. "I seem to be."

Bothwell nodded. "I'll dress." He started away.

Patrick watched him go, then turned and spoke to Margaret. "I'm rather surprised to see you here, Diana," he lied.

"The huntress," she said slowly.

He nodded. "I'm always asking myself whether those arrows of yours are deadly." He watched her carefully, but he could observe no change of expression on her face.

"I would they were," she said lightly. "I should aim at you."

"I'm flattered. Especially since I should follow Francis."

Her eyes blazed with anger. "I accord you no favors."

She turned, ignoring him, but he turned too, and they walked toward the house.

"Here is Francis," she said, and he heard the relief in her voice. She looked up at Bothwell. "You'll come back, my lord?"

"I'll return," he said curtly. He knew he must return; his business was unfinished.

"Goodbye, then," she said, sending a mocking smile at Patrick.

IT was at the party on the night after their arrival at Crichton that Bothwell first had a chance to observe young Cessford's preoccupation with Anne.

Anne, for her part, was certain that in England Bothwell had been unfaithful to her. At the end of the week, the night before Bothwell planned to return to England, Anne questioned Patrick and learned that Margaret Vinstar had also been a guest at Bewcastle.

"Will she be there when you return?"

Her calm surprised him. "She said she would."

She smiled. "Francis is hardly interested in her now, I'm sure of that, but I've a mind to disappoint her."

Patrick said earnestly, "Anne, he must return. You cannot stop him."

Her smile was very sweet. "Can I not, Patrick?"

The next morning she dressed very early, and drove out in a little cart she often used.

Bothwell, worried, set out at ten, on horseback, without breakfast. It had rained the night before, and it was easy to follow the tracks of the cart. When he saw her ahead of him, coming toward him, she was walking, holding the reins. He jumped down beside her.

His voice was rough with anger. "How many times have I given orders that you're not to be out by yourself?"

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"It's a fine day for a walk, my lord," she answered stiffly.

"Look up at me! Curse that bonnet!" He tipped her head up. "There is always something the matter when you speak to me thus. Why are you walking?"

Anne stamped her foot. "Because I want to have my baby now so you cannot go back to England to visit your latest wench! I'm having pains right now!" She burst into tears.

"Lassie," he said gently. "My own darling, I have no latest wench to return to."

He got her home and carried her to her own room. Then he looked to Marie for help, and Anne smiled at him tenderly, because now he did not try to mask his concern.

It was ten o'clock in the evening when the baby was born. Bothwell heard the initial cry. He stood close outside the door and waited. Then someone brought the baby to show him and all Bothwell could see was a tiny face. When they let him go in, he tiptoed over to the bed; he remembered belatedly he hadn't shaved, and he was wearing an old shirt, and Anne looked beautiful. He was afraid to sit on the edge of the bed, so he knelt beside it. "Lassie," he whispered. "I love you, lassie."

Anne opened her eyes. "He is Lord Francis Hepburn. Isn't he beautiful, Francis?"

"I don't know," he said earnestly. "But you are. I love you."

"THIS is the night the witches ride in the Lammermuir hills," Patrick murmured. "What do you think—that she is a witch?"

Bothwell was entertaining a party at Hailes, another of his castles, and the two men stood in the vast hall watching Margaret Vinstar coming toward them, her head high, the torchlight glowing on her red hair.

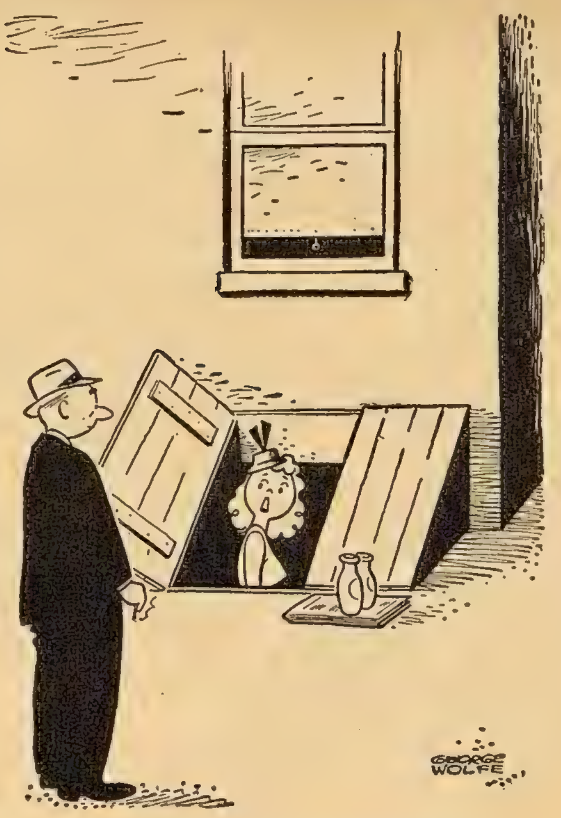
"It's been a magnificent hunt, Francis," she said. "You've well repaid the English hospitality."

Bothwell's dark eyes were on her. For almost the whole week's hunt he had avoided her, and she had been as aloof as though he had never once utterly possessed her. "Hailes Castle is old and crude, mistress."

"It suits you," she said softly. Then she added, " 'Tis a pity Anne was not able to join us."

"Anne is at Crichton," Bothwell said. Anne did not even know where he was, he had moved about so in the past four weeks; but tomorrow he planned to return to Crichton, and tonight was all he had left for Margaret. "There is Captain Musgrave," he said, and he turned to leave them, to greet his English guest.

Something made Patrick turn his head. He swore softly. In the doorway stood Anne. She was dressed in black satin and lace, the bodice of the dress cut deeply to show the white shoulders and breast. Dressed in black also, young Cessford was at her side, and she took his arm as, across the room, Bothwell saw her.



"I wish you hadn't insisted on seeing me home!"

LIBERTY

"Madam," he said, and he bowed formally, ignoring Cessford. "You surprise me."

"I've no doubt I intrude, also!"

He offered his arm, but she affected not to notice. She addressed Margaret Vinstar.

"This is a delightful surprise, madam. I do hope you have enjoyed yourself at Hailes!"

"Oh, I have, Anne." Margaret smiled.

Patrick stepped over to Cessford. "Did you bring my cousin here?"

Cessford tore his eyes from Anne. "Aye. I stopped by Crichton and told her Lord Bothwell was at Hailes. She asked me who made up the party, and when she learned the names, she asked me to bring her."

"Anne asked you where Lord Bothwell was? When did you arrive?"

"About an hour ago."

CESSFORD moved toward the fireplace, edging in to Anne. "And now, will you excuse me?" she said to the others. "I promised to show the Laird of Cessford the oubliette where the martyr Wishart was kept prisoner."

Bothwell's eyes met hers. He bowed, and both he and Patrick had odd expressions.

"You'll both excuse me, sirs?" she repeated, less assuredly, but she turned her back on them defiantly. Her skirts swished as she went down the hall.

"Bring a torch, Graham," she ordered a man who had come forward.

Graham did as he was bidden. In the light of the torch he carried, they descended the steps carved from the stone, and as they went down the air grew more dank.

"The river and the moats must be above us," Cessford said finally.

Graham threw open a barred door to the deepest dungeons, into which many a prisoner had been flung and forgotten. Cessford went to peer into the nearest one. The torchlight shone on the wet walls; rats scurried for the darker recesses.

AS they started back Anne slipped on the rocks. Quickly he caught her. They were concealed from Graham by the door, and Cessford forgot whatever caution he had had. His arms went around her and he began to kiss her. Anne struggled in his grasp and he started to say how much he loved her. But under a sudden flood of light ahead of them, he straightened up and thrust her away from him.

"Francis," Anne gasped, as Bothwell confronted them.

Bothwell did not speak. He stepped aside to allow two more men to come into the room, his brother Hercules and Gibson, who first barred the door and then waited silently, holding his torch high. The three of them looked at Cessford.

"A neat trap, sir," said Bothwell. "There is no escape, as you've noticed."

"Francis!" Anne cried out. "Oh, my lord—"

"You'll not speak, madam." He did not look at her. "This is a rat trap, Cessford, with a woman as bait."

"You brute," Cessford snarled. "You black renegade!"

Bothwell laughed. He came toward them, and Anne sobbed, "My lord, I entreat you. He's not my lover. Francis, I pray you believe me!"

Cessford quickly put her behind him. "Do not touch her," he cried, helplessly, for Gibson and Graham had seized his arms. Bothwell half-tossed her to Hercules.

"Release him," he said, in a matter-of-fact voice. "Now, Cessford, unsheath that sword and we'll make short work of this. The lady is shivering."

Cessford shouted, "If you harm her, I'll kill you!"

"By my honor, sir, you've lost your head as well as your heart to my wife."

"Your honor?" Cessford drew his rapier as he spoke. "You and your Borderers have never known the meaning of honor."

"Francis, Francis." Anne whispered the name. "I swear that he only kissed me, and it was my fault. Punish me, my lord, Francis!" She stopped because Cessford's blade had darted at him, and he had parried the thrust just in time.

He made a sudden lunge at Cessford, getting under his guard. Cessford eluded the riposte gracefully. But in the movement, he slipped and fell.

"My lord," Anne gasped, "I pray you fight no more."

"Put your hand over her Ladyship's mouth, Hercules." Bothwell watched Cessford get to his feet.

Cessford shifted his rapier to his left hand and wiped the palm of his right hand on his shirt.

The swords crossed again, and then Bothwell's rapier leaped forward. There was a moment of utter silence. Bothwell drew his blade back and Cessford fell at Anne's feet.

"You've killed him!" Anne saw the blood spreading slowly across his chest. Silently Bothwell wiped off the sword still in his hand, sheathed it, and hitched his belt into place.

"You bring him, Gibson. You and Graham. I'll take the torch." Anne drew back from him fearfully.

"Do not touch me," she gasped, turning to the door blindly.

Without a word, he picked her up, throwing her over his shoulder like a bundle, and he started up the stairs, mounting quickly. Behind them came the steady tread of Gibson and Graham with their burden. Anne did not know whether she lost consciousness until Bothwell set her on her feet in her bedroom.

He said abruptly, "I did not kill him because he was your lover!"

"But he was not, Francis. Oh, why did you kill him, then?"

"Because he was a spy, madam. He wanted to marry you, once he had succeeded in betraying me. He never deceived either Patrick or me. He thought we believed he had deserted the King. But he was only going to prove his loyalty and worth to James. He deserved hanging. But I'm a generous man. And he loved you. Are you regretful, madam, that I did not defend your honor better than you defended it?"

He had turned on his heel and sudden fury raged in her. "So now you bring your trollop to Hailes! And you dare to talk to me!"

He said truthfully, "I did not know Margaret Vinstar was coming with the others. In fact, I did not know you were coming. You have brought events to an unwelcome climax. Jamie is not going to take kindly to Cessford's death. I could thrash you, but I have other more pressing business tonight, and it may occupy me for a couple of weeks. Until then, we shall postpone our talks. Patrick is waiting for me." He took the big key from the door and his tall figure blocked the entrance. "One more word, madam. You are never to wear that dress again."

At three in the morning she finally got into bed. He had not returned. And then she was up early, but not early enough. He had left Hailes at dawn with Patrick and the hunting party.

"I'LL not help you, sir," said Margaret Vinstar quietly. She was sitting in a deep-cushioned chair in front of a bright coal fire. It was six weeks since Cessford's death.

The Earl of Morton stopped pacing the floor of his room. "Anne is in the city! She was seen entering a money-lender's. She wants Bothwell to come after her. And he will."

Margaret said slowly, "I'll not help you this time. I must wait and see the outcome of this. It is too risk-filled, now."

Morton went to the door. A plan was taking shape in his mind. . . .

ANNE had entered the small shop of the money-lender just ahead of another young woman, so Anne didn't remove her mask. She said quickly, "I am the Countess of Bothwell." The money-lender bowed, and she rushed on. "I need money."

She knew she would not be able to open her town house and stay in it without money; but if she had a little, she might at least rent a furnished place, and buy food. She took off her sapphire earrings.

"How much for these?" she asked.

He shook his head as he examined them in her palm. "Nothing, madam."

"Why?" she asked despairingly; she looked at him in fear.

He wet his lips and glanced hurriedly over her shoulder to the other young woman. Anne turned, so that the woman said, "Madam, I beg your pardon but—Master Lang is afraid that if he took your jewels, Lord Bothwell might come in here and demand them. But that is not the only reason. Only two hours ago His Majesty summoned all his resident nobles, and their retainers, to attend him in a ride to the Borders. The city is not safe for you, madam!"

Anne said, "I thank you for your help." She felt utterly alone and she wanted to cry. "Who are you?"

"Janet Applegate, madam." Janet suddenly emptied the contents of a small purse on the worn table. "Count that, Master Lang. You will find it correct. Now let us go, madam. We can talk better on the street." They went out hastily.

"You are Patrick's Janet?" Anne asked incredulously.

"Aye, madam. I am. I hope I am." Janet smiled. "If you knew how I'd prayed for such a chance as this! But, if it please you, we should not stand here. We should—"

"I know!" Anne interrupted. "You must come with me to my house, where my servant is waiting, and then we will plan what we had better do. How have you lived, mistress?" she added curiously. "I know that Patrick was fearful for you. He could not find out where you had gone."

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"First," Janet said, "I had to borrow from Master Lang. Then I gave lessons in reading and writing, and I kept accounts. Today I repaid the last of my debt. I am so happy! And if I may go with you. . . ."

The distance was short to Anne's house. When they were safely within, the serving man who had attended her from Crichton was sent to fetch wine. He was so long about it that Janet went to the door into the long hall and raised her voice in a shout. There was no answer.

Anne seized her arm. "I heard something." She pulled her back into the library and they shut the heavy door behind them. Janet went over to a window. Outside, in the dusk, she saw a man standing. She gave a scream of terror.

"Hold your tongue. There's no one to hear you," said a voice behind her. Another man had entered the dim room. He thrust Janet aside and called to the man outside, "Go tell the men to saddle up."

"But who are you? What are you going to do with us?" Anne faced him, eying him sharply.

"My name is Sym," he said. "You are not to be hurt. You are to be in Lord Morton's care, that is all, your Ladyship."

Anne looked pathetic. "Why?" She lowered her voice. "Sym, Sir Patrick Galbraith will pay you much more than Lord Morton."

Janet said, "And if Lord Bothwell should follow his wife, and find her here with you, he'd kill you, Sym."

"If Lord Bothwell comes into the city tonight, he'll be caught."

THE door flew open; a tall man stood on the threshold, and another behind him. Janet stared, and Sym backed off in fear.

"She is not hurt," he burst out. "I was going to help her, my lord. Later!"

Bothwell said, "I should not dirty my hand with you, rogue. Take him out, Graham, and search him." He was looking at Anne. "Lassie, Hercules informed me last night that you had fled from Crichton, though he had, at my orders, been keeping guard over you."

"I was coming home later," she said. "When I was very ready, my lord!"

"You know it was scarce politic for me to follow you, do you not? But I knew there would be trouble over Cessford's death. I hardly expected—although perhaps I should have—that you would be the spark to set things off. You will go back to Crichton, lassie, go at once, with Graham."

"This is Patrick's Janet," Anne told him.

"God in Heaven! Your servant, mistress. Well, you shall go to Crichton, also. Patrick and I will be along later, after we've concluded tonight's business. We shall learn something of the King's plans from these retainers of Morton's. We have been looking, for a long time, for just such a chance as this."

AN hour later Patrick and Bothwell were on their way to Crichton, too. Behind them came the reassuring hoofbeats of forty well-armed escorts. Bothwell said suddenly, "We shall reach Crichton just in time. Pursuit will surely come, sir."

"And quickly." Patrick leaned forward in the saddle. "Francis, what do you want me to do this time?"

Bothwell said abruptly, "I'd like you to take care of Anne." He did not speak again.

In the courtyard he flung himself off his horse, ran up the wide steps of the new wing he had built, and met Anne just as he rounded the gallery. She put her arms around him; he was dirty, and his rough beard scratched her cheek. He held her so tightly that the pistol in his belt hurt her flesh.

"Francis!" she cried. She had noticed something unusual. "Why don't you tell them to close the gates?" Those big iron gates meant security.

At the door of her room, he said, "The gates are to remain open."

Inside the room, with the door closed, he told her, "Patrick knows what to do. The King's men may enter; they may search. There will be no resistance."

She stared up at him, and he continued:

"Were Jamie to bottle me up here, he'd send to Edinburgh for cannon to blast every stone from these walls. Crichton's not built for siege, lassie; Crichton was built to live in. I built part of it, and I'll not stand by and watch it destroyed, knowing that you are in it, knowing that my only son is in it."

He drew her into his arms. "I'll be back," he whispered. "Some day, sweetheart, some day."

She put her arms around his neck, cradling his head against her breast. He would be hunted, fugitive. She tried to keep back the tears.

He kissed her mouth, and then he straightened up. "You smell of roses," he said. He closed the door behind him unhurriedly; she heard his retreating footsteps down the hall.

Patrick was waiting at the top of the steps. Bothwell held out his hand, and Patrick put his in it. They went down together, their feet sounding loud in the stillness that pervaded the expectant castle. When they reached the bottom, they strode along to the huge doors. There was no one in the courtyard now but one man—and Valentine, Bothwell's horse.

JAMES STEWART was riding with his men. Behind him echoed sounds of armor, horses and the lumbering of cannon; ahead of him Crichton Castle gleamed like a jewel in the blackness. James looked toward it eagerly. The gates, oddly enough, stood open and suddenly he saw a horse and man ride out of them, slowly. Even at this distance, James recognized that figure.

Bothwell spurred his horse suddenly, galloping uphill, away from the royal army, and just as suddenly reined in. He fired one shot; then he shouted, "A Bothwell!" The cry had a taunting ring as it echoed over the rolling hills. For a second, James was paralyzed by the insolence. Then he raised his own voice. "After him! After him!"

From the cavalcade many men responded, breaking ranks, pell mell, so that a number of the horses collided, unseating their riders. Bothwell still stood on the hillside, waiting. Then he wheeled Valentine sharply, and galloped off into the night.

James spurred his mount. With a number of his train, he rode right up to the doors. He dismounted with the aid of two men, and ascended the shallow steps, looking around. He advanced into the hall, and Patrick, waiting there, swept the cap off his curls and dropped to one knee.

"Your Majesty." He could think of nothing else to say.

James said slowly, "It grieves your prince to find you here. You may stand, sir." His voice was weary. His retinue formed a sort of wedge behind their monarch, spreading out in an open V. He continued speaking. "I wish to see the Countess of Bothwell. And the countess may bring the keys to this dwelling."

PATRICK bowed. He turned away, and went upstairs slowly. In just a minute they heard his step again. He descended slowly; he'd wanted to spare her this. He stepped off the last step and looked upwards. "Lady Bothwell is coming, Sire."

Anne stood at the top of the stairway. Only obedience moved her feet forward. Reaching James, she knelt, her rich velvet cape fanning out against the stones. Her blonde head was bent, her fingers were clasped over the heavy iron keys.

James said, "Give them to me." He stretched out his gloved hand and she laid the keys in it. The hall was deathly silent. "Madam, you wilfully married Francis Hepburn after he had been put to the horn, after he had been denounced outlaw. You have followed a course of unduty to the crown of this realm." Then, surprisingly, he held out his hand. "You may rise. You will be warded in Edinburgh Castle for as long as I deem it necessary."

Anne's face whitened. It was not the threat of imprisonment that frightened her; it was the implication that when Bothwell was safely caught, she would be freed. "Your Majesty"—she held out her hands—"only one request I beg of you!"

James frowned, but he was pleased. "What is it?"

"My wee laddie; I cannot leave him, Sir."

Sympathy beat hard in the breast of every man who watched; James felt it.

"Your request is granted, madam."

Everyone sighed. Anne murmured, "You are kind, Sir."

"You may ready yourself, madam; you may take personal servants."

Anne made her curtsy, Patrick took her arm. Together they mounted the steps.

Anne left Crichton at eleven o'clock at night. Janet had wanted to go with her.

"No," said Patrick brusquely. "I'm going to take you to Lady Borthwick's."

He put Anne into the coach. He watched it clatter out of the courtyard and up the rutted road to the capital.

He took Janet's arm, drawing her into the library where the fire burned. "Stay here," he said. "I've orders to give."

She waited for him in front of the fire, curling up on one of the fireside benches. He was gone about thirty minutes and when he came back he stood in the center of the room, looking around as if for the last time.

"Well," he said finally, "we must go now, Janet. I had wanted to take you to London for your honeymoon. But it will have to be Borthwick for tonight."

She rose and came over to him. "Patrick, now that I'm here, why do you act as though I were not?"

He grinned and suddenly he put his hands on her shoulders. "Now that you've reminded me, I'm not so likely to forget it."

WEEKS later Margaret Vinstar was a guest at Borthwick Castle. On a bitterly cold night, alone, she climbed the steps leading up to the castle tower. She was dressed in a riding habit. She had changed her clothes hastily, after she had kissed her hostess goodnight and retired to her own room. She had chosen a deep green velvet, and even her tiny plumed hat was of the same material and color.

She emerged into a tiny square room with windows on every side. From them the whole of the surrounding countryside could be viewed. She leaned her elbows on the window that looked toward the black bulk of Crichton Castle, so near. It was one o'clock. Motionless she waited, never leaving the window, her hands clasped close together to keep them warm. She did not hear the clock downstairs strike two. She knew only that she had waited long. At half after the hour, way below her, a dark figure crossed from a small wooded patch, out of her range of vision. The figure was masked; it moved swiftly, and it found the postern door of Borthwick Castle unlocked. The barred door to the tower too, yielded to the touch, and up above, Margaret heard steps on the stone stairs.

She turned—very slowly. In a sec-

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ond he would reach the top, and she would know.

He did not need to remove the black half-mask. "You are alive," she said.

"Rather dramatically so, madam." Bothwell tossed the mask to the floor, coming close to her side. He went to the window, looking out himself. "They are all dead," he said. "But I admit I was flattered. You sent ten men to capture one lone man."

"Not capture. Kill." She turned her white face toward him. "Francis, before we talk more—if you let me talk more—I beg you know this much. I love you."

He did not answer for a long time. "I had twenty men with me, Margaret. It was most simple to surround and dispense Border justice, and let the river have the bodies. The only bad part of it was that it was very cold, waiting."

"I know. I was cold too."

Bothwell lifted a hand and turned her face to his. "You are beautiful," he said. "You thought I would go to my death for that beauty."

"I would have died if you had," she said suddenly. "And now perhaps I'll die because you have lived. That was the most dreadful part of it, Francis. There was no choice."

"You move in glamor. I left my wife for you, one night at Hailes Castle."

"But I could not chain you, Francis, so I betrayed you to keep you from another woman."

"You betrayed Murray. You sent Logie to his death. You were the instrument of the murder of a girl you didn't even know. A lass you sent to Logie, with a message that you could not come. You thought we would assume that Logie had planned secretly to meet her. But we knew better, Margaret. For she was not bonnie." He paused. "There is no help for you now. Last night Morton died. Did you know that?"

Her answer was expressionless. "Aye. He was not clever enough to catch you, Francis. Neither was I."

"But I came to know you, Margaret. He did not. He saw only the beauty and the treachery; he looked at you with desire and fear."

He turned away and leaned his elbows on the sill. "I'm going to leave Scotland," he said suddenly. "I must leave, and let Anne live at Crichton, where I want my son to grow to manhood. But before I go, I'm going to kill you, Margaret, so that Anne will be safe."

"So that Murray and Logie shall be avenged."

"Not for revenge, Margaret, believe me."

She took a step back from him. "Francis," she whispered. She was standing almost at the top of the stairway.

He raised one arm. The blow sent her backward, and she did not cry out. From the very top of the steps he watched her fall. Then he ran swiftly down to kneel at her side.

She lived twelve hours longer. He spent the time watching at her bedside, but she never spoke, and when her eyes opened once, she did not know him.

Winter passed, and spring, and Bothwell was still on the move. Through the long months Anne had letters from him, but they only left her fretful. He had been in England, she knew; and he had been seen in Scotland, too. But she knew nothing of his plans on the July night when, through a secret passage, he slipped into Holyrood palace.

The huge galleries were silent and empty; the kingly apartments were dark. Downstairs, the Captain of the Guard and his cronies were deep in a card game, and only once during the evening did the Captain take a turn through the halls. He took this sortie about five minutes after Bothwell had slipped into the Queen's apartments.

The Queen had known he was coming. A letter had reached her that afternoon. She was alone. She looked down on his dark head as he knelt.

He took the hand she gave him, kissed it, and rose.

"Do I have your permission to lock this?" He started toward the door to the hall.

"Aye, sir." She watched him turn the heavy key.

He walked back to her.

"You wished to see me, Madam?"

"Aye," she said uncertainly. "Francis."

"Well, I am here."

She said quickly, "Maitland is again in favor with His Majesty."

"I know."

"That is why I wanted to see you."

He looked straight at her. "I have a thousand men just south of the city. Camped for the night." He forgot the presence of his Queen. "Christ's blood, what a joy to put a length of steel through him!"

"But," she temporized, "Huntly killed Lord Murray."

"The hand that holds the dagger does not always commit the crime!"

She knew that he meant that James, her husband, had commissioned Huntly to find Murray. "His Majesty swore to me that he did not tell Huntly to do murder!"

He rose abruptly, pacing the room. "Madam, I've come to the conclusion that having a wife and heir sobers a man. I've changed the cut of my jib."

"A pox on your jib, my lord. Tell me what you are going to do."

He looked past her to another oaken door. It was the door to the King's bedroom. He said intently, "You must trust me, Madam. Will you lock that door behind me?"

She rose and walked toward it. He followed her, he dropped to one knee, placing her hand on his head in a gesture of fidelity, and when he got to his feet he was smiling at her very respectfully. "Your Majesty, first I shall go through the door. My word, my oath, that no harm shall come to you and yours. You may lock it after I have gone." He kissed her hand, and very slowly opened the door, closing it behind him gently. He stood alone in James's bedroom.

He thought he could still hear tne click of the key turned in the lock as he made his way across the danger-laden room. He heard James's breathing; the page stirred, settled again; and Bothwell passed the curtained bed. Six more steps placed him before the door to the King's anteroom.

"God grant the hinges are oiled." His hand swung it open about a foot. He slipped through.

When morning was only minutes away he waited at the open window, his hand resting lightly on his sword hilt. He was listening for the first triumphant sounding of the Border war horns.

The breeze caught the first notes, wafted them through the open windows of the palace. Sudden stentorian cries burst in upon the sleep of unsuspecting royalty and nobles. To Bothwell they were the sound of avenging angels; the voices were Lowland voices, and they shouted his name.

"A Bothwell!"

At the sound he whirled from the window. While they captured the palace, he captured the King. Across the room his long stride carried him in ten steps; his hand was on the door to the King's bedroom, and he flung it open. In front of Francis Hepburn stood Jamie Stewart.

For one long second the two men stared at one another. James watched a brown hand reach for its near sword hilt; he watched while the glittering length of steel was bared.

"My good bairn." Bothwell's voice was low, and its twangy accent so familiar that James began to tremble. "You that have given out that I sought your life—behold, it is now in this hand!"

The King opened his mouth to scream. What he had feared so long had come true. "You traitor," he burst out. He whirled from Bothwell, reaching out his hand to the door to the Queen's chamber. He pulled at it frantically. Then he knew why

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Bothwell was still standing easily, blocking the other entrance. The door was locked. He turned.

"Traitors all! You may strike, if you dare!"

"I am no traitor," said Bothwell slowly. He took a step forward; he dropped to one knee. "Your Majesty," he said, "you may have my sword."

"I do not want it," James said, petulantly, in just the tone of voice that Bothwell had often heard him use when they were younger.

"I offer it to you," said Bothwell, patiently, as to a child, and James was prodded into coming closer.

Bothwell lifted the sword to his lips, then he raised his head and looked at James. "My sword belongs to Scotland, and so to you."

JAMES looked down. When his fingers closed around the shining hilt of the weapon, they touched his cousin's hand. Then Bothwell's hand came away, and he knelt at James's feet, unarmed.

"Francis," said James slowly.

"Aye, Sir?" Bothwell looked up.

"You may rise, Francis. You may have this back." Neatly James reversed the rapier, and Bothwell took it, and sheathed it.

"Hear me with patience, Sir, a moment. I swear to God you've done me wrong. You left me no other course than—"

"Violence?" James interrupted.

Bothwell was accustomed to arguing with James. As they talked James felt how they were bound together by nationality, by age, by blood. He, the King, would have to make concessions. Bothwell was waiting for them, despite all the smoothness that overlaid his easy manner. He was waiting. He and his Borderers, who held the castle.

"I will deliver to you a royal pardon, Francis."

Bothwell thought of Anne. "Aye, Sir," he said. His eyes met James's.

"Maitland," said James, "shall be forbidden court."

Bothwell said slowly, "Maitland is old."

James looked relieved. "Then, Francis—" he broke off.

"All will be well, Sir." Bothwell smiled.

There were sounds in the next room—footsteps, voices—and James looked uncertainly at Bothwell.

"That will be Sir Patrick," Bothwell said, and he could hardly wait to see him. "And his Grace, the Duke of Lennox, and others of our kin, Sir."

"Whoever they are," said James royally, "they may wait a wee space."

He put his hand on Bothwell's arm, drawing him to the window embrasure. They looked down on the outer courts of Holyrood.

A mob surged there, the city bells that had summoned them rang out, and the King raised his hand in greeting, in such a way that it would be plain to all that he had his other hand on Bothwell's arm. The King was smiling, and Bothwell raised his own hand to wave it to the crowd. Cheers rose in a thundering roar; the people waved to the tall figure of the Border Lord. He had come back.

Bothwell went all the way down the steps of Holyrood Castle and out into the bright morning sunlight, with Patrick beside him, before either of them spoke.

Then Patrick said feelingly, "Let's go to your house and drink a toast."

They mounted and rode the short distance. On the steps of the house Janet met them and swept a curtsy. When he had greeted her, Bothwell looked up to the gallery.

"Where is Anne? I do not hear her."

"Anne?" said Janet. "Anne has gone to Crichton, my lord. You know the King released her less than three weeks ago, sir. She did not wish to stay in Edinburgh."

Bothwell turned. He had started down the steps when Patrick caught at his arm.

"Francis! Ochiltree is waiting for commands; Ormuiston wants to know how many troops, if any, should be left at the palace; Lennox awaits you upstairs."

Bothwell scowled.

Patrick laughed at him. "Your marital affairs must wait," he jibed.

Bothwell swung around, speaking to Janet. "If my wife left you here as my hostess, Patrick can take care of my duties." His boots made heavy sounds on the steps as he went away from them and he stopped for a moment at the bottom. "God knows I've been circumspect enough this morning." He waved and said, "Valentine's fresh." Before Patrick could reply, the Border lord had galloped off, with Gibson following.

HE had wanted to lay his victory at her feet, and she had not been there to receive it. He swore silently, and started to slacken Valentine's gallop.

He was a fool to go after her.

He slowed the pace to a walk when only a few miles lay between him and Crichton. She would be there. But why should he follow? He should go back to Edinburgh. That was where he belonged. There was too much left behind him that was unfinished. He had done all this for her, but she had not even waited for him.

He had just mounted a hill. Below lay his own lands; to the east, the sea and Hailes; to the south, Crichton. In a few minutes he would see its towers.

Suddenly he grinned and brought his whip down sharply on Valentine's flanks. She was too near, his wife, his fair and wayward Annie. And she was the right wench for him. That was why he had risked his life last night. Soon he would see Crichton; soon he would see her again. They were both his to keep now.

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PAUL HUNTER, *Publisher*
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MAY 24, 1947

What Are We Afraid Of?

WE Americans—supreme as never before in resources, productive capacity, and technological know-how—are currently afflicted by one of the strangest cases of jitters in our history. We fear a depression is inevitable—although there never was a greater need and desire for goods combined with a greater purchasing ability to pay for them. We are obsessed by fears of war and aggression, although we are the sole possessor of the most awesome weapon ever devised by man.

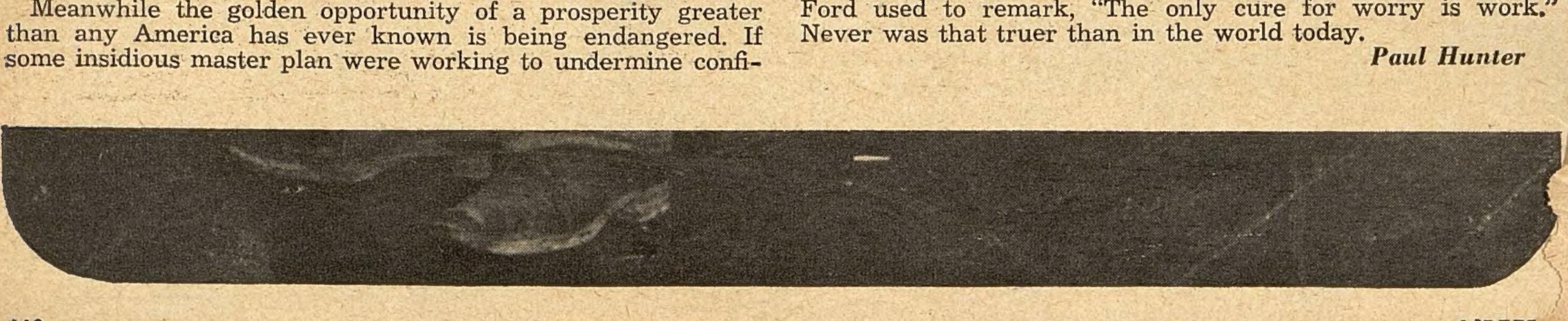
This, of course, is nonsensical behavior for a nation like ours. It is equivalent to Joe Louis worrying himself into an ulcer after having knocked out Billy Conn in the second round.

Meanwhile the golden opportunity of a prosperity greater than any America has ever known is being endangered. If some insidious master plan were working to undermine confidence in our economic system, it could hardly be more effective.

Before you fall victim to this fear psychosis, consider the facts of our present economic situation. They offer little encouragement to the fear-mongers. There are four million more people at work today than there were last year at this time. Our total national production is more than 50 per cent greater than in 1939. Americans will spend $140,000,000,000 this year for consumer goods.

Continued confident production is the answer to all our fears and troubles. That way lies economic strength, national security, and relief from all our senseless fears. The elder Henry Ford used to remark, "The only cure for worry is work." Never was that truer than in the world today.

Paul Hunter



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